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THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. PATRICK's, Dublin.

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON,
Printed for W. BOWYER, L. DAVIS and
C. REYMERS, and J. DODSLEY.
MDCCLXVI.

WORKS

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AN
ACCOUNT
OF A
MONUMENT
ERECTED to the MEMORY
OF
Dr. SWIFT, in IRELAND.

To Mr. GEORGE FAULKNER.

SIR, *Neale, Feb.* 14, 1750.

I HAVE at last finished, what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a monument for the greatest genius of our age, the late dean of St. *Patrick's*. The thing in itself is but a trifle; but it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with indignation seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such neglect: for they hurt themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply

their talents to the ſervice of their country, when they ſee in it gratitude to the memory of thoſe who have deſerved well of them. The ingenious *Pere Caſtle* told me at *Paris*, that he reckoned it the greateſt misfortune to him that he was not born an Engliſhman; and, when he explained himſelf, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument to *Shakeſpear*; and another to a modern, but to the greateſt of them, Sir *Iſaac Newton*. Great ſouls are very diſintereſted in the affairs of life: they look for fame and immortality, ſcorning the mean paths of intereſt and lucre: and, ſurely, in an age ſo mercenary as ours, men ſhould not be ſo ſparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of ſuch virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; ſince in ſo doing, they beſpeak, and almoſt inſure to themſelves, a ſucceſſion of ſuch uſeful perſons in ſociety. It was with this view that I have determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my houſe, I have planted an hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, conſiſting of five walks; the central of which is a horſe-courſe, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are ſo laid out, that, from the centre, the ſix rows of trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedeſtal, with all the decorations of the order; on the ſummit of which I have placed a *Pegaſus*, juſt ſeeming to take

take flight to the heavens; and, on the dye of the pedeſtal I have engraved the following inſcription, written by an ingenious friend.

IN MEMORIAM IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
VIRI SINE PARI.

Aonidum fontes aperis, divine poeta,
Arte nova: aethereas propriis, ut Pegaſus, alis
Scande domos: aeternum addet tua fama columnae
Huic memori decus. Hic, tanti quam poſſumus umbram
Nominis in mentem ſacro revocare quotannis
Ludorum ritu juvat; hic tibi parvus honorum
Offertur cumulus: laudum quo fine tuarum
Copia claudatur qui quaerit, gentis Iernae
Pectora ſcrutetur, latumque interroget orbem.

MDCCL.

I have alſo appointed a ſmall fund for annual premiums to be diſtributed in the celebration of games at the monument yearly. The ceremony is to laſt three days, beginning the firſt of *May*, yearly. On this day, young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to aſſemble in the hippo-

drome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round the monument, ſinging the praiſes of this ingenious patriot, and ſtrewing with flowers all the place: after which, they are to dance for a prize; the beſt dancer among the maids is to be preſented with a cap and ribbands; and, after the dance, the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The ſecond day, there is to be a large market upon the ground: and the moſt regular reel and count is to have a guinea premium; and the perſon who buys the greateſt quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day, the farmer who produces the beſt yearling calf of his own breed is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the faireſt colt or filly, of his own breed likewiſe, not over two years old, ſhall receive a premium of two guineas alſo.—Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds; and all theſe uſeful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with ſo much care and tenderneſs recommended them to others, and cheriſhed them himſelf.

I am, Dear SIR,
Your humble ſervant,
J. B.

LET-

LETTERS

OF

DOCTOR SWIFT

Relative to Mr. FAULKNER.

Some through ignorance, and others from envy, having been impoſed on, it hath been reported, and even publiſhed, that the editor of Swift's *Works had not any acquaintance with the author; and particularly Dr.* Hawkſworth, *a gentleman of genius and merit, was alſo led into this miſtake by ſome* London *Bookſeller: Mr.* Faulkner *is therefore obliged, in vindication of his character, to publiſh ſome of the Dean's letters to him, to convince* [a] *the world of the favourable opinion he had of him, and the friendſhip and confidence he was pleaſed to honour him with. The originals of which, and many other letters, may be ſeen in his hands.*

[a] That this conviction might extend to *England* as well as *Ireland*, we have printed moſt of thoſe letters, omitting only two or three which contained nothing material in them. The reſt we have retained, as they are characteriſtic of the dean and others, and diſplay that life and humour, which give an agreeable colour to all his connexions. *Engliſh editors.*

LETTER I.

To the EARL of OXFORD [b].

Dublin, Feb. 16, 1733.

My Lord,

THE bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, the prince of *Dublin* printers, will have the honour to deliver you this. He tells me, your lordſhip was ſo gracious as to admit him into your preſence, and receive him with great condeſcenſion, which encouraged him to hope for the ſame favour again, by my mediation, which I could not refuſe. Although, for his own profit, he is engaged in a work that very much diſcontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his hands, than any others on this ſide.

I am juſt recovered, in ſome degree, of two cruel indiſpoſitions, of giddineſs and deafneſs, after ſeven months. I have got my hearing, but the other evil hangs ſtill about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me, until I leave it.

I hope your lordſhip, and lady *Oxford* [c] and lady *Margaret* [d], continue in perfect health. I

[b] This nobleman, *Edward Harley*, was only ſon to *Robert*, lord high treaſurer of *Great-Britain*, who died *May* 21, 1724.

[c] Lady *Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles*, only daughter and heir of his grace *John Holles*, duke of *Newcaſtle*, was married to his lordſhip the 31ſt of *October*, 1713.

[d] This lady was married to *William Bentinck*, duke of *Portland*, *July* 11, 1734.

pray

pray God preſerve you all, for the good of your friends, and your country.

I am, with entire reſpect and eſteem,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient

And moſt obliged ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER II.

MR. FAULKNER,

WITHOUT the leaſt regard to your wager, I do aſſure you, upon my word and reputation, that I am not the author of one ſingle line or ſyllable of that pamphlet, called, *An infallible Scheme to pay the Debts of the Nation*; and, as it is a very unjuſt, ſo it is equally an imprudent and fallible proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our taſte and knowledge of ſtyle or manner of writing, where very good judges are often deceived; and in this caſe, few men have ſuffered ſo much as myſelf, who have borne the reproach of many hundred printed papers, which I never ſaw. I do likewiſe proteſt in the ſame manner, that I did not write the epigram upon *Taylor* [*e*], nor heard of it until Mr. *Pilkington* ſhewed it me in manuſcript. Therefore, pray de-

[*e*] The famous oculiſt.

ſire your wagerer from me, to be more cautious in determining on ſuch matters, and not to venture the loſs of his money and credit with ſo much odds againſt him.

I am,

Your affectionate Servant,

Deanry-Houſe,
Mar. 29, 1732. J. SWIFT.

If this fancy ſhould hold, of taxing me with all the papers that come out, and at the ſame time I ſhould take a fancy to be a writer, I ſhall be diſcovered when I have no mind, for it will be only to catechiſe me whenever I am ſuſpected.

LETTER III.

MR. FAULKNER,

I DESIRE Mrs. *Pilkington* will deliver you the paper relating to *Gulliver*, which I left with her huſband. For, ſince you intend to print a new edition of that book, I muſt tell you, that the *Engliſh* printer made ſeveral alterations which I much diſapprove of, and cannot ſet them right without thoſe papers.

If I am not miſtaken, Mr. *Pilkington* hath an edition of *Gulliver*, where the true original copy is

is interleaved in manuſcript; I deſire I may alſo ſee that book.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

June 29, 1733.

J SWIFT.

LETTER IV.

To his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of *Caſhel**.

Dublin, *Auguſt* 14, 1735.

My Lord,

THE bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, our famous printer, goes in an hour to ſee *Kilkenny* and *Caſhel*, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your grace may owe him a dozen ſhillings, and your town coffee-houſe (if you have one) a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honour of being admitted to your grace by a line in my hand. I am not in fear of his ſhaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuſcripts ſcattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he ſerved me; although I never let him touch or ſee one. He has the name of an honeſt man, and hath good ſenſe and behaviour.

* Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*.

I have

I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver; and to bring me a faithful account when he returns; but chiefly about your health, and what exercise you make use of to increase or preserve it. But he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My lord, your grace's

Most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER V.

To the Right Honourable Lord *Howth.*

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

My Lord,

THE bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, came to me just an hour before he was taking a journey to *Kilkenny* and *Cashel*, and desired I would write by him to your lordship and the archbishop, only to let your lordship know, that he is an honest man, and the chief printer; and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, because I cannot help it. For, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the consent of my friends, and

and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopeth, as a citizen, to be admitted to you lords and ladies in the country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuscripts in his hands; otherwise, perhaps there will be the works of the Right Hon. &c. and of my lady and the [g] giant, neatly bound next winter. My lady *Achefon* hath not been well since she left the town; but her mother is almost perfectly cured, except the loss of her eye. I owe my lady *Howth* a letter, I believe. I desire my most humble service to her and the giant. I have time to say no more, but, that I am,

Your lordship's most obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER VI.

MR. FAULKNER,

I AM answering a letter I had from Mr. *Pope*, when I was at *Caven*. My absence and sickness, since I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckyness that you could never find him at home, which, he says, since his mother's death, he is often absent from. I here will transcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return

[g] A very tall young lady, nearly related to lord *Howth*.

an

an anſwer to it, time enough for me to ſend a letter to-night, and I will inſert the ſum of it.

"As to his (Mr. *Faulkner's)* deſign about my works, I beg you will deſire him to poſtpone it, until he ſees the duodecimo edition of them here, with the firſt volume, publiſhed by *Lintot:* for that, joined to the reſt by *Gillever* [*b*], will make the compleateſt hitherto extant, and is reviſed by me. I gueſs they will be out about *Chriſtmas.*"

Pray, let me know what anſwer I ſhall make to Mr. *Pope:* write it down and ſend it by any meſſenger, the ſooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night.

I am, yours, &c.

Jan. 8, 1735-6.

J. SWIFT.

I think you may ſend your anſwer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. *Benj. Motte*, Bookſeller, in *London.*

SIR, *Dublin, May* 25, 1736.

I LATELY received a long letter from Mr. *Faulkner*, grievouſly complaining upon ſeveral articles of the ill [*i*] treatment he hath met

[*b*] *Lawton Gillever*, a Bookſeller.

[*i*] *Motte* filed a bill in Chancery in *England*, againſt *Faulkner*, for printing *Swift's* works, to ſtop the ſale of them there, which made the author write this letter.

with

with from you, and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the fact, having heard but one side; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppressions of this kingdom by *England* are not to be borne. You send what books you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression, if I were a bookseller in this town, I would use all the safe means to reprint *London* books, and run them to any town in *England* that I could, because, whoever neither offends the laws of God, or the country he liveth in, committeth no sin. It was the fault of you and other booksellers, who printed any thing supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together, if you thought they would sell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago, that Mr. *Faulkner* came to me, and told me his intention to print every thing that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it; but when he urged, that some other bookseller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more, but that I was sorry it should be done here.——But I am so incensed against the oppressions from *England*, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country

in

in *Europe*, or any where elſe; and conceal it from the cuſtom-houſe officers, as I would hide my purſe from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although *England* hath made a law to the contrary [*k*]: and ſo I would encourage our bookſellers here to ſell your authors books printed here, and ſend them to all the towns in *England*, if I could do it with ſafety and profit; becauſe (I repeat it) it is no offence againſt God or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. *Faulkner* hath dealt ſo fairly with me, that I have a great opinion of his honeſty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookſeller; but ſince my friends told me, thoſe things, called mine, would certainly be printed by ſome hedge-bookſeller, I was forced to be paſſive in the matter. I have ſome [*l*] things which I ſhall leave my executors to publiſh after my deceaſe, and have directed that they ſhall be printed in *London*. For, except ſmall papers and ſome treatiſes writ for the uſe of this kingdom, I always had thoſe of any importance publiſhed in *London*, as you well know. For my own part, although, I have no power any where, I will do the beſt offices I can to countenance Mr. *Faulkner*. For, although I was not at all pleaſed to have that collection printed here, yet

[*k*] This we apprehend is better patriotiſm, than good caſuiſtry: but perhaps we too are prejudiced in our turns, by the dean's own principle. *The Engliſh Bookſellers.*

[*l*] Directions to Servants, and the hiſtory of the laſt ſeſſion of *Queen Anne*, and of the peace of *Utrecht*, both ſince printed.

none of my friends adviſed me to be angry with him, although if they had been printed in *London* by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to ſome little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I ſhall leave to be printed in *London* after my deceaſe, I will leave no other copies of them here; but, if Mr. *Faulkner* ſhould get the firſt printed copy, and re-print it here, and ſend his copies to *England*, I think he would do as right as you *London* book-ſellers who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I ſhall publiſh ſome things that I think are important; but they ſhall be printed in *London*, although Mr. *Faulkner* were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and ſo I remain,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To the Right Worſhipful the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common-Council, of the city of *Corke*.

Deanry-Houſe, Dublin Aug. 15, 1737.

GENTLEMEN,

I RECEIVED from you, ſome weeks ago, the honour of my freedom in a ſilver box, by the hands of Mr. *Stannard* [*m*]; but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he was too full of more important buſineſs. Since that time I have been wholly confined by ſickneſs, ſo that I was not able to return you my acknowledgement; and, it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great diſorder. Mr. *Faulkner* will be the bearer of my letter, who ſets out this morning for *Corke*.

I could have wiſhed, as I am a private man, that, in the inſtrument of my freedom, you had pleaſed to aſſign your reaſons for making choice of me. I know it is a uſual compliment to beſtow the freedom of the city on an arch-biſhop, or lord-chancellor, and other perſons of great titles, merely upon account of their ſtations or power:

[*m*] *Eaton Stannard*, Eſq; then recorder of *Dublin*, and afterwards made his majeſty's prime ſerjeant at law, in the room of *Anthony Malone*, Eſq; ſince promoted to the chancellorſhip of the exchequer.

but

but a private man, and a perfect ſtranger, without power or grandeur, may juſtly expect to find the motives aſſigned in the inſtrument of his freedom, on what account he is thus diſtinguiſhed. And yet I cannot diſcover in the whole parchment ſcrip any one reaſon offered. Next, as to the ſilver [*n*] box, there is not ſo much as my name upon it; nor any one ſyllable to ſhew it was a preſent from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my own opinion, ſent back the box and inſtrument of freedom by Mr. *Faulkner*, to be returned to you; leaving to your choice, whether to inſert the reaſons for which you were pleaſed to give me my freedom, or beſtow the box upon ſome more worthy perſon, whom you may have an intention to honour, becauſe it will equally fit every body.

I am, with true eſteem

and gratitude, gentlemen,

your moſt obedient, and

obliged ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

[*n*] In conſequence of this letter, there was an inſcription, and the city arms of *Corke*, engraved on the box, and reaſons in the parchment ſcrip for preſenting him with the freedom of that city.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

Deanry-House, Dublin, Jan. 6, 1737-8.

SIR,

I HAVE often mentioned to you an earneſt deſire I had, and ſtill have, to record the merit and ſervices of the lord-mayor *Humphrey French*, whom I often deſired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many paſſages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off, on the pretence of his forgetfulneſs, but in reality of his modeſty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his ſucceſſors, as far as their genius can reach. I deſire you therefore to enquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to preſs them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, wherever he had any power of authority in the city; but, particularly, from Mr. *Maple*, who was his intimate friend, who knew him beſt, and could give the moſt juſt character of himſelf and his actions.

When I ſhall have got a ſufficient information of all theſe particulars, I will, although I am oppreſſed with age and infirmities, ſtir up all the little

little ſpirit I can raiſe, to give the publick an account of that great patriot; and propoſe him as an example to all future magiſtrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miſerable kingdom.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

Mrs. Cæſar *was wife of* Charles Cæſar, *Eſq; member of parliament for the borough of* Hertford, *who was committed to the Tower of* London, Dec. 19, 1705, *for ſome reflexions in the houſe of* Commons, *on the earl of* Godolphin, *then lord high treaſurer of* England. *In* 1711, *Mr.* Cæſar *was appointed treaſurer of the navy in the room of* Robert Walpole, *Eſq; afterwards a knight of the garter, who was created earl of* Orford, Feb. 9, 1741. *This lady was alſo mother to* Julius Cæſar, *a brave ſoldier, a general in the ſervice of his Britannic Majeſty in* Germany [April, 1762]. *The dean correſponded with this lady, who was remarkable for her good ſenſe, friendſhip and politeneſs, and much eſteemed by the nobility and gentry, and all people of taſte, genius and learning; and therefore we imagine the following letters will be acceptable.*

LETTER X.

To Mrs. CÆSAR.

MADAM,

AMONG a few little vexations, uch as beggary, ſlavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppreſſion, and ſome other trifles of the like nature, that we philoſophers ought to deſpiſe; two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great diſtance, are ſtill ſo kind as to remember me; and I was always proud, and pleaſed to a great degree, that you happened to be one, ſince conſtancy is, I think, at leaſt as ſeldom found in friendſhip as in love. Mrs. *Barber*, when I ſee her, is always telling me wonders of the continual favours you have conferred on her, and that, without your interpoſition, the ſucceſs of her errand would have hardly been worth the journey; and I muſt bear the load of this obligation without the leaſt poſſibility of ever returning it, otherwiſe than by my beſt wiſhes for the proſperity and health of you and your family: for, in ſpight of all your good words, I am the moſt inſignificant man of this moſt inſignificant country. I have been tyed by the leg (without being married) for ten months paſt, by an unlucky ſtrain, which prevented the honour and happineſs I propoſed to myſelf of waiting on you often during this

this laſt ſummer: and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's noſe; yet, I flatter myſelf, that next ſpring I may take one voyage more, when you will ſee me altered in every diſpoſition of body and mind, except in my reſpects for you and all that belong to you. There is one part of Mr. *Pope's* compliment which I cannot make you; for I could not with the ſtricteſt ſearch find one letter too many in any of your words, although I found a thouſand words too few in your letter; therefore, I accepted and underſtood it only as a billet juſt writ while Mrs. *Barber* ſtood by in her hood and ſcarff, juſt ready to take her leave and begin her journey: and what is worſe, I ſuſpect that ſhe was forced to ſollicit you long, becauſe ſhe wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that ſhe was not an impoſtor.

I will not ſay one word in Mrs. *Barber's* behalf, for ſhe will always continue to deſerve your protection, and therefore ſhe may be ſure you will always continue to give it her.

I hope Mr. *Cæſar* is in good health, and deſire he will accept the offer of my moſt humble ſervice, with my hearty wiſhes for your whole family.

I am, with true reſpect,
Madam,
Your moſt obedient, and
moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

LETTER XI.

Dublin, July 30, 1733.

To Mrs. CÆSAR.

MADAM,

I COULD not let Mrs. *Barber* leave us for good-and-all, without honouring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble ſervant and conſtant lover: ſhe hath been afflicted with ſo many repetitions of the gout, that her limbs are much weakened, and her ſpirits ſunk; neither can I well blame her, conſidering her grand affair of ſubſcriptions muſt needs have ſlackened in her abſence. Neither could ſhe be in much diſpoſition to increaſe her volumes, for health and good humour are two ingredients abſolutely neceſſary in the poetical trade; but, I hope, your countenance and protection will recover her ſpirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine ſhe looks on you as her chief patroneſs; becauſe, although ſhe be abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet I obſerve your name moſt often in her mouth. I wiſh it were in my power to take the ſame journey; but neither the health, nor the bad ſtate of my private affairs, will give me power or leave: I cannot make ſhift, nor bear fatigues as I uſed to do. To live in *England* half as tolerably as I do here, would ruin me. I muſt have two

two ſervants, and three horſes, and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged church rents would never be paid in my abſence. My lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Pope* preſs me with many kind invitations, but the former is too much a philoſopher; he dines at ſix in the evening; after ſtudying all the morning until the afternoon; and, when he hath dined, to his ſtudies again. Mr. *Pope* can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always ſome poetical ſcheme in his head Thus the two beſt companions and friends I ever had, have utterly diſqualified themſelves for my converſation, and my way of living. Mr. *Pope*, who had often promiſed to paſs a ſummer ſeaſon with me here, if he out-lived his mother, ſoon after her death waved the firſt opportunity of performing his promiſe two months ago, of coming over with eaſe, and in company of dean *Cotterel* [o] and his ſiſter; he ſaid, we ſhould kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the *Deanry-houſe:* He would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. *Barber* will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable perſons, and of both ſexes, with whom to converſe; I chid him ſoundly in my laſt letter for his want of friendſhip or reſolution. You ſee, madam, I am full of talk; but you are to blame, for I imagine myſelf in your company, which is indeed no great

[o] Afterwards biſhop of *Leighlin* and *Ferns*.

compliment; and, upon second thoughts, it is not true, for I should be much better pleased to be your hearer. However, I should certainly ask you a thousand questions concerning yourself, and Mr. *Cæsar*, and your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many civilities from you both, that I shall ever own my obligations; which are much increased by Mrs. *Barber's* feeding my vanity, with telling me, that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me; yet, I confess, her expressions were in somewhat stronger terms. Pray God bless you and your whole family. I desire you will present my most humble service to Mr. *Cæsar*.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, and

most obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

The

The following letter to the provoſt and fellows of the univerſity of Dublin *plainly ſhews the author's friendſhip to gentlemen of genius and learning, although unacquainted with them; but, ſoon after this, Mr.* Dunkin *was introduced to the dean, who did him further ſervices, by recommending him to Dr.* Bolton, *archbiſhop of* Caſhell, *who ordained him for holy orders.*

LETTER XII.

To the Provoſt and Senior Fellows of Trinity-College, DUBLIN.

July 5, 1736.

Rev. and worthy SIRS,

AS I had the honour of receiving ſome part of my education in your univerſity, and the good fortune to be of ſome ſervice to it while I had a ſhare of credit at court, as well as ſince, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excuſed for laying a caſe before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. *Dunkin*, whom you all know, ſent me ſome time ago a memorial intended to be laid before his

you, which, perhaps, he hath already done. His requeſt is, that you would be pleaſed to enlarge his annuity at preſent, and that he may have the ſame right, in his turn, to the firſt church preferment, vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the ſcheme of his aunt's will; becauſe the abſurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifeſt; and the intention of the teſtator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propoſe is this, that you would increaſe his penſion to one hundred pounds a year, and make him a firm promiſe of the firſt church-living in your diſpoſal, to the value of two hundred pounds a year, or ſomewhat more. This I take to be a reaſonable medium between what he hath propoſed in his memorial, and what you allow him at preſent.

I am almoſt a perfect ſtranger to Mr. *Dunkin*, having never ſeen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor ſhould I now know his perſon if I met him in the ſtreets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts; which, if applied properly to the buſineſs of his function, inſtead of poetry (wherein it muſt be owned he ſometimes excells), might be of great uſe and ſervice to him.

I hope you will pleaſe to remember, that, ſince your body hath received no inconſiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increaſe your reputation,

reputation, rather to err on the generous ſide towards the nephew.

Theſe are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the caſe under all its circumſtances; and ſo I leave it to your wiſer judgments.

I am, with true reſpect and eſteem,

Reverend and worthy SIRS,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble ſervant,

Deanry-Houſe,
July 5, 1736.

J. SWIFT.

A very

A very friendly correſpondence having been carried on for many years between Dr. KING, Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, and Dr. SWIFT, D.S.P.D. it may be proper to prefix ſome account of his Grace before the following letters, for which we ſhall make no apology.

WILLIAM KING was born at Antrim *the firſt day of* May 1650, *and was deſcended from an ancient family of the houſe of* Burras *in the North of* Scotland, *from whence his father removed in the reign of king* Charles I. *to avoid engaging in the ſolemn league and covenant; brought his effects, and ſettled his family in the North of* Ireland, *where the above* William *was born, and had the pleaſure of living to ſee his ſon promoted to the biſhoprick of* Derry.

In 1662, *he was ſent to a* Latin *ſchool in the county of* Tyrone, *and the* 18*th of* April, 1667, *entered the Univerſity of* Dublin. *In* 1670, *he took the degree of Batchelor of Arts; in* 1673, *that of Maſter; and the ſame year was ordained a Deacon by Dr.* Moſſom, *biſhop of* Derry. *On the* 26*th of* April, 1674, *he was ordained a Prieſt by Dr.* John Parker, *archbiſhop of* Tuam. *In* 1688, *he was conſtituted Preſident of the Chapter of* St. Patrick's, Dublin; *and, on the* 26*th of* January *following, was elected Dean by the Chapter. In* 1689, *he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was promoted to the biſhoprick of* Derry *on the* 9*th of* January, *O. S.* 1690,

and

and was consecrated in Christ-Church, Dublin, *the 25th of the said month. Upon the promotion of Dr.* Narcissus Marsh, *archbishop of* Dublin, *to the archbishoprick of* Armagh, *Dr.* King *was translated from* Derry *to the see of* Dublin, *the 11th of* March, 1702. *His grace, in the reign of* George I. *was four different times one of the Lords Justices of* Ireland, *for his great loyalty and attachment to the protestant religion, and the house of* Hanover. *He died at the archiepiscopal palace at* St. Sepulchre's, Dublin, *on the 8th of* May, 1729, *having entered into the 80th year of his age; and was buried on the north side of* Donnybrook *church, near* Dublin, *without any monument, tomb, or inscription, as he had directed in his life time.*

His private charities were very ample and considerable; but so cautiously and secretly dispensed, that it is impossible to give a particular account of them. After he was translated to the see of Dublin, *he repaired and adorned the palace of* St. Sepulchre's, *which was in a ruinous condition, by expending above* 3000*l. on improvements, and erected a court-house for his archiepiscopal manor at his own charge. He purchased, from the late lord* Ross *and others, many impropriate tithes, to add to the livings of the clergy in his diocese, to make them glebes, and for lectureships.*

He gave in his life-time 500*l. to the University of* Dublin, *towards founding a divinity lecture for the benefit of those who intended to enter into holy orders; and devised* 500*l. more to purchase a further maintenance and endowment for the said lecture. He also devised*

devised 150*l. to the poor of the city of* Dublin. *He gave* 500*l. in his life-time to the* Blue-Coat *hospital in* Dublin, *and* 300*l. to the fund arising from the application of the first fruits, for purchasing glebes and impropriate tithes for the increase of poor vicarages.*

His hospitality was suitable to the dignity of his character and station, and the whole course of his conversation, innocent, chearful, and improving; for he lived in the constant practice of every Christian virtue that could adorn the public or private life.

In 1687, Peter Manby, *dean of* Derry, *having published at* Dublin, *in quarto, a pamphlet, intituled,* The considerations which obliged *Peter Manby,* dean of *Derry,* to embrace the Catholic religion; humbly dedicated to his Grace Dr. *Michael Boyle,* the Lord Primate of *Ireland*; *Dr.* King *immediately wrote an answer. Mr.* Manby, *encouraged by the court, and assisted by the most learned champions of the church of* Rome, *published a reply, under this title,* A reformed Catechism, in two Dialogues concerning the *English* Reformation, *&c.* in Reply to Mr. *King's* Answer, *&c. Our author soon rejoined in* A Vindication of the Answer. *Mr.* Manby *dropped the controversy, but dispersed a loose sheet of paper, artfully writ, with this title,* A Letter to a Friend, shewing the vanity of this opinion, that every man's sense and reason are to guide him in matters of faith. *Our author soon published his answer. In* 1689, *our author was twice confined in the castle of* Dublin, *by order of king* James II. *and the same year*

year commenced doctor of divinity. In 1690, *he was advanced to the see of* Derry. *In* 1691, *he published at* London, *in quarto*, The state of the protestants of *Ireland* under the late king *James's* government, *&c.* "*an history, says bishop* Burnet, *as truly as it is* "*finely written.*" *He had by him at his death attested vouchers of every particular fact alledged in this book, which are now in the hands of his relations. In* 1693, *his lordship, finding the great number of protestant dissenters in his diocese of* Derry *increased by a vast addition of colonies from* Scotland, *in order to persuade them to conformity to the established church, published* A discourse concerning the inventions of men in the worship of God. *Mr.* Joseph Boyse, *a dissenting minister, wrote an answer. The bishop answered Mr.* Boyse. *The latter replied. The bishop rejoined. In* 1702, *he published at* Dublin, *in quarto, his celebrated treatise* De Origine Mali. *Mr.* Edmund Law, *M. A. Fellow of* Christ's-College *in* Cambridge, *afterwards published a complete translation of this, with very valuable notes, in quarto. In the second edition he has inserted, by way of notes, a large collection of the author's papers on the same subject, which he had received from his relations after the publication of the former edition. Our author, in this excellent treatise, hath many curious observations. He asserteth, and proves, that there is more moral good in the earth than moral evil. There are ten good acts, says he, done by those we call bad men, for one ill one. A Sermon by our author, preached at* Dublin *in* 1709, *was published under the title of* Divine predestination and

and fore-knowledge consistent with the freedom of man's will. *This was attacked by* Anthony Collins, *Esq; in a pamphlet, intituled,* A vindication of the divine attributes · In some remarks on the archbishop of *Dublin's* Sermons, intituled, *Divine predestination, &c. He published likewise,* A discourse concerning the consecration of churches; shewing what is meant by dedicating them, with the grounds of that office.

LETTERS

LETTERS

FROM

Dr. SWIFT, to Dr. KING,

Lord Biſhop of DERRY,

AFTERWARDS

Lord Archbiſhop of DUBLIN.

LETTER I.

To the Lord Biſhop of DERRY.

Dublin-Caſtle, July 16, 1700.

MY LORD,

I WAS ſeveral times to wait on your lordſhip at your lodgings; but you were either abroad, or ſo engaged, that I could not be permitted the honour to attend you. I have an humble requeſt to your lordſhip, that you will pleaſe to excuſe me if I cannot be at the triennial viſitation; for, my lord [*p*] and lady continually reſiding at the lodge, I am obliged to a conſtant attendance there.

I am, with all reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

[*p*] Earl of *Berkeley*, then one of the Lords Juſtices of *Ireland*.

LETTER II.

To his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of *Dublin*.

My Lord,

I DID intend to have waited on your grace before you went for *England*; but, hearing your voyage is fixed for the firſt opportunity of the wind, I could not forbear giving you a few minutes interruption, which I hope your grace will believe to be without any other deſign than that of ſerving you. I believe your grace may have heard, that I was in *England* laſt winter, when the dean and chapter of *Chriſt-Church* had, I think, with great wiſdom and diſcretion, choſen a moſt malicious, ignorant, and headſtrong creature to repreſent them; wherein your grace cannot juſtly tax their prudence, ſince the cauſe [*q*] they are engaged in is not otherwiſe to be ſupported. And I do aſſure your grace (which perhaps others may have been cautious in telling you) that they have not been without ſucceſs. For not only the general run in *Doctors-Commons* was wholly on their ſide, which my lord biſhop of *Cloyne* [*r*] obſerved as well as I; but that little inſtrument of their's did uſe all his power to miſrepreſent your grace, and your cauſe,

[*q*] A law ſuit between the archbiſhop of *Dublin* and the dean and chapter of the cathedral of *Chriſt-Church, Dublin*, about his right of viſiting them, which was given in favour of his grace.

[*r*] Dr. *Charles Crow*.

both

both in town and city, as far as his narrow ſphere could reach. And he ſpared not to ſay, that your grace had perſonal reſentment againſt him; that you fought his ruin, and threatened him with it. And I remember, at a great man's table, who hath as much influence in *England* as any ſubject can well have, after dinner came in a maſter in chancery, whom I had before obſerved to be a principal perſon in *Doctors Commons*, when your grace's cauſe was there debating; and, upon occaſion of being there, fell into diſcourſe of it, wherein he ſeemed wholly an advocate for *Chriſt-Church*; for all his arguments were only a chain of miſinformations, which he had learned from the ſame hand; inſomuch that I was forced to give a character of ſome perſons, which otherwiſe I ſhould have ſpared, before I could ſet him right, as I alſo did in the affair of the late dean of *Derry*, which had been told with ſo many falſhoods and diſadvantages to your grace, as it is hard to imagine.

I humbly preſume to ſay thus much to your grace, that, knowing the prejudices that have been given, you may more eaſily remove them, which your preſence will infallibly do.

I would alſo beg of your grace to uſe ſome of your credit towards bringing to a good iſſue the promiſe the queen made, at my lord biſhop of *Cloyne's* interceſſion, to remit the firſt fruits and tenths of the clergy; unleſs I ſpeak ignorantly, for want of information, and that it be a thing already done. But what I would mind your grace

of is, that the crown rent ſhould be added, which is a great load upon many poor livings, and would be a conſiderable help to others. And I am confident, with ſome reaſon, that it would be eaſily granted; being, I hear, under a thouſand pounds a year, and the queen's grant for *England* being ſo much more conſiderable than our's can be at beſt. I am very certain, that, if the biſhop of *Cloyne* had continued to ſollicit it in *England*, it would eaſily have paſſed; but, his lordſhip giving it up wholely to the duke of *Ormond* [s], I believe it hath not been thought of ſo much as it ought. I humbly beg your grace's pardon for the haſte and hurry of this, occaſioned by that of the poſt, which is not very regular in this country; and, imploring your bleſſing, and praying to God for your good voyage, ſucceſs, and return, I humbly kiſs your grace's hands, and remain,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

[s] Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

LET-

LETTER III.

London, Feb. 5, 1707-8.

My Lord,

I HAVE been above a month expecting the repreſentation your grace was pleaſed to promiſe to ſend me, which makes me apprehend your grace hath been hindered by what you complained of, the clergy's backwardneſs in a point ſo very neceſſary to their ſervice, and it is time ill loſt at this juncture, while my lord [*t*] lieutenant is here, and in great credit at court, and would perhaps be more than ordinarily ready to ſerve the church in *Ireland*. If I have no directions from your grace by the end of this month, I ſhall think of my return to *Ireland* againſt the 25th of *March*, to endeavour to be choſen to the living of St. *Nicholas* [*u*], as I have been encouraged to hope; but would readily return, at a week's warning, to ſollicit that affair with my lord lieutenant while he ſtays here, or in any other manner your grace will pleaſe to direct.

Your grace knows long before this, that Dr. *Mills* is biſhop of *Waterford*. The court and

[*t*] *Thomas Herbert*, earl of *Pembroke*.

[*u*] See page 47.

archbiſhop of *Canterbury* were ſtrongly engaged for another perſon, not much ſuſpected in *Ireland*, any more than the choice already made was, I believe, either here or there.

The two houſes are ſtill buſy in lord *Peterborough's* [x] affair, which ſeems to be little more than an amuſement, which it is conceived might at this time be ſpared, conſidering how ſlow we are ſaid to be in our preparations, which, I believe, is the only reaſon why it was talked the other day about the town, as if there would be ſoon a treaty of peace. There is a report of my lord *Galway's* death, but it is not credited. It is a perfect jeſt to ſee my lord *Peterborough*, reputed as great a whig as any in *England*, abhorred by his own party and careſſed by the tories.

The great queſtion, whether the number of men in *Spain* and *Portugal*, at the time of the battle of *Almanza*, was but 8600, when there ought to have been 29,600, was carried on *Tueſday* in the affirmative againſt the court, without a diviſion, which was occaſioned by Sir *Thomas Hanmer's* oratory. It ſeems to have been no party queſtion, there being many of both glad and ſorry for it. The court hath not been fortunate in their queſtions this ſeſſion; and I hear ſome of both parties expreſſing contrary paſſions upon it. I tell your grace bare matters of fact, being not inclined to

[x] See his character, Vol. VII, p. 1.

make

make reflexions; and, if I were, I could not tell what to make, so oddly people are subdivided.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER IV.

London, June 10, 1708.

My Lord,

I SENT your grace a long letter several weeks ago, inclosed in one to the dean [*y*]. I know not whether it came to your hands, having not since been honoured with your commands. I believe I told your grace, that I was directly advised by my lord *Sund*—, my lord *Somers*, Mr. *Southwell*, and others, to apply to [*z*] my lord treasurer, in behalf of the clergy of *Ireland*; and lord *Sunderland* undertook to bring me to lord treasurer, which was put off for some time on account of the invasion. For it is the method here of great ministers, when any public matter is in hand, to make it an excuse for putting off all private application. I deferred it some time longer, because I had a

[*y*] Dr. *Sterne*. [*z*] Earl of *Godolphin*.

mind my lord *Sunderland* ſhould go along with me; but either the one or the other was always buſy, or out of the way; however, his lordſhip had prepared lord treaſurer, and engaged him (as he aſſured me) to think well of the matter, and the other day lord treaſurer appointed me to attend him. He took me into a private room, and I told him my ſtory; that I was commanded by your grace, and deſired by ſome other biſhops, to uſe what little credit I had, to ſollicit (under the direction of my lord lieutenant) the remitting of the firſt fruits, which, from the favourable repreſentation of his lordſhip to the queen, about four years ago, the clergy were encouraged to hope would be granted: that I had been told, it might be of uſe, if ſome perſon could be admitted to his preſence, at his uſual times of being attended, in order to put him in mind; for the reſt, they relied entirely on his excellency's good office, and his lordſhip's diſpoſitions to favour the church. He ſaid, in anſwer, he was paſſive in this buſineſs: that he ſuppoſed my lord lieutenant would engage in it, to whom, if I pleaſed, he would repeat what I had ſaid. I replied, I had the honour of being well known to his excellency; that I intended to aſk his leave to ſollicit this matter with his lordſhip, but had not mentioned it yet, becauſe I did not know whether I had credit enough to gain that acceſs he was now pleaſed to honour me with: that, upon his lordſhip's leave to attend him, ſignified to me by the earl of *Sunderland*, I went to inform his excellency,

not doubting his consent; but did not find him at home, and therefore ventured to come: but not knowing how his excellency might understand it, I begged his lordship to say nothing to my lord lieutenant, until I had the honour to wait on him again. This my lord treasurer agreed to, and entering on the subject, told me, that, since the queen's grant of the first fruits here, he was confident, not one clergyman in *England* was a shilling the better. I told him, I thought it lay under some incumbrances; he said, it was true; but beside, that it was wholly abused in the distribution; that as to those in *Ireland*, they were an inconsiderable thing, not above 1000*l.* or 1200*l.* a year, which was almost nothing for the queen to grant, upon two conditions. First, That it should be well disposed of. And, secondly, That it should be well received with due acknowledgments; in which cases he would give his consent: otherwise, to deal freely with me, he never would. I said, as to the first, that I was confident the bishops would leave the methods of disposing it entirely to her majesty's breast; as to the second, her majesty and his lordship might count upon all the acknowledgements, that the most grateful and dutiful subjects could pay to a prince. That I had the misfortune to be altogether unknown to his lordship, else I should presume to ask him, whether he understood any particular acknowledgments? He replied, By acknowledgements, I do not mean any thing under their hands; but I will so far explain

plain myſelf to tell you, I mean better acknowledgements than thoſe of the clergy of *England*. I then begged his lordſhip to give me his advice, what ſort of acknowledgements he thought fitteſt for the clergy to make, which I was ſure would be of mighty weight with them. He anſwered, I I can only ſay again, ſuch acknowledgements as they ought. We had ſome other diſcourſe of leſs moment; and, after licence to attend him on occaſion, I took my leave. I tell your grace theſe particulars, in his very words, as near as I can recollect, becauſe I think them of moment, and I believe your grace may think them ſo too. I told *Southwell* all that had paſſed, and we agreed in our comments, which I deſired him now to inform you. He ſet out for *Ireland* this morning: I am reſolved to ſee my lord *Sund*—— in a day or two, and relate what my lord treaſurer ſaid (as he hath commanded me to do); and perhaps I may prevail on him to let me know his lordſhip's meaning, to which I am prepared to anſwer, as Mr. *Southwell* will let you know. At evening, the ſame day, I attended my lord lieutenant, and deſired to know what progreſs he had made; and at the ſame time propoſed, that he would give me leave to attend lord treaſurer, only as a common ſollicitor to refreſh his memory. I was very much ſurpriſed at his anſwer, that the matter was not before the treaſurer, but entirely with the queen, and therefore it was needleſs; upon which I ſaid nothing

of having been there. He ſaid, he had writ lately to your grace, on account of what was done; that ſome progreſs was made; that they put it off becauſe it was a time of war, but that he had ſome hopes it would be done: but this is only ſuch an account as his excellency thinks fit to give, although I ſend it your grace by his orders. I hope, that in his letters he is fuller. My lord treaſurer on the other hand aſſured me, he had the papers (which his excellency denied), and talked of it as a matter that had long lain before him, which ſeveral perſons in great employments aſſure me is and muſt be true. Thus your grace ſees, that I ſhall have nothing more to do in this matter, further than purſuing the cold ſcent of aſking his excellency once a month, how it goeth on? which, I think, I had as good forbear, ſince it will turn to little account. All I can do is, to engage my lord *Sunderland's* intereſt with my lord treaſurer whenever it is brought before him, or to hint it to ſome other perſons of power and credit; and likewiſe to endeavour to take off that ſcandal the clergy of *Ireland* lie under, of being the reverſe of what they really are, with reſpect to the revolution, loyalty to the queen, and ſettlement of the crown; which is here the conſtruction of the word Tory.

I deſign to tell my lord treaſurer, that, this being a matter my lord lieutenant hath undertaken, he doth not think proper I ſhould trouble his lord-

ſhip; after which, recommending it to his goodneſs, I ſhall forbear any further mention. I am ſenſible how lame and tedious an account this is, and humbly beg your grace's pardon; but I ſtill inſiſt, that, if it had been ſollicited four years ago by no abler a hand than my own, while the duke of *Ormond* was in *Ireland*, it might have been done in a month; and, I believe, it may be ſo ſtill, if his excellency lays any weight of his credit upon it; otherwiſe, God knows when. For myſelf, I have nothing more to do here but to attend my lord lieutenant's motions, of whoſe return we are very uncertain, and to manage ſome perſonal affairs of my own. I beg the continuance of your grace's favour, and your bleſſing; and am, with all reſpect,

Your grace's

moſt obedient, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 9, 1708.

MY LORD,

YOUR grace's letter of *September* 7, found me in *Kent*, where I took the opportunity to retire, during my lord *Pembroke's* abſence with his new lady (who are both expected to-morrow); I went afterwards to *Epſom*, and returned but yeſterday: this was the cauſe of my ſo long omitting to acknowledge your letter. I am ready to agree with your grace, that very wrong repreſentations are made of things and perſons here, by people who reſide on this ſide but a ſhort time, converſe at ſecond or third hand, and on their return make a vanity of knowing more than they do. This I have obſerved myſelf in *Ireland*, even among people of ſome rank and quality; and, I believe, your grace will proceed on much better grounds, by truſting to your own wiſdom and experience of things, than ſuch intelligence.

I ſpoke formerly all I knew of the twentieth parts; and whatever Mr. *D*—— hath ſaid in his letters about ſtaying until a peace, I do aſſure your grace, is nothing but words. However, that matter is now at end. There is a new world here; and yet I agree with you, that, if there be an inter-regnum, it will be the propereſt time to addreſs my lord treaſurer; and I ſhall ſecond it with all the

the credit I have, and very openly; and I know not (if one difficulty lies in the way) but it may prove a lucky juncture.

On my return from *Kent* (the night of the prince's [a] death) I ſtaid a few days in town before I went to *Epſom*: I then viſited a certain great man, and we entered very freely into diſcourſe upon the preſent juncture. He aſſured me, there was no doubt now of the ſcheme holding about the admiralty, the government of *Ireland*, and preſidency of the council; the diſpoſition whereof your grace knoweth as well as I: and, although I care not to mingle public affairs with the intereſt of ſo private a perſon as myſelf, yet, upon ſuch a revolution, not knowing how far my friends may endeavour to engage me in the ſervice of a new government, I would beg your grace to have favourable thoughts of me on ſuch an occaſion, and to aſſure you, that no proſpect of making my fortune ſhall ever prevail on me to go againſt what becometh a man of conſcience and truth, and an entire friend to the eſtabliſhed church. This I ſay, in caſe ſuch a thing ſhould happen; for my own thoughts are turned another way, if the earl of *Berkeley's* journey to *Vienna* holds, and the miniſtry will keep their promiſe of making me the queen's ſecretary; by which I ſhall be out of the way of parties, until it ſhall pleaſe God I have ſome place to retire

[a] *George* prince of *Denmark*, huſband of queen *Anne*.

to

to, a little above contempt; or, if all fail, until your grace and the dean of St. *Patrick's* ſhall think fit to diſpoſe of that poor town-living [*b*] in my favour.

Upon this event of the prince's death, the contention deſigned with the court about a ſpeaker is dropt, and all agree in Sir *Richard Onſlow*, which is looked on as another argument for the ſcheme ſucceeding. This I had from the ſame hand.

As to a comprehenſion which your grace ſeems to doubt an intention of, from what was told me, I can ſay nothing; doubtleſs, it muſt be intended to come to that at laſt, if not worſe; but I believe at preſent, it was meant, that there ſhould be a conſent to what was endeavoured at in your parliament laſt ſeſſion.

I thought to have writ more largely to your grace, imagining I had much matter in my head, but it fails, or is not convenient at preſent. If the ſcheme holds, I ſhall make bold to tell your grace my thoughts as formerly, under cover, becauſe I believe there will be a great deal to be thought of and done. A little time may produce a great deal. Things are now in great ſuſpence both at home and abroad. The parliament, we think, will have no prorogation. There is no talk of the duke of *Marlborough's* return yet. Speculative people talk of a peace this winter,

[*b*] St. *Nicholas*. See page 37.

of

of which I can form no prospect, according to our demands.

I am,

my Lord,

your Grace's most obedient

humble servant

J. S.

Your grace will please to direct your commands to me at St. *James's* coffee-house, in St. *James's-street*.

LETTER VI.

London, Nov. 30, 1708.

My Lord,

I WRIT to you about a fortnight ago, after my return from the country, and gave you some account of an intended change at court, which is now finished. Care was taken to put lord *Pembroke* in mind of the first fruits before he went out of his office; but it was needless, for his excellency had it at heart, and the thing is done, of which, I suppose, you have an account. You know who goes over chaplain; the archbishop of *Canterbury*, and several other bishops, and the lord treasurer

treasurer himself sollicited that matter in a body: it was thought absolutely necessary, considering the dismal notion they have here of so many high-church archbishops among you; and your friend made no application, for reasons left you to guess. I cannot yet learn whether you are to have a new parliament; but I am apt to think you will, and that it must be thought necessary.—The affair of *Drogheda* [*c*] hath made a noise here, and, like every thing else on your side, is used as a handle: I have had it rung in my ears from certain persons. I hope you are prepared to take off the sacramental test, because that will be a means to have it taken off here among us; and that the clergy will be for it, in consideration of the queen's bounty, and that men in employment will be so wise as to please the court, and secure themselves; but, to think there is any design of bringing the *Scotch* into offices, is a mere scandal.

Lord *Pembroke* is to have the admiralty only a few months, then to have a pension of 4000 *l.* a year, and to retire; and it is thought lord *Orford* [*d*] will succeed him, and then it is hoped, there will be an entire change in the admiralty; that Sir *John Leak* will be turned out, and the *whigs* so well confirmed, that it will not be in the power of the court upon a peace to bring the balance on the other side.

[*c*] Some disputes in corporation affairs.

[*d*] *Edward Russel* (of the family of the duke of *Bedford*), who burned and destroyed the *French* fleet at *La Hague* in 1692; and soon after another attack was made by the earl of *Orford*.

One Mr. *Shute* is named for secretary to lord *Wharton*: he is a young man, but reckoned the shrewdest head in *England*: and the person in whom the *presbyterians* chiefly confide; and, if money be necessary towards the good work in *Ireland*, it is reckoned he can command as far as 100,000 *l.* from the body of *dissenters* here. As to his principles, he is truly a moderate man, frequenting the church and the meeting indifferently, *&c.*

The clergy are here in an uproar upon their being prorogued: the archbishop of *Canterbury* taketh pains to have it believed it was a thing done without his knowledge. A divine of note (but of the wrong side) was with me the other day, and said, he had it from a good hand, that the reason of this proceeding was an intention of putting the parliament on examining and correcting courts ecclesiastic, *&c.*

The archbishop of *Dublin* is represented here as one that will very much oppose our designs; and, although I will not say that the Observator is paid for writing as he doth; yet I can positively affirm to you, that whatever he says of that bishop, or of the affairs of *Ireland*, or those here, is exactly agreeable to our thoughts and intentions.

This is all I can recollect, fit to inform you at present.—If you please, I shall from time to time send you any thing that cometh to my knowledge, that may be worth your notice.

I am, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER VII.

London, Jan. 6, 1709.

MY LORD,

BEFORE I received the honour of your grace's of *Nov.* 20, I had sent one inclosed, *&c.* with what account I could of affairs. Since that time, the measures are altered of dissolving your parliament, which, doubtless, is their wisest course, for certain obvious reasons, that your grace will easily apprehend; and I suppose you have now received directions about proroguing it, for I saw the order some days ago. I should have acknowledged your grace's letter, if I had not been ever since persecuted with a cruel distemper, a giddiness in my head, that would not suffer me to write or think of any thing; and of which I am now slowly recovering. I sent you word of the affairs of the first fruits being performed, which my lord *Pembroke* had the goodness to send me immediate notice of. I seldom see his lordship now, but when he pleaseth to command me; for he sees nobody in public, and is very full of business. I fancy your grace will think it necessary that in due time his lordship should receive some kind of thanks in form: I have a fair pretence to merit in this matter, although, in my own conscience, I think I have very little (except my good wishes, and frequent reminding my lord *Pembroke*). But two great men in office, giving me joy of it, very

frankly told me, that, if I had not ſmoothed the way, by giving them and the reſt of the miniſtry a good opinion of the juſtice of the thing, it would have met with oppoſition? upon which I only remarked, what I have always obſerved in courts, that, when a favour is done, there is no want of perſons to challenge obligations. Mean time, I am in a pretty condition, who have bills of merit given me, that I muſt thankfully acknowledge, and yet cannot honeſtly offer them in payment. I ſuppoſe the clergy will, in due time, ſend the queen an addreſs of thanks for her favour.

I very much applaud your grace's ſanguine temper, as you call it, and your compariſon of religion to paternal affection; but the world is divided into two ſects, thoſe that hope the beſt, and thoſe that fear the worſt; your grace is of the former, which is the wiſer, the nobler, and moſt pious principle; and, although I endeavour to avoid being of the other, yet upon this article I hear ſometimes ſtrange weakneſſes. I compare true religion to learning and civility, which have ever been in the world, but very often ſhifted their ſcenes, ſometimes entirely leaving whole countries where they have long flouriſhed, and removing to others that before were barbarous, which hath been the caſe of Chriſtianity itſelf, particularly in many parts of *Africa*; and how far the wickedneſs of a nation may provoke God Almighty to inflict ſo great a judgment, is terrible to think. But, as great princes, when they have ſubdued

all

all about them, presently have universal monarchy in their thoughts, so your grace, having conquered all the corruptions in a diocese, and then pursued your victories over a province, would fain go further, and save a whole kingdom, and would never be quiet, if you could have your will, until you had converted the world.

And this reminds me of a pamphlet lately come out, pretended to be a letter hither from *Ireland*, against repealing the test; wherein your grace's character is justly set forth: for the rest, some parts are very well, and others puerile, and some facts, as I am informed, wrong represented. The author hath gone out of his way, to reflect on me as a person likely to write for repealing the test, which I am sure is very unfair treatment. This is all I am likely to get by the company I keep. I am used like a sober man with a drunken face, have the scandal of the vice without the satisfaction. I have told the ministry, with great frankness, my opinion, that they would never be able to repeal it, unless such changes should happen as I could not foresee; and they all believe I differ from them in that point.

Mr. *Addison*, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent person; and, being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right, in the notions of persons and things. I spoke to him with great plainness upon the subject of the test; and he says, he is confident, my lord *Wharton*

ton will not attempt it, if he finds the bent of the nation againſt it.—I will ſay nothing further of his character to your grace at preſent, becauſe he hath half perſuaded me to have ſome thoughts of returning to *Ireland*, and then it will be time enough: but if that happens otherwiſe, I preſume to recommend him to your grace as a perſon you will think worth your acquaintance.

My lord *Berkley* begins to drop his thoughts of going to *Vienna*; and indeed I freely gave my opinion againſt ſuch a journey for one of his age and infirmities. And I ſhall hardly think of going ſecretary without him, although the emperor's miniſters here think I will, and have writ to *Vienna*. I agree with your grace, that ſuch a deſign was a little too late at my years; but, conſidering myſelf wholly uſeleſs in *Ireland*, and in a pariſh with an audience of half a ſcore, and it being thought neceſſary that the queen ſhould have a ſecretary at that court, my friends telling me it would not be difficult to compaſs it, I was a little tempted to paſs ſome time abroad, until my friends would make me a little eaſier in my fortunes at home. Beſide, I had hopes of being ſent in time to ſome other court, and in the mean while the pay would be forty ſhillings a day, and the advantage of living, if I pleaſed, in lord *Berkley's* family [*e*]. But, I be-

[[*e*] See page 46.

lieve,

lieve, this is now all at an end. I am, my lord, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's

moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

My lord *Wharton* ſays, he intends for *Ireland* the beginning of *March*.

LETTER VIII.

March 6, 1709.

My Lord,

I SHOULD have acknowledged your's of *Feb.* 10, long ago, if I had not ſtayed to ſee what became of the firſt fruits. I have likewiſe your's of *February* 12. I will now tell you the proceedings in this unhappy affair. Some time after the prince's [*f*] death, lord *Pembroke* ſent me word by ſir *Andrew Fountain*, that the queen had granted the thing, and afterwards took the compliment I made him upon it. He likewiſe (I ſuppoſe) writ to the ſame purpoſe himſelf to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*. I was then for a long time purſued by a cruel illneſs, that ſeized me at fits, and hindered me in meddling in any buſineſs; neither indeed could I at all ſuſpect there was any need to ſtir any more in this, until, often aſking

[*f*] See Note, page 46.

Mr. *Addiſon* whether he had any orders about it, I was a little in pain, and deſired Mr. *Addiſon* to enquire at the treaſury, whether ſuch a grant had then paſſed? and, finding an unwillingneſs, I enquired myſelf; where Mr. *Taylor* aſſured me there were never any orders for ſuch a grant. This was a month ago, and then I began to deſpair of the whole thing. Lord *Pembroke* was hard to be ſeen, neither did I think it worth talking the matter with them. What perplexed me moſt was, why he ſhould tell me, and write to *Ireland*, that the buſineſs was done (for if the account he ſent to *Ireland* were not as poſitive as what he gave me, I ought to be told ſo from thence). I had no opportunity of clearing this matter until the day I received your laſt letter, when his explanation was, that he had been promiſed he ſhould carry over the grant, when he returned to *Ireland*, and that his memorial was now in the treaſury. Yet, when I had formerly begged leave to follow this matter with lord treaſurer only, in the form of common ſolliciting, he was uneaſy, and told me lord treaſurer had nothing at all to do with it; but that it was a matter purely between the queen and himſelf (as I have told you in former letters), which, however, I knew then to be otherwiſe, from lord treaſurer himſelf. So that all that I had left me to do was only the cold amuſement of now and then refreſhing lord *Pembroke's* memory, or giving the miniſtry, as I could find opportunity, good diſ-

poſitions

poſitions towards the thing. Upon this notice from lord *Pembroke*, I immediately went to lord *Wharton* (which was the firſt attendance I ever paid him); he was then in a great crowd; I told him my buſineſs; he ſaid, he could not then diſcourſe of it with me, but would the next day. I gueſſed the meaning of that; and ſaw the very perſon I expected, juſt come from him. Then I gave him an acount of my errand. I think it not convenient to repeat here the particulars of his anſwer; but the formal part was this. That he was not yet properly lord lieutenant, until he was ſworn; that he expected the ſame application ſhould be made to him, as had been done to other lord lieutenants; that he was very well diſpoſed, *&c.* I took the boldneſs to begin anſwering thoſe objections, and deſigned to offer ſome reaſons; but he roſe ſuddenly, turned off the diſcourſe, and ſeemed in haſte; ſo I was forced to take my leave. I had an intention to offer my reaſons in a memorial; but was adviſed, by very good hands, to let it alone, as infallibly to no purpoſe. And, in ſhort, I obſerve a reluctance in ſome friends, whoſe credit I would employ, that I begin to think no further of it.

I had writ thus far without receiving a former letter from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, wherein he tells me poſitively that lord *Pembroke* had ſent him word the firſt fruits were granted, and that lord *Wharton* would carry over the queen's letter, *&c.* I appeal to you, what any man could think after this?

this? neither indeed had I the leaſt ſuſpicion, until Mr. *Addiſon* told me he knew nothing of it: and that I had the ſame account from the treaſury. It is wonderful, a great miniſter ſhould make no difference between a grant and the promiſe of a grant. And it is as ſtrange, that all I could ſay would not prevail on him to give me leave to ſollicit the finiſhing of it at the treaſury, which could not have taken the leaſt grain of merit from him. Had I the leaſt ſuſpected it had been only a promiſe, I would have applied to lord *Wharton* above two months ago; and ſo, I believe, would the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, from *Ireland*; which might have prevented, at leaſt, the preſent excuſe, of not having had the ſame application; although others might, I ſuppoſe, have been found.

I ſent laſt poſt, by the lord lieutenant's commands, an incloſed letter, from his excellency, to the lord primate. In anſwer to a paſſage in your former letter; Mr. *Stoughton* is recommended for a chaplain to the lord lieutenant. His ſermon is much recommended by ſeveral here. He is a prudent perſon, and knows how to time things. Others of ſomewhat better figure are as wiſe as he. A bold opinion is a ſhort eaſy way to merit, and very neceſſary for thoſe who have no other.

I am extremely afflicted with a cold and cough attending it, which muſt excuſe any thing ill expreſſed in this letter. Neither is it a ſubject

in

in the preſent circumſtances very pleaſant to dwell upon.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

London, Sep. 19, 1710.

My Lord,

I ARRIVED here on *Thurſday* laſt, and enquiring for the two biſhops, I found my lord of [*g*] *Oſſory* was gone ſome time ago, and the biſhop of *Killaloe* [*h*] I could not hear of until next day, when I found he was ſet out early in the morning for *Ireland*; ſo that the letter to their lordſhips is ſo far to no purpoſe. I cannot yet learn whether they left any papers behind them; neither ſhall I much enquire; and, to ſay the truth, I was leſs ſollicitous to aſk after the biſhop of *Killaloe*, when I heard the other was gone.

They tell me, all affairs in the treaſury are governed by Mr. *Harley* [*i*], and that he is the perſon uſually applied to; only of late, my lord *Powlet*, upon what people have talked to him that way, hath exerted himſelf a little, and endeavours to be as ſignificant as he can. I have opportunities enough of getting ſome intereſt with his lordſhip,

[*g*] Dr. *John Harſtrong*.

[*h*] Dr. *William Lloyd*.

[*i*] *Robert Harley*, Eſq; afterwards earl of *Oxford*, often mentioned in theſe works.

who

who hath formerly done me good offices, although I have no perſonal acquaintance with him. After which I will apply to Mr. *Harley*, who formerly made ſome advances towards me; and, unleſs he be altered, will, I believe, think himſelf in the right to uſe me well: but I am inclined to ſuſpend any particular ſollicitations until I hear from your grace, and am informed what progreſs the two biſhops have made; and until I receive their papers, with what other directions your grace will deſire to ſend me.

Upon my arrival here, I found myſelf equally careſſed by both parties, by one as a ſort of bough for drowning men to lay hold of, and by the other as one diſcontented with the late men in power, for not being thorough in their deſigns, and therefore ready to approve preſent things. I was to viſit my lord *Godolphin*, who gave me a reception very unexpected, and altogether different from what I ever received from any great man in my life; altogether ſhort, dry, and moroſe, not worth repeating to your grace, until I have the honour to ſee you: I complained of it to ſome of his friends, as having, as I thought, for ſome reaſons, deſerved much the contrary from his lordſhip: they ſaid, to excuſe him, that he was over-run with ſpleen and peeviſhneſs upon the preſent poſture of affairs, and uſed no-body better. It may be new to your grace to tell you ſome circumſtances of his removal. A letter was ſent him by the groom of the queen's ſtables, to deſire he would break his ſtaff,

which

which would be the eaſieſt way, both to her majeſty and him. Mr. *Smith*, chancellor of the exchequer, happening to come in a little after, my lord broke his ſtaff and flung the pieces in the chimney, deſiring Mr. *Smith* to be witneſs that he had obeyed the queen's commands, and ſent him to the queen with a letter, and a meſſage, which Mr. *Smith* delivered, and at the ſame time ſurrendered up his own office. The parliament is certainly to be diſſolved, although the day is yet uncertain. The remainder of *whigs* in employment are reſolved not to reſign; and a certain lord told me, he had been the giver of that advice, and did in my preſence prevail on an acquaintance of mine in a great poſt to promiſe the ſame thing; only Mr. *Boyle* [*k*], they ſay, is reſolved to give up. Every body counts infallibly upon a general removal. The duke of *Queenſbury*, it is ſaid, will be ſteward; my lord *Cholmondeley* is gone over to the new intereſt, with great indignation of his friends. It is affirmed by the *tories*, that the great motive of theſe changes was the abſolute neceſſity of a peace, which they thought the *whigs* were for perpetually delaying. Elections are now managing with greater violence and expence, and more competitors, than ever was known; yet the town is much fuller of people than uſual at this time of the year, waiting till they ſee ſome iſſue of the matter. The duke of *Ormond* is much talked of

[*k*] Secretary of ſtate.

for

for *Ireland*, and I imagine he believeth something of it himself. Mr. *Harley* is looked upon as first minister, and not my lord *Shrewsbery* [*l*], and his grace helps on the opinion, whether out of policy or truth; upon all occasions professing to stay until he speaks with Mr. *Harley*. The queen continues at *Kensington* indisposed with the gout, of which she hath frequent returns.

I deferred writing to your grace as late as I could this post, until I might have something to entertain you: but there is such an universal uncertainty among those who pretend to know most, that little can be depended on. However, it may be some amusement to tell you the sentiments of people here, and, as bad as they are, I am sure they are the best that are stirring; for it is thought there are not three people in *England* entirely in the secret nor is it sure, whether even those three are agreed

[*l*] *Charles Talbot*, duke of *Shrewsbery*; who before the demise of queen *Anne* had been secretary of state, and ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to *Louis* XIV. king of *France*; and, at the death of her majesty, he was lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, lord high treasurer of *England*, and lord chamberlain of the household; three of the highest places of trust, honour and profit, never in the hands of one person before. His grace died without issue, by which the title of duke became extinct; but the title of earl of *Shrewsbery* devolved on *Gilbert Talbot*, a Roman Catholick, the heir.

in

in what they intend to do. I am, with great reſpect,

My Lord, your Grace's

Moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

I have not time to read this and correct the literal miſtakes.

I was to wait on the duke of *Ormond*, to ſet him right in the ſtory of the college, about the ſtatue [*m*], *&c.*

LETTER X[*n*].

London, October 10, 1710.

My Lord,

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of *Sept.* 16, but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor ſhall be at any other time, until I have ſomething that I think worth troubling you, be-

[*m*] Some young gentlemen of the univerſity took the truncheon out of the right hand of the Equeſtrian ſtatue of king WILLIAM III. on *College-green, Dublin*, and were expelled for it.

[*n*] This letter being in part only printed in Vol. XII. Letter III. ending with the words, *than if I had writ more in order*, and being imperfect there in other reſpects, it has been thought proper to print the whole here.

cauſe

cauſe I am very ſenſible how much an inſignificant letter is worſe than none at all. I had likewiſe the memorial, &c. in another pacquet: and I beg your grace to incloſe whatever pacquets you ſend me (I mean of bulk), under a paper directed to Mr. *Steele* [o], at his office in the Cockpit, and not for me at Mr. *Steele's*. I ſhould have been glad the biſhops had been here, although I take biſhops to be the worſt ſollicitors in the world, except in their own concerns; they cannot give themſelves the little troubles of attendance that other men are content to ſwallow; elſe, I am ſure, their two lordſhips might have ſucceeded eaſier than men of my level can reaſonably hope to do.

As ſoon as I received the pacquets, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley* [p]. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myſelf repreſented (which I might juſtly do) as one extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, after ſome obligations, becauſe I refuſed to go certain lengths they would have had me. This happened to be in ſome ſort Mr. *Harley's* own caſe. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greateſt marks of kindneſs and eſteem, as I was whiſpered that he would, and the more, upon the ill uſage I had met with. I ſate with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone; where I gave him a hiſtory

[o] Sir *Richard Steele*, often mentioned in theſe works.

[p] Lord high-treaſurer of *England*, created earl of *Oxford*.

of the whole buſineſs, and the ſteps that had been made in it, which he heard as I could wiſh, and promiſed with great readineſs his beſt credit to effect it. I mentioned the difficulties we had met with from lord lieutenants and their ſecretaries, who would not ſuffer others to ſollicit, and neglected it themſelves. He fell in with me entirely; and ſaid, neither they nor himſelf ſhould have the merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would ſhew my memorial with the firſt opportunity; in order, if poſſible, to have it done in this interregnum. I ſaid, it was a great encouragement to the biſhops that he was in the treaſury, whom they knew to have been the chief adviſer of the queen, to grant the ſame favour in *England*. That the honour and merit of this would certainly be his, next the queen; but that it was nothing to him, who had done ſo much greater things; and that, for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of *Ireland*, for giving him an occaſion of gratifying the pleaſure he took in doing good to the church. He received my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promiſes with great kindneſs. I forgot to tell your grace, that when I ſaid I was impowered, *&c.* he deſired to ſee my powers, and then I heartily wiſhed they had been a little more ample; and I have ſince wondered what ſcruple a number of biſhops could have of empowering a clergyman to do the church and them a ſervice, without any proſpect or imagina-

tion of intereſt for himſelf, further than about ten ſhillings a year.

Mr. *Harley* hath invited me to dine with him to-day; but I ſhall not put him upon this diſcourſe ſo ſoon. If he begins it himſelf, I will add at bottom whatever there is of moment. He ſaid, Mr. ſecretary *St. John* [*q*] deſires to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together, which may be of further help; although I told him I had no thoughts of applying to any but himſelf, wherein he differed from me, deſiring I would ſpeak to others, if it were but for form; and ſeemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of doing things alone. But an old courtier (an intimate friend of mine) with whom I conſulted, adviſed me ſtill to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations and credit with the queen.

I find I am forced to ſay all this very confuſedly, juſt as it lies in my memory; but, perhaps, it may give your grace a truer notion of what paſſed, than if I had writ in more order. Beſides, I am forced to omit the greateſt part of what I ſaid, being not proper for a letter at ſuch a diſtance; for I told very freely the late cauſes which had ſtopt this matter, and removed many odious miſrepreſentations, *&c.*

I beg, whatever letters are ſent to biſhops or others in this matter, by your grace or the pri-

[*q*] Afterwards lord viſcount *Bolingbroke.*

mate,

mate, may be incloſed to me, that I may ſtifle or deliver them, as the courſe of the affair ſhall require. As for a letter from your grace to the queen, you ſay it needs advice; and I am ſure it is not from me, who ſhall not preſume to offer; but perhaps from what I have writ, you may form ſome judgment or other.

As for public affairs, I confeſs I began this letter on a half ſheet, merely to limit myſelf on a ſubject with which I did not know whether your grace would be entertained. I am not yet convinced that any acceſs to men in power gives a man more truth or light than the politicks of a coffee-houſe. I have known ſome great miniſters, who would ſeem to diſcover the very inſide of their hearts, when I was ſure they did not value whether I had proclaimed all they had ſaid, at *Charing-Croſs*. But I never knew one great miniſter, who made any ſcruple to mould the alphabet into whatever words he pleaſed; or to be more difficult about any facts, than his porter is about that of his lord's being at home; ſo that whoever hath ſo little to do, as to deſire ſome knowledge in ſecrets of ſtate, muſt compare what he hears from ſeveral great men, as from one great man at ſeveral times, which is equally different. People were ſurpriſed, when the court ſtopt its hands as to further removals: the comptroller, a lord of the admiralty, and ſome others, told me, they expected every day to be diſmiſſed; but they were all deceived, and the higher tories are very angry: but ſome

time ago, at *Hampton-Court*, I picked out the reaſon from a dozen perſons; and told ſir *J. Holland*, I would lay a wager he would not loſe his ſtaff ſo ſoon as he imagined. The miniſtry are afraid of too great a majority of their own ſide in the houſe of commons, and therefore ſtopped ſhort in their changes; yet ſome refiners think they have here gone too far already, for of thirty new members in the preſent elections, about twenty-ſix are tories. The duke of *Ormond* ſeemeth ſtill to ſtand the faireſt for *Ireland*; altho' I hear ſome faint hopes they will not nominate very ſoon. The ruin of the late party was owing to a great number, and a complication of cauſes which I have had from perſons able enough to inform me; and that is all we can mean by a *good hand*, for the veracity is not to be relied on. The ducheſs of *Marlborough's* removal hath been ſeven years working; that of the treaſurer above three, and he was to be diſmiſſed before lord *Sunderland*. Beſides the many perſonal cauſes, that of breaking meaſures ſettled for a peace four years ago had a great weight, when the *French* had complied with all terms, *&c.* In ſhort, they apprehend the old party to be entirely againſt a peace, for ſome time, until they were rivetted faſt, too faſt to be broke, as they otherwiſe expected, if the war ſhould conclude too ſoon. I cannot tell (for it is juſt come into my head) whether ſome unanimous addreſſes, from thoſe who love the church in *Ireland*, or from *Dublin*, or your grace and the clergy, might not

be

be ſeaſonable; or, whether my lord *Wharton's* being not yet ſuſpended may yet hinder it.

I forgot to tell your grace, that the memorial I gave Mr. *Harley* was drawn up by myſelf, and was an abſtract of what I had ſaid to him: it was as ſhort as I could make it; that which you ſent being too long, and of another nature.

I dined to-day with Mr. *Harley*; but I muſt humbly beg your grace's pardon if I ſay no more at preſent, for reaſons I may ſhortly let you know. In the mean time, I deſire your grace to believe me, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

your Grace's

moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XI [r].

London, Nov. 4, 1710.

My Lord,

I AM moſt unhappily engaged this night, where I cannot write to your grace ſo long a letter as I intended: but I will make it up in a poſt or two. I have only now to tell you, that Mr. *Harley* hath given me leave to acquaint my lord primate and your grace, that the queen hath granted the firſt fruits and twentieth parts to the clergy of *Ireland*. It was done above a fortnight ago; but I was then obliged to keep it a ſecret, as I hinted to your grace in my laſt letter. He hath now given me leave to let your grace and my lord primate know it; only deſires you will ſay nothing of it until a letter cometh to you from my lord *Dartmouth*, ſecretary of ſtate. All I know yet is, that the biſhops are to be made a corporation for the diſpoſal of the firſt fruits, and that the twentieth parts are to be remitted. I will write to your grace the particulars of my negotiation, and ſome other amuſements, very ſoon. I humbly beg your grace to acquaint my lord primate with this. I had your grace's letter laſt poſt; and you will now ſee, that your letters to the archbiſhop here are unneceſſary. I was a little in pain about the duke of *Ormond*,

[r] This and all the following letters to Dr. *King* were, in ſome former editions, falſely ſuppoſed to be addreſſed to Dr. *Narciſſus Marſh*.

who,

who, I feared, might interpoſe in this matter, and be angry it was done without him: but Mr. *Harley* hath very kindly taken this matter upon himſelf. It was yeſterday I dined with him, and he told me all this; and to-morrow I dine with him again, where I may hear more. I ſhall obey your grace's directions, whether my ſtay here be further neceſſary after you have had the letter from the ſecretary's office. I know not what it will be; but, if any forms remain to finiſh, I ſhall be ready to aſſiſt in it as I have hitherto done. I have all the reaſon in the world to be ſatisfied with Mr. *Harley's* conduct in the whole affair. In three days, he ſpoke of it to the queen, and gave her my memorial, and ſo continued until he got her grant. I am now in much company, and ſteal this time to write to your grace. The queen was reſolved to have the whole merit of this affair to herſelf. Mr. *Harley* adviſed her to it; and, next to her majeſty, he is the only perſon to be thanked. I ſuppoſe it will not be many days before you have the letter from my lord *Dartmouth*; and your grace will afterwards ſignify your commands, if you have any for me. I ſhall go to the office, and ſee that a diſpatch be made as ſoon as poſſible.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,
My Lord,
Your Grace's
moſt dutiful and moſt
obedient humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

LETTER XII.

London, Nov. 23, 1710.

My Lord,

I HAD your grace's letter not until this day: whether it lay in the secretary's office, or was kept by the wind, I cannot tell; but I would have exposed it immediately whenever it had come. Mr. *Southwell* told me two days ago of the letter your grace mentions, which surprised me a good deal, when I remembered I had writ to your grace three weeks ago, that the queen had absolutely granted the first fruits and twentieths, and that Mr. *Harley* had permitted me to signify the same to the primate and your grace. Perhaps the letter might not have reached your grace before that resolution of sending to the duke of *Ormond*; but however, I gave you such an account of my reception from Mr. *Harley*, and his readiness to undertake this affair, and what steps he had already made in it, as I thought would have given you some sight in what way the business was; but Mr. *Harley* charged me to tell nobody alive, what the queen had resolved on, till he gave me leave; and, by the conclusion of a former letter, your grace might see you were to expect some further intelligence very soon. Your grace may remember, that, upon your telling me how backward the bishops were

were in giving me a power, I was very unwilling to go at all, and ſent the dean of St. *Patrick's* [s] to tell you ſo; but you thought I could not handſomely put it off, when things were gone ſo far. Your objection then, about the diſadvantage I lay under in point of party, I know well enough how to anſwer, otherwiſe nothing ſhould have prevailed on me to come hither; and, if my lords the biſhops doubt whether I have any credit with the preſent miniſtry, I will, if they pleaſe, undo this matter in as little time as I have done it. I did reckon your grace underſtood and believed me in what I ſaid; and I reckon ſo ſtill: but I will not be at the pains of undeceiving ſo many. I never propoſed to myſelf either credit or profit by my labour, but the ſatisfaction of doing good, without valuing whether I had the merit of it or no: but the method now taken was the likelieſt way to ſet all things backward, if it were not paſt danger. It ſhall be my buſineſs (until my lords the biſhops forbid me to engage further) to prevent any miſunderſtanding with Mr. *Harley* by this ſudden ſtep. The thing was all done before the duke of *Ormond* was named for lord lieutenant, ſo there was no affront at all to him; and Mr. *Harley* told me more than once, that ſuch an intereſt was the propereſt, becauſe he thought the queen herſelf ſhould have the doing of it: but I ſaid a great deal of this in former letters. If your grace

[s] Dr. *Sterne*, afterwards biſhop of *Clogher*.

hath

hath any commands for me of your own, I ſhall obey them with all chearfulneſs, being, with great reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XIII.

London, Nov. 28, 1710.

My Lord,

A DAY or two after I received your grace's letter, of the 2d inſtant, I dined with Mr. *Southwell*, who ſhewed me the letter of the biſhops to the duke of *Ormond*, and another letter from the biſhop of *Kildare* to Mr. *Southwell*, to deſire him to get the papers from me, which I ſhall ſend him as ſoon as I have looked them out. Mr. *Southwell* ſaid, that a month or two hence, when the duke began to think of this journey, it would be time enough to ſollicit this affair. Upon this I told him frankly, that the queen had already granted the firſt fruits, and that I had writ to your grace by Mr. *Harley's* directions, but that my letter did not reach you, until your's was ſent to the duke and him;

him; and that therefore I thought it would be a very odd ſtep to begin again. He ſaid, he was glad it was done, and that he did not deſign to take any of the credit from me, *&c.* I told him ſincerely, it was what I did not regard at all, and, provided the church had the benefit, it was indifferent to me how it came about; and ſo we parted. I had told the duke of *Ormond* at firſt, that I would apply myſelf to Mr. *Harley*, if his grace adviſed it, which he did; and I afterwards told Mr. *Southwell*, that Mr. *Harley* had been very kind in promiſing his good offices: further I durſt not ſpeak, being under an engagement of ſecrecy to Mr. *Harley*; and the whole thing was done before the duke was declared lord lieutenant. If your grace conſiders the time you ſent me the paper, you will judge what diſpatch was made; in two days after, I delivered a memorial I drew up to Mr. *Harley*; and in leſs than a fortnight he had treated the matter four times with the queen, and then told me ſhe had granted it abſolutely, as my memorial deſired, but charged me to tell no man alive; and your grace may remember, that one of my letters ended with ſomething as if I were limited, and would ſay more in a ſhort time [*t*]. In about a week after, I had leave to inform the primate and your grace, as I did in my letter of the 4th inſtant [*u*]. It is to be conſidered, that the queen was all this while at *Hampton-Court* or *Windſor*, ſo that I think

[*t*] Page 69. [*u*] Page 70.

the diſpatch was very great. But, indeed, I expected a letter would have been ſent from the ſecretary's office, to ſignify this matter in due form; and ſo it will: but Mr. *Harley* had a mind firſt to bring me to the queen, for that and ſome other matters; and ſhe came to town not a week ago, and was out of order one day when it was deſigned I ſhould attend her; and, ſince, the parliament's beginning hath taken her up: but, in a few days, Mr. *Harley* tells me he will introduce me. This I tell your grace in confidence, only to ſatisfy you in particular, why the queen hath not yet ſent a letter in form. Upon that diſpatch to Mr. *Southwell*, I was perplexed to the laſt degree. I did not value the ſlighting manner of the biſhop of *Kildare's* [*w*] letter, barely deſiring Mr *Southwell* [*x*] to call on me for the papers, without any thing further, as if I had been wholly inſignificant; but I was at a loſs how to behave myſelf with the duke and Mr. *Harley*. I met the latter yeſterday in the court of requeſts, and he whiſpered me to dine with him. At dinner, I told him of the diſpatch to Mr. *Southwell*, and rallied him for putting me under difficulties with his ſecrets; that I was running my head againſt a wall; that he reckoned he had done the church and me a favour; that I ſhould diſoblige the duke of *Ormond*; and that the biſhops in *Ireland* thought I had done nothing, and

[*w*] Dr. *Wilbore Ellis*.

[*x*] Right hon. *Edward Southwell*, Eſq; ſecretary of ſtate for *Ireland*.

had

had therefore taken away my commiſſion. He told me, your lordſhip had taken it away in good time, for the thing was done; and that, as for the duke of *Ormond*, I need not be uneaſy; for he would let his grace know it as ſoon as he ſaw him, which would be in a day or two, at the treaſury; and then promiſed again to carry me to the queen, with the firſt opportunity. Your grace now ſees how the affair ſtands, and whether I deſerve ſuch treatment from the biſhops; from every part whereof I wholly exclude your grace, and could only wiſh my firſt letter, about the progreſs I had made, had found ſo much credit with you, as to have delayed that diſpatch until you heard once more from me. I had at leaſt ſo much diſcretion, not to pretend I had done more than I really did, but rather leſs: and, if I had conſulted my own intereſt, I ſhould have employed my credit with the preſent miniſtry another way. The biſhops are miſtaken in me; it is well known here, that I could have made my markets with the laſt miniſtry if I had pleaſed; and the preſent men in power are very well appriſed of it, as your grace may, if I live to ſee you again; which I certainly never would in *Ireland*, if I did not flatter myſelf that I can upon a better foot with your grace, than with ſome other of their lordſhips. Your grace is pleaſed to command me to continue my ſollicitations; but as now there will be no need of them, ſo I think my commiſſion is at an end, ever ſince I had notice of that diſpatch to Mr. *Southwell*.

However,

However, in obedience to your grace, if there be any thing to be done about expediting the forms, wherein my ſervice can be of uſe, I will readily perform as far as I am able: but I muſt tell your grace what gives me the greateſt diſpleaſure, that I had hopes to prevail that the queen ſhould in ſome months be brought to remit the crown-rents, which I named in my memorial; but in an article by itſelf; and which Mr. *Harley* had given me ſome hopes of, and I have ſome private reaſons to think, might have been brought about. I mentioned it in the memorial, only as from myſelf; and therefore, if I have an opportunity, I ſhall venture to mention it to the queen, or at leaſt repeat it to Mr. *Harley*. This I do as a private man, whom the biſhops no longer own. It is certainly right to pay all civilities and make applications to a lord lieutenant; but, without ſome other means, a buſineſs may hang long enough, as this of the firſt fruits did for four years under the duke of *Ormond's* laſt government, although no man loves the church of *Ireland* better than his grace; but ſuch things are forgot and neglected between the governor and his ſecretaries, unleſs ſollicited by ſomebody who has the buſineſs at heart. But I have done, and ſhall trouble your grace no farther upon this affair; and on other occaſions, while I am here, will endeavour to entertain you with what is like to paſs in this buſy ſcene, where all things are taking a new, and, I think, a good turn; and where, if you

you pleaſe, I will write to you, with that freedom I formerly did; and I beg your grace to employ me in any commands you may have here, which I ſhall be prouder to obey, than to have ever ſo much merit with ſome others; being, with perfect reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

moſt dutiful and

moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Your grace will pleaſe to direct for me at St. *James's* coffee-houſe in St. *James's-ſtreet*.

Two hundred members ſupped laſt night at the Fountain-tavern, where they went to determine about a chairman for elections. *Medlecott* and *Manly* were the two candidates; but the company could not agree, and parted in an ill humour. It is a matter of ſome moment, and I hope it will be amicably made up; but the great rock we are afraid of, is a diſſention among the majority, becauſe the weakeſt part, when they grow diſcontented, know where to retire, and be received.

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LETTER XIV [y].

London, Dec. 30, 1710.

My Lord,

I HAVE juſt received your grace's letter of the 16th; and I was going however to write again to your grace, not upon buſineſs, but to amuſe you with ſomething from hence, which no man wants more than your grace, conſidering the variety of other people's affairs you have always on your hands, as well as the church's and your own, which are the ſame thing. The duke of *Ormond* told me the other day, that the [z] primate declined very faſt, and was hardly able to ſign a paper. I ſaid, I wondered they would put him in the government, when every one knew he was a dying man this twelvemonth paſt. I hope, for the church's good, that your grace's friends will do their duty in repreſenting you as the perſon the kingdom wiſheth to ſucceed him. I know not how your diſpoſitions ſtand that way. I know my lord preſident hath great credit at preſent, and I underſtood him to be a friend to your grace. I can only ſay, I have no regard to your intereſt in this,

[y] This ſhould have been inſerted after Letter VI. Vol. XII, to which it is an anſwer.

[z] Dr. *Marſh*.

But that of the church; and therefore ſhould be very glad to drop in a word where it lieth in my way, if I thought it would not be diſagreeable to you. I dread their ſending a perſon from hence, which I ſhall venture to prevent with all the little credit I have, and ſhould be glad to ſee a primate of our own kingdom and univerſity; and that is all I ſhall venture to ſay on this ſubject.

Marſhal *Staremberg* [*a*] hath certainly got to *Saragoſſa* with 7000 men, and the duke of *Vendoſme* [*b*] hath ſent him his equipage. Mr. *Stanhope* [*c*] was poſitive to part forces with *Staremberg*, which occaſioned this loſs; and when the battle was, they were ſeveral miles aſunder. The duke of *Marlborough* was yeſterday an hour with the queen; it was ſet him at twelve at noon, when it was likely his viſit ſhould be ſhorteſt. Mr. *St. John* was with her juſt before, and Mr. *Harley* juſt after. The duke's behaviour was with the moſt abject ſubmiſſion; that he was the meaneſt of her majeſty's inſtruments; her humble creature; a poor worm, *&c.* This I had from a lord to whom the queen told it: for the miniſters never tell any thing; and it is only by picking out and comparing, that one can ever be the wiſer for them. I took leave yeſterday of lord *Peterborow*, who is going in a day or two to *Vienna:* I ſaid, I wiſhed

[*a*] General and commander of the *Imperial* forces in *Spain*.

[*b*] Commander of the *French*.

[*c*] General *Stanhope*, commander of the *Engliſh*. He was created an earl by *George* I.

he were going to *Spain*; he told me, he hoped his preſent journey would be to more purpoſe; and, by what I can gather, they will uſe all means to make as ſpeedy a peace as poſſible, with ſafety and honour. Lord *Rivers* [*d*] tells me he will not ſet out for *Hanover* this month. I aſked him about his late reception there, becauſe the town was full of ſtories about it: he aſſured me he could not deſire a better; and, if it were otherwiſe, I believe he would be hardly pitched upon to be ſent again. The young people in parliament are very eager to have ſome enquiries made into paſt managements, and are a little angry with the ſlackneſs of the miniſtry upon that article; they ſay, they have told thoſe who ſent them, that the queen's calling a new parliament was to correct and look into former abuſes; and, if ſomething of the latter be not done, they know not how to anſwer it. I am not altogether ſatisfied how the miniſtry is diſpoſed in this point. Your grace hath heard there was much talk lately of Sir *Richard Levinge's* [*e*] deſign to impeach lord *Wharton*; and ſeveral perſons of great conſideration in the houſe aſſured me, they would give him all encouragement; and I have reaſon to know, it would be acceptable to the court: but Sir *Richard* is the moſt timorous man alive, and they all begin to look upon him

[*d*] *Richard Savage*, earl *Rivers*, her majeſty's miniſter and plenipotentiary to *Hanover*.

[*e*] Speaker of the houſe of commons, and lord chief juſtice of the king's-bench.

in

in that character, and to hope nothing from him: however, they talk of some other enquiries when the parliament meets after this recess; and it is often in people's mouths, that *February* will be a warm month; but this I can affirm nothing of, and I hope your grace will distinguish between what I affirm, and what I report: as to the first, you may securely count upon it; the other you will please to take as it is sent.

Since the letter from the bishops to the duke of *Ormond*, I have been a much cooler sollicitor; for I look upon myself no longer a deputed person. Your grace may be fully satisfied that the thing is granted, because I had orders to report it to you from the prime minister; the rest is form, and may be done at any time: as for bringing the letter over myself, I must again profess to your grace, that I do not regard the reputation of it at all; perhaps I might if I were in *Ireland*; but, when I am on this side, a certain pride seizeth me, from very different usage I met with, which maketh me look on things in another light: but, besides, I beg to tell your grace in confidence, that the ministry have desired me to continue here some time longer, for certain reasons, that I may some time have the honour to tell you. As for every body's knowing what is done in the first fruits, it was I that told it; for, after I saw the bishops' letter, I let every one know it in perfect spight, and told Mr. *Harley* and Mr. secretary *St. John* so. However, in humble deference to your grace's

opinion, and not to appear ſullen, I did yeſterday complain to Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, that Mr. *Harley* had not yet got the letter from the queen to confirm the grant of the firſt fruits; that I had loſt reputation by it; and that I took it very ill of them both; and that their excuſes of parliament buſineſs, and grief for the loſs in *Spain*, were what I would bear no longer. He took all I ſaid very well, and deſired I would call on him to-morrow morning, and he would engage, if Mr. *Harley* had not done it, he himſelf would in a day or two. As ſoon as there is any iſſue of this, I ſhall inform your grace; and I have reaſon to think it is a trifle they will not refuſe me.

I have had from other hands ſome accounts of that ridiculous plot your grace mentions, but it is not yet talked of here, neither have any of the miniſtry mentioned a word of it to me, although they are well appriſed of ſome affairs in *Ireland*; for I had two papers given me by a great man, one about the ſentence of the defacers of the ſtatue [*f*], and the other about a tryal before the lord chief juſtice *Broderick*, for ſome words in the north, ſpoke by a clergyman againſt the queen. I ſuppoſe your grace reckons upon a new parliament in *Ireland*, with ſome alterations in the council, the law, and the revenue. Your grace is the moſt exact correſpondent I ever had, and the dean of

[*f*] See page 63.

St.

St. *Patrick's* directly contrary, which I hope you will remember to say to him upon the occasion.

I am,

with the greatest respect,

my Lord,

your Grace's

most dutiful and

most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

I have read over this letter, and find several things relating to affairs here, that are said in perfect confidence to your grace: if they are told again, I only desire it may not be known from what hand they came.

LETTER XV.

London, Jan. 4, 1710-11.

My Lord,

HAVING writ to your grace so lately, I only now make bold to let you know, that on *Tuesday* I was to wait on Mr. secretary *St. John*, who told me from Mr. *Harley*, that I need

not to be in pain about the firſt fruits, for the warrant was drawn in order towards a patent; but muſt paſs two ſeveral forms, and take up ſome time, for the queen deſigneth to make a grant by her letters patent. I ſhall take all due methods to haſten it as far as I am able; but in theſe caſes they are generally pretty tedious. Mr. *Harley* likewiſe ſent me the ſame day, by another perſon, the ſame meſſage. I dined with him about four days ago; but, there being much company, and he going away in haſte pretty ſoon after dinner, he had not time to tell me ſo himſelf. Indeed he hath been ſo ready to do every thing in this matter as I would have him, that he never needed preſſing, which, conſidering both the weight and difficulty of affairs at preſent on his ſhoulders, is very extraordinary, and what I never met from a great miniſter before. I had thought, and ſo Mr. *Harley* told me, that the queen would have ſent a letter to the biſhops; but this is a ſhorter way, and I hope your grace will like it. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

I am

I am told from a good hand, that in a ſhort time the houſe of commons will fall upon ſome enquiries into the late management.

I took leave yeſterday of lord *Peterborow*, who, I ſuppoſe, is this day ſet out on his journey to *Vienna*; he is a little diſcouraged, and told me, he did not hope for any great ſucceſs in what he went upon. He is one of thoſe many who are mightily bent upon having ſome ſuch enquiries made as I have mentioned.

LETTER XVI.

London, March 8, 1710-11.

My Lord,

I WRITE to your grace under the greateſt diſturbance of mind for the publick and myſelf. A gentleman came in where I dined this afternoon, and told us Mr. *Harley* was ſtabbed, and ſome confuſed particulars. I immediately ran to ſecretary *St. John's* hard by, but nobody was at home; I met Mrs. *St. John* in her chair, who could not ſatisfy me, but was in pain about the ſecretary, who, as ſhe heard, had killed the murderer. I went ſtraight to Mr. *Harley's*, where abundance of people were to enquire. I got young Mr. *Harley* to me; he ſaid his father was aſleep, and they hoped in no danger, and then told me the fact, as I ſhall relate it to your grace. This

day the marquis *de Guiſcard* was taken up for high-treaſon, by a warrant of Mr. *St. John*, and examined before a committee of council in Mr. *St. John's* office, where were preſent, the dukes of *Ormond*, *Buckingham*, *Shrewſbury*, earl *Powlet*, Mr. *Harley*, Mr. *St. John*, and others. During examination, Mr. *Harley* obſerved *Guiſcard*, who ſtood behind him, but on one ſide, ſwearing and looking diſreſpectfully. He told him he ought to behave himſelf better, while he was examined for ſuch a crime. *Guiſcard* immediately drew a penknife out of his pocket, which he had picked out of ſome of the offices, and reaching round ſtabbed him juſt under the breaſt, a little to the right ſide; but it pleaſed God that the point ſtopped at one of the ribs, and broke ſhort half an inch. Immediately Mr. *St. John* roſe, drew his ſword, and ran it into *Guiſcard's* breaſt. Five or ſix more of the council drew, and ſtabbed *Guiſcard* in ſeveral places: but the earl *Powlet* called out, for God's ſake, to ſpare *Guiſcard's* life, that he might be made an example; and Mr. *St. John's* ſword was taken from him and broke: and the footmen without ran in, and bound *Guiſcard*, who begged he might be killed immediately; and, they ſay, called out three or four times, My lord *Ormond*, my lord *Ormond*. They ſay, *Guiſcard* reſiſted them a while, until the footmen came in. Immediately *Bucier* the ſurgeon was ſent for, who dreſſed Mr. *Harley*; and he was ſent home. The wound bled freſh, and

and they do not apprehend him in danger: he ſaid, when he came home, he thought himſelf in none; and when I was there he was aſleep, and they did not find him at all feveriſh. He hath been ill this week, and told me laſt *Saturday*, he found himſelf much out of order, and hath been abroad but twice ſince; ſo that the only danger is, leſt his being out of order ſhould, with the wound, put him in a fever; and I ſhall be in mighty pain 'till to-morrow morning. I went back to poor Mrs. *St. John*, who told me, her huſband was with my lord keeper [*g*], at Mr. *Attorney's*, and ſhe ſaid ſomething to me very remarkable: that, going to-day to pay her duty to the queen, when all the men and ladies were dreſſed to make their appearance, this being the day of the queen's acceſſion, the lady of the bed-chamber in waiting told her the queen had not been at church, and ſaw no company; yet, when ſhe enquired her health, they ſaid ſhe was very well, only had a little cold. We conceive, the queen's reaſon for not going out might be ſomething about this ſeizing of *Guiſcard* for high treaſon, and that perhaps there was ſome plot, or ſomething extraordinary. Your grace muſt have heard of this *Guiſcard:* he fled from *France* for villainies there, and was thought on to head an invaſion of that kingdom, but was not liked. I know him well, and think him a fellow of little conſe-

[*g*] Sir *Simon Harcourt*, afterwards created lord baron of *Stanton Harcourt*.

quence,

quence, although of ſome cunning, and much villainy. We paſſed by one another this day in the Mall, at two o'clock, an hour before he was taken up; and I wondered he did not ſpeak to me.

I write all this to your grace, becauſe I believe you would deſire to know a true account of ſo important an accident; and beſides, I know you will have a thouſand falſe ones; and I believe every material circumſtance here is true, having it from young Mr. *Harley* [*b*]. I met ſir *Thomas Manſel* (it was then after ſix this evening); and he and Mr. *Prior* told me, they had juſt ſeen *Guiſcard* carried by in a chair, with a ſtrong guard, to *Newgate*, or the *Preſs-Yard*. Time, perhaps, will ſhew who was at the bottom of all this; but nothing could happen ſo unluckily to *England* at this juncture, as Mr. *Harley's* death, when he hath all the ſchemes for the greateſt part of the ſupplies in his head, and the parliament cannot ſtir a ſtep without him. Neither can I altogether forget myſelf, who, in him, ſhould loſe a perſon I have more obligations to than any other in this kingdom; who hath always treated me with the tenderneſs of a parent, and never refuſed me any favour I aſked for a friend: therefore I hope your grace will excuſe the diſorder of this letter. I was intending, this night, to write one of another ſort.——I

[*b*] See a more particular account of this whole tranſaction in *Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Miniſtry*, vol. XV. page 30. See alſo, in vol. VIII. *The Examiner*, N°. XXXII.

muſt

muſt needs ſay, one great reaſon for writing theſe particulars to your grace, was, that you might be able to give a true account of the fact, which will be ſome ſort of ſervice to Mr. *Harley*. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

I have read over what I write, and find it confuſed and incorrect, which your grace muſt impute to the violent pains of mind I am in, greater than ever I felt in my life.———It muſt have been the utmoſt height of deſperate guilt, which could have ſpirited that wretch to ſuch an action. I have not heard whether his wounds are dangerous; but I pray God he may recover to receive his reward, and that we may learn the bottom of his villainy. It is not above ten days ago, that I was interceding with the ſecretary in his behalf, becauſe I heard he was juſt ſtarving; but the ſecretary aſſured me he had 400 *l.* a year penſion.

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LETTER XVII.

London, April 10, 1711.

My Lord,

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, and waited to acknowledge it until ſomething material ſhould happen, that might recompence the trouble. My occaſion of writing to you at preſent is purely perſonal to your grace. A report was beginning to run here, by ſome letters from *Ireland*, that your grace had applied the paſſage you mention of *Rufus*, in a ſpeech you made to your clergy, which I ventured to contradict, as an impoſſibility, and inconſiſtent with your general opinion and what was in your letter. Mr. *Southwell* and Mr. *Dopping* were of the ſame mind, and the former ſays, he hath writ to your grace about it. I ſhould have thought no more of the matter, but let it ſpend like an idle ſtory below notice; only dining laſt *Sunday* with one of the principal ſecretaries of ſtate, he gave me a letter to read, which he had juſt received from the printer of the news-paper called the Post-Boy, in which was a tranſcript of a letter from *Dublin*, and the ſecretary being mentioned in that tranſcript, the man would not publiſh it without his advice. It contained an account how the news of Mr. *Harley's* being ſtabbed had been received by the whigs in *Dublin*;

Dublin; of which he produced ſome inſtances. Then he mentions the paſſage out of *Tacitus*, and concludes thus: *The firſt that mentioned it was the Archbiſhop of* Dublin, *who took notice of it firſt at a meeting of his clergy; and afterwards, in the hearing of ſeveral perſons, was reprimanded for it, in a civil though ſharp manner, by one of the chief miniſters there, well known for his ſteady loyalty to her majeſty, and his zealous ſervice to the church of* England, *under her late perilous trial.* I immediately told the ſecretary, that I knew this muſt be falſe and miſrepreſented, and that he muſt give me leave to ſcratch out that paſſage, which I accordingly did; and, for fear of any miſtake, I made him afterwards give me the whole letter, that I might have it in my power. The next day I ſent for the printer, and told him what I had done; and, upon further thoughts, I ſtifled the whole letter, and the ſecretary approved of it. I likewiſe told the printer, that, when he had any thing relating to *Ireland*, I had the ſeretary's order (which was true) to ſend it me, that he might not do injury to men's reputations, by what was repreſented to him from ignorant or malicious hands in that kingdom. The letter was to have been printed this day in the POST-BOY, with that concluſion reflecting on your grace, which is happily prevented; for, although your character and ſtation place you above the malice of little people, yet your friends would be extremely concerned to ſee your name made ſo bold with in a common newspaper.

I hum-

I humbly hope your grace will not disapprove of what I have done; at least I have gratified my own inclination, in the desire of serving you; and besides, had the opportunity of giving Mr. Secretary some part of your character.

I dare lay a wager, that all this happened by the gross understandings of some people, who misunderstood and misapplied something very innocent that came from your grace. I must be so bold to say, that people in that kingdom do very ill understand raillery. I can rally much safer here with a great minister of state or a dutchess, than I durst do there with an attorney or his wife. And I can venture to rally with your grace, although I could not do it with many of your clergy. I myself have been a witness, when want of common sense hath made people offended with your grace, where they ought to have been most pleased. I say things every day at the best tables, which I should be turned out of company for if I were in *Ireland*.

Here is one Mr. *Richardson*, a clergyman, who is soliciting an affair that I find your grace approveth; and therefore I do him all the service I can in it.

We are now full of the business of the *Irish* yarn; and I attend among the rest, to engage the members I am acquainted with in our interest. To-morrow we expect it will come on.

I will shortly write to your grace some account how public affairs stand: we hope Mr. *Harley* will be abroad in a week.

We have news from *Bruſſels*, that the Dauphin is dead of an apoplexy. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

I wiſh your grace would incloſe your commands to me, directed to *Eraſmus Lewis*, Eſq; at my lord *Darmouth's* office at *Whitehall*; for I have left off going to coffee-houſes.

LETTER XVIII.

Chelſea, May 10, 1711.

My Lord,

I HAVE had your grace's letter of *April* 19, ſome time by me, but deferred my anſwer until I could give ſome account of what uſe I had made of it. I went immediately to Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, and read moſt of it to him; he was extremely ſatisfied, and very glad that ſcandalous account, deſigned to be printed in the Post-Boy, was ſuppreſſed. Mr. *Harley* was not then quite well enough;

enough; so I ventured (and hope your grace will not disapprove it) to shew your letter to a gentleman who hath a great respect for your grace, and who told me several others of *Ireland* were possessed of that report. I trusted the letter with him, and gave him leave to read it to them, which he told me he did, and that they were all entirely convinced: And indeed, as far as I can find, the report is quite blown over, and hath left no impression. While your grace's letter was out of my hands; dining with Mr. *Harley*, he said to me, almost as soon as he saw me, *How came the archbishop of* Dublin *and I to fall out?* I told him I knew what he meant; but your grace was altogether misrepresented, and it must come from some infamous rascals, of which there never wants a sett in that kingdom, who make it their business to send wrong characters here, *&c.* He answered, that he believed and knew it was as I said. I added, that I had the honour to be long known to your grace, and that you were the last man in the kingdom, upon whom such a report could be fixed with any probability; and that, since he was pleased to mention this matter first, he must give me leave, the next time I saw him, to read a letter I had from your grace in answer to one of mine, wherein I had told you of such a report; he said, there was no need, for he firmly believed me. I answered smiling, that should not do, for I would never suffer a person for whom I had so great an esteem, to lie under the least suspicion of any thing wrong.

wrong. Laſt *Saturday*, after dinner, I was again to wait on him. On that day of the week, my lord keeper, my lord *Rivers*, and Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, always uſed to dine with him before this accident; and ſometimes they uſed to let me be of the company. This was the firſt *Saturday* they had met ſince his recovery; and I was in ſuch joy to ſee the old club met again, that it affecteth me ſtill, as your grace ſees by my impertinence in mixing it with an account that only relates to yourſelf. I read thoſe parts of your letter to him which I thought proper, and both he and the company did very frankly acquit your grace; and Mr. *Harley* in particular ſpoke a good deal of his reſpect and eſteem for you; and then he repeated, that it was no new thing to receive lyes from *Ireland:* which I doubt is ſo true, that no man of diſtinction in that kingdom is ſafe; and I wiſh it were poſſible to take ſome courſe to prevent the evil.

As for libels upon your grace, bating my concern for the ſouls of the writers, I ſhould give you joy of them. You would leſs deſerve your ſtation, if knaves and fools did not hate you; and while theſe ſects continue, may your grace and all good men be the object of their averſion.

My lord keeper, Mr. *Harley*, and one or two more, are immediately to be made peers: the town hath been expecting it for ſome time, although the court make it yet a ſecret; but I can aſſure your grace of the truth, for the preambles to their pa-

tents are now drawing, and I saw a very handsome one for Mr. *Harley*. You'll please not to mention this particular, although it will be soon public, but it is yet kept mighty private. Mr. *Harley* is to be lord treasurer. Perhaps, before the post leaves this town, all this will be openly told, and then I may be laughed at for being so mysterious; but so capricious are great men in their secrets. The first authentic assurances I had of these promotions was last *Sunday*, though the expectation hath been strong for above a month. We suppose likewise that many changes will be made in the employments as soon as the session endeth, which will be, I believe, in less than a fortnight.

Poor Sir *Cholmondely Deering*, of *Kent*, was yesterday in a duel shot through the body, by one Mr. *Thornhill*, in *Tothilfields*, and died in some hours.

I never mention any thing of the first fruits either to Mr. *Harley* or the duke of *Ormond*. If it be done before his grace goes over, it is well, and there's an end: if not, I shall have the best opportunity of doing it in his absence; if I should speak of it now, perhaps it would be so contrived as to hinder me from soliciting it afterwards; but, as soon as the duke is gone, I shall learn at the treasury what he hath done in it. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful and
obliged humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

I have been at this town this fortnight for my health, and to be under a neceſſity of walking to and from *London* every day. But your grace will pleaſe ſtill to direct your letter under cover to Mr. *Lewis*.

LETTER XIX.

London, July 12, 1711.

My Lord,

I NOW conceive your grace begins to be a buſy perſon in council, and parliament, and convocation; and perhaps may be content to be diverted now and then by an idle letter from hence. We have an empty town, the queen being ſettled at *Windſor*, and the miniſters often there. We are ſo weary with expecting further removals, that we begin to drop the diſcourſe: neither am I ſure, whether thoſe in power may not differ a little in opinion as to the matter. However, it ſeemeth generally agreed, that there will be many changes before next ſeſſion, and that it is neceſſary there ſhould be ſo. My lord *Peterborow* [*i*] hath been ſome time returned, and I have had a good deal of talk with him; or rather he hath talked a good deal to me. He is mightily diſcontented with what I writ to him, and which he findeth to be

[*i*] See his character Vol. VII. p. 1.

true, that there ſeemeth a general diſpoſition among us towards a peace. He thinketh his ſucceſsful negotiations with the emperor and the duke of *Savoy* have put us in a better condition than ever to continue the war, and will engage to convince me, that *Spain* is yet to be had, if we take proper meaſures. Your grace knoweth he is a perſon of great talents, but daſhed with ſomething reſtleſs and capricious in his nature. He told me he came over without being recalled, and without one ſervant, having ſcattered them in ſeveral parts of *Germany*. I doubt he will not have credit enough with the miniſtry to make them follow his plans; and he is ſuch a ſort of perſon as may give good advice, which wiſe men may reaſonably refuſe to follow. It ſeemeth to me that the miniſtry lie under a grievous dilemma, from the difficulty of continuing the war, and the danger of an ill peace, which I doubt whether all their credit with the queen and country would ſupport them under: but my lord treaſurer is a ſtranger to fear, and hath all that courage which innocence and good ſenſe can give a man, and the moſt free from avarice of any one living; both which are abſolutely neceſſary for his ſtation in this juncture. He was ſaying a thing to me ſome days ago, which I believe is the great maxim he proceedeth by, that wiſdom in public affairs was not, what is commonly believed, the forming of ſchemes with remote views; but the making uſe of ſuch incidents as

happen. It was thought my lord *Marr* [*k*] would have ſucceeded as ſecretary upon the duke of *Queenſbury's* death; but the court ſeemeth now diſpoſed to have no third ſecretary, which was a uſeleſs charge. The queen hath been extremely ill, ſo as for four and twenty hours people were in great pain; but ſhe hath been ſince much better, and voided abundance of gravel, *&c.* Our expedition under Mr. *Hill* is ſaid to be towards the South-ſeas; but nothing is known: I told a great man, who is deepeſt in the project of it, that I had no good opinion of theſe expeditions, which hitherto never ſucceeded with us. He ſaid, he would venture ten to one upon the ſucceſs of it, provided no ill accident happened by ſtorms; and that it was concerted with three or four great princes abroad.

As to the firſt fruits, I muſt inform your grace, that the whole affair lieth exactly as it did for ſome months paſt. The duke and his people never thought, or at leaſt never meddled in it, until ſome days before they went, and then they were told it was already done; and my lord treaſurer directed that it ſhould be an inſtruction to the lord lieutenant to mention in his ſpeech to parliament, that the queen had done it, *&c.* But they took no ſort of care to finiſh the matter, and carry the inſtrument over with them, which they might have

[*k*] This earl of *Marr* was one of the firſt that entered into the Rebellion in *Scotland*, in favour of the pretender, in the year 1715.

done, had they begun timely, and applied themſelves; and, as the biſhops ſuperſeded me, I did not preſume to meddle further in it: but I think this may be a leſſon, that in all ſuch caſes as theſe it is neceſſary to have ſome good ſollicitor, and not leave things wholly to great men: nay, ſo little did the duke engage in this matter, that my lord treaſurer told me yeſterday (although that is a ſecret) that the very draught they had made upon my application was ſome way or other miſlaid between the queen and himſelf, and could not be found; but however, that another ſhould ſoon be drawn: And his lordſhip commanded me to inform your grace, and my lords the biſhops, that with the firſt convenience the inſtrument ſhould be prepared and ſent over, which your grace will pleaſe to let them know. I was of opinion with my lord treaſurer, that it ſhould be done by a deed from the queen, without an act of parliament, and that the biſhops ſhould be made a corporation for the management of it. Your grace ſees I write with much freedom, becauſe I am ſure I can do it ſafely.

I have been engaging my lord treaſurer and the other great men in a project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, eſpecially his lordſhip. He is to erect ſome kind of ſociety or academy, under the patronage of the miniſters and protection of the queen, for correcting, enlarging, poliſhing, and fixing our language. The methods muſt be left to the ſociety; only I am writing a letter to my

my lord treaſurer, by way of propoſals, and ſome general hints, which I deſign to publiſh, and he expecteth from me. All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned men of all my acquaintance fall readily in with it; and ſo I hope will your grace, if the deſign can be well executed. I would deſire at leiſure ſome of your grace's thoughts on this matter.

I hope your grace will take advantage of the times, and ſee whether your violent houſe of commons will fall in with ſome good law for the benefit of the church, as their much betters have done it here: and I think the convocation could not be better employed than in conſidering what good law is wanting for the church, and endeavour to have it paſſed, rather than in brangling upon trifles. The church hath ſo few happy occaſions, that we ought to let none of them ſlip. I take up too much of your grace's time; and therefore, begging your prayers and bleſſing, I remain, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's

Moſt dutiful

humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XX.

London, Aug. 15, 1711.

My Lord,

I HAVE been at *Windsor* a fortnight, from whence I returned two days ago, and met a letter at my lodgings from your grace, dated *July* 25. I was told it was sent to Mr. *Manly's* house (your postmaster's son), and by him to me; so that I suppose your grace did not direct to Mr. *Lewis* as formerly, otherwise I should have had it at *Windsor*. The ministers go usually down to *Windsor* on *Saturday*, and return on *Monday* or *Tuesday* following. I had little opportunity of talking with my lord treasurer, seeing him only at court, or at suppers at third places, or in much company at his own lodgings. Yesterday I went to visit him after dinner, but did not stay above an hour, because business called him out. I read to him that part of your grace's letter which expresseth your grace's respects to him, and he received them perfectly well. He told me he had lately received a letter from the bishops of *Ireland*, subscribed (as I remember) by seventeen, acknowledging his favour about the first fruits. I told his lordship, that some people in *Ireland* doubted whether the queen had granted them before the duke of

of *Ormond* was declared lieutenant: Yes, he said, sure I remembered it was immediately upon my application. I said, I heard the duke himself took no merit on that account. He answered, No, he was sure he did not, he was the honestest gentleman alive: But, said he, it is the queen that did it, and she alone shall have the merit. And I must be so free as to tell your grace that the grudging, ungrateful manner of some people, which upon several occasions I could not but give him hints of for my justification, hath not been prudent. I am sure, it hath hindered me from any thoughts of pursuing another affair of yet greater consequence, which I had good hopes of compassing. What can be the matter with those people? do I ask either money or thanks of them? have I done any hurt to the business? My lord treasurer told me, he had sent the letter over about the first fruits. I never enquired into the particulars: he says, he will very soon answer the bishops letter to himself, and will shew me both letter and answer; but I shall not put him in mind, unless he remembers it of his own accord. Nor, with great submission to your grace, can I prevail on my own pride to desire he would make any mention of me in his answer. Your grace is convinced, that, unless I write a heap of lyes, the queen had granted that affair before my lord duke was named. I desire to convince nobody else; and, since the thing is done, it is not of any consequence who were instrumental in it. I could not forbear yesterday

terday reminding my lord treasurer of what I said to Mr. *Southwell* before his lordship, when he came to take his leave before he went to *Ireland*; which was, that I hoped Mr. *Southwell* would let the bishops and clergy of *Ireland* know that my lord treasurer had long since (before the duke was governor) prevailed on the queen to remit the first fruits, *&c.* and that it was his lordship's work, as the grant of the same favour in *England* had formerly been. My lord treasurer did then acknowledge it before Mr. *Southwell*, and I think Mr. *Southwell* should have acted accordingly; but there is a great deal of ignorance, as well as ill will, in all this matter. The duke of *Ormond* himself, had he engaged in it, could only act as a sollicitor. Every body knows, that the lord treasurer in such cases must be applied to (and only he) by the greatest persons. I should think the people of *Ireland* might rather be pleased to see one of their own country able to find some credit at court, and in a capacity to serve them, especially one who doth it without any other prospect than that of serving them. I know not any of the bishops from whom I can expect any favour, and there are not many upon whom a man of any figure could have such designs: but I will be revenged; for whenever it lieth in my power, I will serve the church and kingdom, although they should use me much worse. I shall dine to-morrow with the lord treasurer, and perhaps I may then see the answer he is to write. I thought to have sent this letter

away

away to-night; but I have been interrupted by buſineſs. I go to *Windſor* again on *Saturday* for a day or two, but I will leave this behind to be ſent to the poſt.

Auguſt 21. I had wrote thus far, and was forced to leave off, being hurried away to *Windſor* by my lord treaſurer, from whence I returned but laſt night. His lordſhip gave me a paper, which he ſaid he had promiſed me. I put it in my pocket, thinking it was about ſomething elſe we had been talking over; and I never looked into it until juſt now, when I find it to be my lord primate's letter to his lordſhip, with an incloſed one from the biſhops. With ſubmiſſion, I take it to be dry enough, although I ſhall not tell his lordſhip ſo. They ſay they *are informed his lordſhip had a great part in*, &c. I think they ſhould either have told who it was informed them ſo, ſince it was a perſon commiſſioned by themſelves; or, at leaſt, have ſaid they were *aſſured*. And as for thoſe two words, *a great part*, I know no body elſe had any, except the queen herſelf. I cannot tell whether my lord had writ an anſwer, having ſaid nothing to him of it ſince he gave me the letters; nor ſhall I deſire to ſee it.

As to the convocation, I remember both my lord treaſurer and Mr. *St. John* ſpoke to me about the matter, and were of the ſame opinion with your grace, that it was wholly in the queen's choice; I excuſed giving my opinion, being wholly

wholly uninformed; and I have heard nothing of it ſince.

My lord keeper gave me yeſterday a bundle of *Iriſh* votes at *Windſor*, and we talked a good deal about the quarrel between the lords and commons: I ſaid the fault lay in not diſſolving the parliament; which I had mentioned to the duke of *Ormond*, and often to ſome of thoſe who were thought to have moſt credit with him. But they ſeemed to believe, as I did, that any *Iriſh* parliament would yield to any thing that any chief governor pleaſed; and ſo it would be a needleſs trouble.

We reckon for certain, that Mr. *Hill* with his fleet is gone to *Quebec*.

Mrs. *Maſham* [*l*] is every minute expecting to lye in. Pray God preſerve her life, which is of great importance. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

The queen has got a light fit of the gout. The privy ſeal is not yet diſpoſed of.

[*l*] This lady's huſband, *Charles Maſham*, Eſq; was created baron *Maſham* of *Oates*, in the county of *Eſſex*, *Dec.* 21, 1711.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

Windsor-Castle, Oct. 1, 1711.

My Lord,

I HAD the honour of a long letter from your grace just a month ago, which I forbore acknowledging sooner, because I have been ever since perpetually tossed between this and *London*, and partly because there had nothing happened that might make the letter worthy the perusal. It is the opinion of some great persons here, that the words which the house of commons took amiss in your address, might very well bear an application that concerned only my lord *Wharton*. I find they are against my opinion, that a new parliament should have been called; but all agree it must now be dissolved: but, in short, we are so extremely busy here, that nothing of *Ireland* is talked on above a day or two; that of the city [*m*] election I have oftenest heard of; and the proceeding of your court in it, it is thought, might have been wiser. I find your grace seemeth to be of my opinion, and so I told my lord treasurer. I think your *Kilmainham* [*n*] project of an

[*m*] *Dublin*.

[*n*] The high sheriff and grand jury of the county of *Dublin* meet here, and prepare addresses; examine affidavits, and find bills of indictment. Civil and criminal causes are also tried here.

address

addreſs was a very fooliſh one, and that for the reaſon of thoſe who were againſt it. I hope *Ireland* will ſoon be equally convinced with us here, that if the pretender be in any body's thoughts, it is of thoſe they leaſt dream, and who now are in no condition of doing miſchief to any but themſelves. As for your convocation, I believe every thing will terminate in good wiſhes. You can do nothing now, and will not meet again theſe two years; and then, I ſuppoſe, only to give money, and away. There ſhould, methinks, in the interval, be ſome propoſals conſidered and agreed upon by the biſhops and principal men of the clergy, to have all ready againſt the next meeting; and even that I deſpair of, for a thouſand reaſons too tedious to mention.

My admiring at the old proceedings of thoſe among the biſhops and clergy who are angry with me for getting their firſt fruits was but a form of ſpeech. I cannot ſincerely wonder at any proceedings in numbers of men, and eſpecially (I muſt venture to ſay ſo) in *Ireland*. Meantime, it is a good jeſt to hear my lord treaſurer ſaying often, before a deal of company, that it was I that got the clergy of *Ireland* their firſt fruits; and, generally, with this addition, that it was before the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant. His lordſhip hath long deſigned an anſwer to the letter he received from the biſhops; he hath told me ten times, he would do it to-morrow. He goeth to *London* this day, but I continue here for a week.

a week. I shall refresh his memory, and engage my lord *Harley* his son to do so too.

I suppose, your grace cannot but hear in general of some steps that are making towards a peace. There came out some time ago an account of Mr. *Prior's* journey to *France*, pretended to be a translation; it is a pure invention from the beginning to the end. I will let your grace into the secret of it. The clamours of a party against any peace without *Spain*, and railing at the ministry as if they designed to ruin us, occasioned that production, out of indignity and contempt, by way of furnishing fools with something to talk of; and it hath had a very great effect. Meantime, your grace may count that a peace is going forward very fast.—Mr. *Prior* was actually in *France*; and there are now two ministers from that court in *London*, which you may be pretty sure of, if you believe what I tell you, that I supped with them myself in the house where I am now writing, *Saturday* last: neither do I find it to be a very great secret; for there were two gentlemen more with us besides the inviter. However, I desire your grace to say nothing of it, because it may look like lightness in me to tell it: Mr. *Prior* was with us too, but what their names are I cannot tell; for I believe those they passed by when I was there are not the real ones. All matters are agreed between *France* and us, and very much to the advantage and honour of *England*; but, I believe, no further steps will be taken without giving notice to the allies.

I do

I do not tell your grace one syllable, as coming from any great minister; and therefore I do not betray them. But there are no other ways of picking out things in a court: however, I must desire you will not discover any of these little particulars, nor cite me upon any account at all; for great men may think I tell things from them, although I have them from other hands; in which last case only, I venture to repeat them to one I can confide in, and one at so great a distance as your grace.

I humbly thank your grace for the good opinion you are pleased to have of me, and for your advice which seemeth to be wholly grounded on it. As to the first, which relateth to my fortune, I shall never be able to make myself believed how indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the pleasure of making that of others; and I fear it is too great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me. When I was last in *Ireland*, I was above half the time retired to one scurvy acre of ground; and I always left it with regret. I am as well received and known at court, as perhaps any man ever of my level; I have formerly been the like. I left it then, and will perhaps leave it now (when they please to let me), without any concern, but what a few months will remove. It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as they please; and, if I cannot distinguish myself enough by being useful in such a way as becometh a man of conscience and honour, I can do no more; for I never

ver will ſollicit for myſelf, although I often do for others.

The other part of your grace's advice, to be ſome way uſeful to the church and to the publick by any talent you are pleaſed to think I poſſeſs, is the only thing for which I ſhould deſire ſome ſettlement that would make me full maſter of my time. I have often thought of ſome ſubjects, wherein I believed I might ſucceed: but, my lord, to aſk a man floating at ſea what he deſigned to do when he goes on ſhore, is too haſty a queſtion: let him get there firſt, and reſt and dry himſelf, and then look about him. I have been pretty well known to ſeveral great men in my life; and it was their duty, if they thought I might have been of uſe, to put me into a capacity for it; but I never yet knew one great man in my life, who was not every day ſwayed by other motives in diſtributing his favours, whatever reſolutions he had pretended to make to the contrary. I was ſaying a thing the other day to my lord keeper, which he approved of, and which I beleive may be the reaſon of this: it was, that perſons of tranſcendent merit forced their way in ſpite of all obſtacles; but thoſe whoſe merit was of a ſecond, third, or fourth rate, were ſeldom able to do any thing; becauſe the knaves and dunces of the world had all the impudence, aſſiduity, flattery, and ſervile compliance divided among them, which kept them perpetually in the way, and engaged every body to be their ſollicitors. I was aſking a great miniſter, a

month ago, how he could poſſibly happen to pick out a certain perſon to employ in a commiſſion of diſcovering abuſes, who was the moſt notorious for the conſtant practice of the greateſt abuſes in that very kind, and was very well known not to be at all reformed? He ſaid he knew all this; but what would I have him to do? I anſwered, Send any one of your footmen, and command him to chuſe out the firſt likely genteel fellow he ſees in the ſtreets; for ſuch a one might poſſibly be honeſt, but he was ſure the other was not, and yet they have employed him.

I promiſe your grace that this ſhall be the laſt ſally I will ever make to a court, and that I will return as ſoon as I can have leave. I have no great pleaſure in my preſent manner of living, often involved in things that perplex me very much; and which try my patience to the utmoſt, teized every day by ſollicitors, who have ſo little ſenſe as to think I have either credit or inclination to be theirs, although they ſee I am able to get nothing for myſelf. But I find I am grown very tedious, and therefore conclude, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

Oct. —, 1711.

My Lord,

PERHAPS you will be content to know some circumstances of affairs here. The duke of *Somerset* usually leaveth *Windsor* on *Saturday*, when the ministers go down thither, and returns not until they are gone. On *Sunday* seven-night, contrary to custom, he was at *Windsor*, and a cabinet council was to be held at night; but, after waiting a long time, word was brought out, that there would be no cabinet. Next day it was held, and then the duke went to a horse race about three miles off. This began to be whispered; and at my return to town they had got it in the city; but not the reason; which was, that Mr. secretary *St. John* refused to sit if the duke was there. Last *Sunday* the duke was there again, but did not offer to come to the cabinet, which was held without him. I hear the duke was advised by his friends of the other party to take this step. The secretary said to some of his acquaintance, that he would not sit with a man who had so often betrayed them, *&c.* You know the duchess of *Somerset* is a great favourite, and hath got the duchess of *Malborough's* key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue;

and will, I believe, do what ill offices ſhe can to the ſecretary. They would have hindered her coming in; but the queen ſaid, if it were ſo, that ſhe could not have what ſervants ſhe liked, ſhe did not find how her condition was mended. I take the ſafety of the preſent miniſtry to conſiſt in the agreement of three great men, Lord Keeper, Lord Treaſurer, and Mr. Secretary; and ſo I have often told them together between jeſt and earneſt, and two of them ſeparately with more ſerioufneſs. And I think they entirely love one another, as their differences are not of weight to break their union. They vary a little about their notions of a certain general. I will not ſay more at this diſtance. I do not ſee well how they can be without the ſecretary, who hath very great abilities both for the cabinet and and parliament. The tories in the city are a little diſcontented, that no further changes are made in employments, of which I cannot learn the ſecret, although I have heard ſeveral, and from ſuch who might tell the true one if they would: one is, that lord treaſurer profeſſeth he is at a loſs to find perſons qualified for ſeveral places: another (which is leſs believed) that the queen interpoſeth: a third, that it is a trimming diſpoſition. I am apt to think that he finds the call for employments greater than he can anſwer, if there were five times as many to diſpoſe of; and I know particularly that he diſliketh very much the notion of people, that every one is to be turned out. The treaſurer is much the greateſt miniſter I

ever

ever knew: regular in life, with a true ſenſe of religion, an excellent ſcholar, and a good divine, of a very mild and affable diſpoſition, intrepid in his notions and indefatigable in buſineſs, an utter deſpiſer of money for himſelf, yet frugal (perhaps to an extremity) for the publick. In private company, he is wholly diſengaged, and very facetious, like one who hath no buſineſs at all. He never wants a reſerve upon any emergency, which would appear deſperate to others; and maketh little uſe of thoſe thouſand projectors and ſchematiſts, who are daily plying him with their viſions, but to be thoroughly convinced, by the compariſon, that his own notions are the beſt. I am, my Lord, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's

moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

London, Dec. 8, 1712.

My Lord,

I CANNOT in conſcience take up your grace's time with an empty letter; and it is not every day one can furniſh what will be worth your reading. I had all your grace's packets; and I humbly thank your grace for your good inſtruc-

ions to me, which I shall observe as soon as ever it shall please God to put me into a way of life, where I can have leisure for such speculations.

In above twenty years that I have known something of courts and ministers, I never saw so strange and odd a complicated disposition of affairs as what we have had for six weeks past. The facts your grace may have met with in every common news-paper; but the springs of them are hardly discoverable even by those who had most opportunity of observing. Neither do I find those who should know best, agree upon the matter. There is a perpetual trial of skill between those who are out and those who are in; and the former are generally more industrious at watching opportunities. Last *September*, at *Windsor*, the duke of *Somerset* [o], who had not been at cabinet council for many months, was advised by his friends of the late ministry to appear there, but the rest refused to sit with him; and the council was put off until next day, when the duke went to a horse race. This was declaring open war; and ever since both he and his duchess (who is in great favour) have been using all sorts of means to break the present ministry. Mrs. *Masham* was absent two months from *Windsor*, with lying in at *Kensington*, and my lord treasurer six weeks by indisposition. Some time before the session, the duke abovementioned went

[o] See the history of the last session of parliament, and of the peace of *Utrecht*.

to

to all those lords, who, by the narrowness of their fortunes, have depended on the court, and engaged them to vote against the ministry, by assuring them it was the queen's pleasure. He is said to have added other powerful motives. *Bothmar's* memorial was published just at that juncture, as *Hoffman* the emperor's resident had some time before printed the *French* king's propositions. It is confidently affirmed, by those who should know, that money was plentifully scattered. By these and some other accidents, the vote was carried against the ministry; and every body of either party understood the thing as intended directly against my lord treasurer's head. The house of lords made a very short adjournment, and were preparing some resolutions and addresses of the most dangerous importance. We had a very melancholy *Christmas*, and the most fearless persons were shaken: for our great danger lay where I cannot tell your grace at this distance. The thing wished for was, the removal of the *Somerset* family; but that could not be done, nor yet is. After some time, the queen declared herself as you have heard, and twelve new lords were created. My lord *Nottingham's* game in this affair hath been most talked of, and several hard things said of him are affirmed to be true. The dissenting ministers in this town were consulted about the occasional bill, and agreed to it,

[p] Baron *Bothmar*, envoy extraordinary from the elector of *Hanover*, afterwards king *George* I.

for what reaſons I cannot learn; that which is offered not ſatisfying me, that they were afraid of worſe. I believe they expected an entire change of miniſtry and meaſures, and a new parliament, by which it might be repealed, and have inſtead ſome law to their advantage. The duke of *Marlborough's* removal [*q*] hath paſſed very ſilently; the particular reaſons for it I muſt tell your grace ſome other time: but how it will paſs abroad I cannot anſwer. People on both ſides conclude from it, that the peace is certain; but the concluſion is ill drawn: The thing would have been done, although we had been ſure of continuing the war. We are terribly afraid of prince *Eugene's* coming, and therefore it was put off until the reſolutions were taken. Before he came out of his yacht, he aſked how many lords were made? He was a quarter of an hour with the queen, on *Sunday* about ſeven at night. The great men reſolve to entertain him in their turns; and we ſuppoſe it will all end in a journey of pleaſure. We are ſo confidently told of the duke of *Somerſet's* being out, that I writ to the dean of *St. Patrick's*. A man of quality told me, he had it from my lord keeper, whom I aſked next day, and found it a miſtake; but it is impoſſible to fence againſt all lyes: however it is ſtill expected that the duke will be out, and that many other removes will be made. Lord *Ranelagh* died on *Sunday* morning:

[*q*] *Dec.* 30, 1711.

he

he was very poor and needy, and could hardly support himself for want of a pension, which used to be paid him, and which his friends sollicited as a thing of perfect charity. He *died hard*, as their term of art is here to express the woeful state of men, who discover no religion at their death.

The town-talk is that the duke of *Ormond* will go no more to *Ireland*, but be succeeded by the duke of *Shrewsbury*, who is a very great and excellent person; and I will hold a wager that your grace will be an admirer of his duchess: if they g, I will certainly order her to make all advances to you: but this is only general report, of which they know nothing at court, although I think it not altogether improbable.

We have yet heard nothing of my lord privy seal. *Buys*, the Dutch envoy, went to *Holland*, I think, at the same time. *Buys* is a great pretender to politicks, and always leaves the company with great expressions of satisfaction that he hath convinced them all: he took much pains to persuade me out of some opinions; and, although all he said did but fix me the deeper, he told the ministry how successful he had been. I have got poor Dr. *King* [r], who was some time in *Ireland*, to be Gazetteer, which will be worth 250 *l. per annum* to him, if he be diligent and sober, for which I

[r] Author of *Mully of Mountown* (a most delightful village to the south of *Dublin*, near the sea) and several other good poems; he also translated *Horace's Art of Poetry* into *English* verse.

am

am engaged. I mention this, becauſe I think he was under your grace's protection when he was in *Ireland*.

By what I gather from Mr. *Southwell*, I believe your grace ſtandeth very well with the duke of *Ormond*; and it is one great addition to my eſteem for Mr. *Southwell*, that he is entirely your grace's friend and humble ſervant, delighting to do you juſtice upon all occaſions. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

LETTER XXIV.

London, March 29, 1712.

My Lord,

I CANNOT aſk pardon for not ſooner acknowledging your grace's letter, becauſe that would look as if I thought mine were of conſequence. Either I grow weary of politicks, or am out of the way of them, or there is leſs ſtirring than uſual; and, indeed, we are all in ſuſpence at preſent; but I am told that, in ten or twelve days time, we ſhall know what the iſſue will be at *Utrecht*. I can only tell your grace, that there are

are ſome unlucky circumſtances, not proper to be truſted to a letter, which have hitherto retarded this great work. *Mihi ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis obverſantur.* Meantime, we are with great difficulty raiſing funds upon which to borrow five millions. One of thoſe funds is a tax upon paper, and I think 30 per cent. upon imported books, and of ſuch a nature as I could not yeſterday forbear ſaying to my lord treaſurer and the chancellor of the exchequer, that, inſtead of preventing ſmall papers and libels, it will leave nothing elſe for the preſs. I have not talked to the duke of *Argyle* upon the affairs of *Spain*, ſince his return; but am told he affirms it impoſſible for us to carry on the war there by our former methods. The duke of *Ormond* is expected to go in two or three days for *Flanders*. And what I writ to your grace ſome months ago of the duke of *Shrewſbury* ſucceeding to govern *Ireland*, will, I ſuppoſe, be ſoon declared. I was the other day to ſee the ducheſs, and reported your grace's compliments, which ſhe took very well; and I told her I was reſolved your grace and ſhe ſhould be very good acquaintance. I believe the ſpirit of your *Houghers* is got into our *Mohawks*, who are ſtill very troubleſome, and every night cut ſomebody or other over the face; and commit a hundred inſolent barbarities.

There was never the leaſt deſign of any impeachment againſt the duke of *Marlborough*: and

and it was his own great weakneſs, or the folly of his friends, that the thing went ſo far as it did.

I know not whether it is that people have talked themſelves hoarſe, but for ſome weeks paſt we have heard leſs of the pretender than formerly. I ſuppoſe it is, like a faſhion, got into *Ireland*, when it is out here: but, in my conſcience, I do not think any one perſon in the court or miniſtry here deſigns any more to bring in the pretender, than the Great Turk. I hope Mr. *Harley*, who is now on his journey to *Hanover*, will give that court a truer opinion of perſons and things, than they have hitherto conceived. And, if your grace knew the inſtrument through which theſe falſe opinions have been infuſed, you would allow it another inſtance of the *Ludibrium rerum mortalium*. And your grace cannot but agree, that it is ſomething ſingular for the prince in poſſeſſion to make perpetual advances, and the preſumptive heir to be ſtanding off and ſuſpicious.

I know not whether your grace hath conſidered the poſition that my lord treaſurer is viſibly in. The late miniſtry and their adherents confeſs themſelves fully reſolved to have his head, whenever it is in their power, and were prepared, upon the beginning of the ſeſſions, when the vote was carried againſt any peace without *Spain*, to move that he ſhould be ſent to the Tower: at the ſame time his friends, and the tories in general, are diſ-

contented at his flowneſs in the changing of commiſſions and employments, to which the weakneſs of the court intereſt, in the houſe of lords, is wholly imputed: neither do I find that thoſe in the greateſt ſtations, or moſt in the confidence of my lord treaſurer, are able to account for this proceeding, or ſeem ſatisfied with it. I have endeavoured to ſolve this difficulty another way; and I fancy I am in the right, from words I have heard let fall: but, whatever be the cauſe, the conſequences may be dangerous.

The queen is in very good health, but doth not uſe ſo much exerciſe as ſhe ought. Pray God preſerve her many years!

A projector hath lately applied to me to recommend him to the miniſtry about an invention for finding out the Longitude. He hath given in a petition to the queen by Mr. ſec. *St. John*. I underſtand nothing of the mathematicks; but am told it is a thing as improbable as the Philoſopher's ſtone, or Perpetual motion.

I lately writ a letter of about thirty pages to lord treaſurer, by way of propoſal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and aſcertain, the *Engliſh* language. And he and I have named above twenty perſons of both parties to be members. I will ſhortly print the letter [*s*], and I hope ſomething will come of it. Your grace ſees

[*s*] The Letter to the lord treaſurer is printed in the Third Volume of this collection.

I am

I am a projector too. I am, with great reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXV.

London, May 20, 1712.

My Lord,

WHEN I had the honour of your grace's letter of *March* 27, I was lying ill of a cruel diſorder, which ſtill purſueth me, although not with ſo much violence; and I hope your grace will pardon me, if you find my letter to be that of one who writeth in pain. You ſee, my lord, how things are altered. The talk of a new governor for *Ireland* is dropped. The ſecret is, that the duke of *Ormond* had a promiſe of a penſion in caſe he loſt his government; but my lord treaſurer is ſo exceſſively thrifty, that, to ſave charges, he lets the duke keep it; and beſides there are ſome other circumſtances, not proper for a letter, which have great weight in this matter.

matter. I count upon it, that, whatever governor goeth over under this miniſtry, a new parliament will be called. Yet I was told that the duke of *Shrewſbury* was pitched on, as a ſort of medium *&c.* He is a perſon of admirable qualities; and, if he were ſomewhat more active and leſs timorous in buſineſs, no man would be thought comparable to him.

The moderate of the other party ſeem now content to have a peace, and all our talk and expectations are full of it: but I proteſt to your grace I know not what to write upon this ſubject, neither could I tell what to ſay if I had the honour to be with you. Upon lord *Strafford's* [*t*] coming over, the ſtocks are fallen, although I expected, and I thought with reaſon, that they would riſe. There is a trade between ſome here and ſome in *Holland* of ſecrets and lyes; and there are ſome among us whoſe poſts let them into an imperfect knowledge of things, which they cannot conceal. This mixture maketh up the town-talk, governs the price of ſtocks, and hath often a great deal of truth in it: beſides, public affairs have often ſo many ſudden turns and incidents, that even thoſe behind the curtain can hardly pronounce for a week. I am ſenſible that I have often deceived your grace with my wiſe *innuendos*. Yet I verily think that my intelligence was very

[*t*] His lordſhip was one of the plenipotentiaries at the treaty of *Utrecht*.

right at the moment I ſent it. If I had writ to your grace ſix days ago, I would have ventured to have given you hopes that a peace would ſoon appear, and upon conditions wholly ſurprizing and unexpected. I ſay this to you wholly in confidence; and I know nothing yet to change my opinion, except the deſponding talk of the town, for I ſee nothing yet in the contrivances of the miniſters. It ſeems generally agreed that the preſent Dauphin cannot live, and upon that depend many meaſures to be taken. This afternoon the bill for appointing commiſſioners to enquire into the grants, *&c.* was thrown out of the houſe of lords, the voices being equal, which is a great diſappointment to the court, and matter of triumph to the other party. But it may poſſibly be of the worſt conſequence to the grants next ſeſſion, when it is probable the miniſtry will be better ſettled, and able to procure a majority. I am, with great reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

Kenſington, Sept. 30, 1712.

My Lord,

I HAVE two or three times begun letters to your grace, and have torn what I writ, hoping I might ſend you ſomething deciſive about the peace. But all ſtill continues to lie very looſe, and I continue to be very deſponding, although the people in affairs laugh at me for it. I have one plain maxim in dealing with thoſe who have more cunning and leſs honeſty than myſelf, which is, what we call keeping the ſtaff in my own hand, and contriving that they ſhall truſt me rather than I them. A man may reaſon until he is weary upon this proceeding of the *Dutch*. The ſoldiers tell me that the duke of *Ormond* could not poſſibly take poſſeſſion of *Dunkirk*, ſince the foreign troops have refuſed to march, and the States will not ſuffer us to go through their towns. But I had a whiſper from one who ſhould know beſt, that *Dunkirk* might now have been ours, if right methods had been taken. And another great man ſaid to a friend of mine, above a fortnight ago, that the leaſt wrong ſtep on that ſide the water might have very ill conſequences at this juncture. Meantime, the

diſcontented party ſeemeth full of hopes, and many of the court ſide beſide myſelf deſponding enough. The neceſſity of laying the propoſals before the parliament drew us into all this; for now we are in a manner pinned down, and cannot go back an inch with any good grace: ſo that, if the *French* play us foul, I dread the effects, which are too viſible to doubt. And on the other ſide, if the peace goeth ſmoothly on, I cannot but think that ſome ſevere enquiries will be made; and, I believe, upon very manifeſt grounds. If there be any ſecret in this matter of *Dunkirk*, it muſt be in very few hands, and thoſe who moſt converſe with men at the helm are, I am confident, very much in the dark. Some people go ſo far as to think that the *Dutch* will hinder even the *Engliſh* forces under the duke of *Ormond* from going by the *French* country to *Dunkirk*: but I cannot be of that opinion. We ſuppoſe a few days will decide this matter; and, I believe, your grace will agree, that there was never a more nice conjuncture of affairs; however, the court appears to be very reſolute: ſeveral changes have been made, and more are daily expected. The *Dutch* are grown ſo unpopular, that, I believe, the queen might have addreſſes to ſtand by her againſt them with lives and fortunes.

I had your grace's letter of *May* 29, written in the time of your viſiting, from whence, I hope, you are returned with health and ſatisfaction.

The difficulties in the peace, by the accidents in the *Bourbon* family, are, as your grace obſerveth, very great, and what indeed our miniſters chiefly apprehended. But we think *Philip's* renouncing to be an effectual expedient, not out of any regard he would have for it, but becauſe it will be the intereſt of every prince of the blood in *France* to keep him out, and becauſe the *Spaniards* will never aſſiſt him to unite the two kingdoms.

I am in hopes yet that your grace may pay your treat; for it is yet four weeks to *November*, at leaſt I believe we ſhall be happy or ruined by that time.

It is certain that there is ſomething in what people ſay . . . . . But the court is ſo luckily conſtituted at preſent, that every man thinks the chief truſt cannot be any where elſe ſo well placed; neither do I know above one man that would take it, and it is a great deal too ſoon for him to have ſuch thoughts.

I humbly thank your grace for your concern about your health: I have ſtill the remainder of ſome pains, which hath partly occaſioned my removing hither about three weeks ago; I was recommended to country air, and choſe this, becauſe I could paſs my time more agreeably near my friends at court. We think the queen will go to *Windſor* in three weeks; and, I believe, I ſhall be there moſt of the time I ſtay in *England*, which I intend until towards the end of ſummer.

My lord treaſurer hath often promiſed he will advance my deſign of an academy; ſo have my lord keeper, and all the miniſters; but they are now too buſy to think of any thing beſide what they have upon the anvil. My lord treaſurer and I have already pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing.

If things continue as they are another ſeſſion, perhaps your grace may ſee the bill of reſuming the grants [*u*] carried on with a great deal more rigour than it lately was. It was only deſired that the grantees ſhould pay ſix years purchaſe, and ſettle the remainder on them by act of parliament, and thoſe grants are now worſe than other lands by more years purchaſe than ſix; ſo that, in effect, they would have loſt nothing. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

[*u*] This bill paſſed in the negative.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

London, October 21, 1712.

My Lord,

SINCE I had the honour of your grace's letter of *July* 22, which found me at *Windsor*, I have been extremely out of order with a giddiness in my head, which pursued me until very lately; but, by an uneasy course of physick, I hope I have in some sort overcome it.

We are now in very near expectation of a peace; and your grace, I hope, will believe it as good a one as the circumstances of things would allow. I confess I agree with your grace, that the great difficulty was about the danger of *France* and *Spain* being united under one king. To my knowledge, all possible means have been taken to secure that matter; and yet, after all, the weakest side will be there. Renunciations by *France* have very justly so little credit, that I do not wonder so little weight is laid on them. But *Spain*, we are sure, will, for their own sakes, enter into all securities to prevent that union; and all the allies must be guarantees. If you still object that some danger still remains, what is to be done? Your grace is altogether misinformed, if you think that this is at all the difficulty which so long made the *Dutch*

untractable. It was nothing less: neither have they once mentioned, during all the negotiation at *Utrecht*, one syllable of getting *Spain* out of the *Bourbon* family, or into that of *Austria*, as the chief men have assured me not three days ago. *Buys* offered last winter to ease us immediately of the trouble we were in by lord *Nottingham's* vote, if we would consent to let them share with us in the advantages we had stipulated with *France*; which advantages, however, did by no means clash with *Holland*, and were only conditional if peace should ensue. But, my lord, we know further, that the *Dutch* made offers to treat with *France*, before we received any from thence; and were refused, upon the ill usage they gave Mr. *Torcy* at the *Hague*, and the abbé *de Polignac* afterwards at *Gertruydenberg*: and we know that *Torcy* would have been forced to apply to them again, if, after several refusals, we had not hearkened to their overtures. What I tell your grace is infallibly true; and care shall be taken very soon to satisfy the world in this, and many other particulars at large, which ought to be known: for the kingdom is very much in the dark, after all the pains hitherto taken to inform it. Your grace's conjectures are very right, that a general peace would not be for our interest, if we had made ours with *France*. And I remember a certain great man used to say two months ago, *Fight on, my merry men all.* I believe likewise, that such a peace would have happened, if the *Dutch* had not lately been more compliant; upon which

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our ministers told those of *France*, that, since the States were disposed to submit to the queen, her majesty must enter into their interests: And I believe they have as good conditions as we ever intended they should. *Tournay*, I hope, will be yielded to them: and *Lisle* we never designed they should have. The emperor will be used as he deserveth; and, having paid for the war, shall get nothing by the peace. We are most concerned (next to our regard to *Holland*) for *Savoy* [x], and *France* for *Bavaria*. I believe we shall make them both kings, by the help of *Sardinia* and *Sicily*. But I know not how plans may alter every day. The queen's whole design, as your grace conjectureth, is to act the part of a mediator; and our advantages, too many to insert here, must be owned very great.

As for an academy to correct and settle our language, lord treasurer talked of it often very warmly; but, I doubt, is yet too busy until the peace be over. He goes down to *Windsor* on *Friday*, to be chosen of the Garter, with five more lords [y].

I know nothing of promises of any thing intended for my self; but, I thank God, I am not

[x] *Victor Amadeus*, duke of *Savoy*, was made king of *Sicily* by this treaty.

[y] *Henry*, duke of *Beaufort*, captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners; *James* duke of *Hamilton* and *Brandon*, master-general of the ordnance; *Henry*, duke of *Kent*; *John*, earl of *Poulet*, lord steward of the household; *Robert*, earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer*, lord high treasurer of *Great Britain*; and *Thomas* earl of *Strafford*, one of the plenipotentiaries at *Utrecht*, and first lord commissioner of the admiralty, *October* 26, 1712.

warm in my expectations, and know courts too well to be surprised at disappointments; which, however, I shall have no great reason to fear, if I gave my thoughts any trouble that way, which, without affectation, I do not; although I cannot expect to be believed when I say so.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

London, Jan. 3, 1713.

My Lord,

SINCE I had the honour of your grace's letter, we have had a dead time of news and politicks; and I make a conscience of writing to you without something that will recompence the trouble of reading. I cannot but grant that your grace, who is at a distance, and argues from your own wisdom and general observations and reading, is likely to be more impartial than I, who, in spight of my resolutions and opinion to the contrary, am forced to converse only with one side of the world, which fasteneth prejudices to me, notwithstanding all I can do to avoid them. Your grace hath certainly hit upon the weak side of our peace; but I do not find you have prescribed any remedies. For that of limiting *France* to a certain number of ships and troops was, I doubt, not to be compassed.

ſed. While that mighty kingdom remaineth under one monarch, it will be always in ſome degree formidable to its neighbours. But we flatter ourſelves it is likely to be leſs ſo than ever, by the concurrence of many circumſtances too long to trouble you with. But, my lord, what is to be done? I will go ſo far with your grace as to tell you, that ſome of our friends are of opinion with the other party, that, if this laſt campaign had gone on with the conjunction of the *Britiſh* troops, *France* might have been in danger of being driven to great extreme. Yet I confeſs to you, at the ſame time, that, if I had been firſt miniſter, I ſhould have adviſed the queen to purſue her meaſures towards a peace.

Some accidents and occaſions have put it in my way to know every ſtep of this treaty better, I think, than any man in *England*. And I do aſſert to your grace, that, if *France* had been cloſely puſhed this campaign, they would, upon our refuſal, have made offers to *Holland*, which the republick would certainly have accepted; and in that caſe the intereſt of *England* would have been wholly laid aſide, as we ſaw it three years ago at the *Hague* and *Gertruydenberg*. The marſhal *d'Uxilles* and *Meſnager* [z], two of the *French* plenipotentiaries, were wholly inclined to have begun by

[z] This gentleman wrote *Minutes* of his *Negociations* at the court of *England*, during the four laſt years of queen *Anne*'s reign, containing many curious particulars.

the

the *Dutch*; but the third, abbé *de Polignac*, who hath moſt credit with Monſieur *Torcy*, was for beginning by *England*.

There was a great faction in *France* by this proceeding; and it was a mere perſonal reſentment, in the *French* king and Monſieur *Torcy*, againſt the States, which hindered them from ſending the firſt overture there. And I believe your grace will be convinced, by conſidering that the demands of *Holland* might be much more eaſily ſatisfied than thoſe of *Britain*. The States were very indifferent about the article of *Spain* being in the *Bourbon* family, as Monſieur *Buys* publicly owned when he was here, and among others to myſelf. They valued not the demolition of *Dunkirk*, the frontier of *Portugal*, nor the ſecurity of *Savoy*. They abhorred the thoughts of our having *Gibraltar* and *Minorca*, nor cared what became of our dominions in *North America*. All they had at heart was the ſovereignty of *Flanders* under the name of a barrier, and to ſtipulate what they could for the emperor, to make him eaſy under their encroachments. I can further aſſure your grace, before any propoſals were ſent here from *France*, and ever ſince until within theſe few months, the *Dutch* have been endeavouring conſtantly, by private intrigues with that court, to undermine us, and put themſelves at the head of a treaty of peace; which is a truth that perhaps the world may ſoon be informed in, with ſeveral others that are little known. Beſides, my lord, I doubt whether

ther you have sufficiently reflected on the condition of this kingdom, and the possibility of pursuing the war at that ruinous rate [a]. This argument is not the weaker for being often urged. Besides, *France* is likely to have a long minority; or, if not, perhaps to be engaged in a civil war. And I do not find that, in public affairs, human wisdom is able to make provisions for futurity, which are not liable to a thousand accidents. We have done all we can; and, for the rest, *curent posteri*.

Sir *William Temple's* Memoirs, which you mentioned, is his first part, and was published twenty years ago; it is chiefly of the treaty of *Nimeguen*, and was so well known, that I could hardly think your grace hath not seen it.

I am in some doubt whether a fall from a horse be suitable to the dignity of an archbishop. It is one of the chief advantages in a great station, that one is exempt from common accidents of that kind. The late king [b] indeed got a fall; but his majesty was a fox-hunter. I question whether you can plead any precedent to excuse you; and therefore, I hope, you will commit no more such errors: and, in the mean time, I heartily congratulate with your grace, that I can rally you upon this accident.

I am in some fear that our peace will hardly be concluded in several weeks, by reason of a certain incident that could not be foreseen; neither can I

[a] See page 144.

[b] King *William* III, who died by a fall from his horse.

tell whether the parliament will ſit before the concluſion of the peace; becauſe ſome perſons differ in their politicks about the matter. If others were no wiſer than I, your ſeſſion ſhould not be deferred upon that account. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's

moſt dutiful and

humble ſervant,

LETTER XXIX.

London, March 28, 1713.

My Lord,

ALTHOUGH your humour of delaying, which is a good deal in faſhion, might ſerve me for authority and example in not ſooner acknowledging your grace's letter, I ſhall not make that uſe of it; but naturally tell you, that the public delay hath been the cauſe of mine. We have lived almoſt theſe two months paſt by the week, expecting that the parliament would meet, and the queen tell them that the peace was ſigned. But unforeſeen difficulties have ariſen, partly by ſome miſtakes in our plenipotentiaries, as well as of thoſe of *France*, too long to trouble your grace with,

with, since we never reckon all will be at an end; and the queen hath sent new powers to *Utrecht*, which her minister there must obey, I think, or be left without excuse. The peace will be signed with *France*, *Holland*, the emperor, *Savoy*, *Portugal*, and *England*; but *Spain* hath yet no minister at *Utrecht*, the *Dutch* making difficulties about the duke *d'Ossune's* passports; but the marquis *De Montellion* will soon begin his journey; at least he tells me so. However, it is of no great moment whether *Spain* cometh in now or a month hence; and the parliament will be satisfied with the rest. People here have grumbled at those prorogations until they are weary; but they are not very convenient, considering how many funds are out, and how late it is in the year. They think of taking off two shillings in the pound from the land tax; which I always argued earnestly against: but the court hath a mind to humour the country gentlemen, and the thing is popular enough; but then we must borrow upon new funds, which it will be of the last difficulty to invent or to raise. The other party are employed in spreading a report most industriously, that the lord treasurer intends, after the peace, to declare for the whigs. They have spread it in *Scotland*, to prepare people for the next election; and Mr. *Annesly* told me the other day at my lord steward's, that he had heard I writ the same to my friends in *Ireland*; which, as it is wholly without ground, so the fact is what I never had the least belief of, although his lordship

is somewhat of your grace's mind, in not refusing to converse with his greatest enemies; and therefore he is censured, as you say you are, upon the same account. And to those who charge him with it (as some are free enough to do it), he only says, his friends ought to trust him; and I have some reason to believe, that, after a peace, the direct contrary will appear. For my own part, I entirely agree with your grace, that a free man ought not to confine his converse to any one party; neither would I do so, if I were free; but I am not, and perhaps much less is a great minister in such a juncture as this. Among many qualities I have observed in the treasurer, there is one which is something singular, that he will be under an imputation, how wrong soever, without the pains of clearing himself to his nearest friends, which is owing to great integrity, great courage, or great contempt of censure. I know he hath abundance of the two last, and I believe he has the first.

Your grace's observations on the *French* dexterity in negotiation, as well as their ill faith, are certainly right; but let both be as great as possible, we must treat with them one time or other; and, if ministers will not be upon their guard against such notorious managers, they are altogether inexcusable. But I do assure your grace, that, as it hath fallen in my way to know more of the steps of this whole treaty, than perhaps any one man besides, I cannot see that any thing in the power of human prudence, under many difficult conjunc-

conjunctures, hath been omitted. We have been forced to conceal the beſt ſide, which I agree hath been unfortunate and unpopular; but you will pleaſe to conſider, that this way of every ſubject interpoſing their ſentiments upon the management of foreign negotiations is a very new thing among us; and the ſuffering it hath been thought, in the opinion of wiſe men, too great a ſtrain upon the prerogative; eſpecially giving a detail of particulars, which, in the variety of events, cannot be aſcertained during the courſe of a treaty.—I could eaſily anſwer the objection of your grace's friends in relation to the *Dutch*, and why they made thoſe difficulties at the *Hague* and *Gertruydenberg*. And when the whole ſtory of theſe two laſt intriguing years comes to be publiſhed, the world will have other notions of our proceedings. This perhaps will not be long untold, and might already have been, if other people had been no wiſer than I. After all, my lord, I grant that, from a diſtant view of things, abundance of objections may be raiſed againſt many parts of our conduct. But the difficulties which gave room to thoſe objections are not ſeen, and perhaps ſome of them will never appear; neither may it be convenient they ſhould. If in the end it appears, that we have made a good bargain for you, we hope you will take it without entering too nicely into the circumſtances. I will not undertake to defend our proceedings againſt any man who will not allow this poſtulatum, that it was impoſſible to carry on the war

any

any longer; which whoever denies either hath not examined the ſtate of the nation with reſpect to its debts, or denies it from the ſpirit of party. When a friend of mine objected this to lord *Nottingham*, he freely confeſſed it was a thing he had never conſidered. But, however, he would be againſt any peace without *Spain*; and why? becauſe he was not privy-ſeal. But then, why doth he vote with the whigs in every thing elſe, although peace hath no concern? becauſe he was not privy-ſeal. I hope, my lord, we ſhall in time unriddle you many a dark problem; and let you ſee [*c*] that faction, rage, rebellion, revenge, and ambition, were deeply rooted in the hearts of thoſe who have been the great obſtructors of the queen's meaſures, and of the kingdom's happineſs; and, if I am not miſtaken, ſuch a ſcene may open, as will leave the preſent age and poſterity little room to doubt who were the real friends and real enemies of their country. At the ſame time, I know nothing is ſo raſh as predicting upon the events of public councils; and I ſee many accidents very poſſible to happen, which may ſoon defeat all my wiſe conjectures.

I am, my Lord,
Your Grace's moſt dutiful
and moſt obedient humble ſervant.

[*c*] See the Hiſtory of the peace of *Utrecht*, in the Hiſtory of the four laſt years of queen *Anne*.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

London, April 30, 1713.

My Lord,

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the 14th, which at preſent I cannot anſwer particularly: I ſend this to welcome your grace to the *Bath*, where we conclude you are now arrived; and I hope the deſign of your journey is more for prevention than cure. I ſuppoſe your grace hath heard that the queen hath made Dr. *Sterne* biſhop of *Dromore*, and that I am to ſucceed him in his deanry. Dr. *Parnell* [*d*], who is now in town, writ laſt poſt to your grace, to deſire the favour of you that he may have my ſmall prebend: he thinketh it will be ſome advantage to come into the chapter, where it may poſſibly be in my power to ſerve him in a way agreeable to him, although in no degree equal to his merits; by which he hath diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much, that he is in great eſteem with the miniſtry and others of the moſt valuable perſons in this town. He hath been many years under your grace's direction, and hath

[*d*] A very eminent poet. Two volumes of whoſe poems are publiſhed, the firſt by Mr. *Pope*, in the year 1721, dedicated to *Robert Harley*, earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer*. The other was printed in *Dublin*, in the year 1758, with the following title: *The Poſthumous Works of* Dr. Thomas Parnell, *late of* Clogher; *containing Poems moral and divine; and on other various ſubjects.*

"Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori." Hor.

a very good title to your favour; so that I believe it will be unnecessary to add how much I should be obliged to your grace's compliance in this matter: and I flatter myself that his being agreeable to me will be no disadvantage to him in your grace's opinion.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXI.

London, May 23, 1713.

My Lord,

I HAD the honour of a letter from your grace, the 18th instant, from *Chester*. I was confidently told, about three weeks ago, that your grace was expected every day at the *Bath*; and you will find a letter there as old as that, with a requisition in favour of Dr. *Parnell*, who, by his own merit, is in the esteem of the chief ministers here. I am very sensible, that the loss your grace hath

hath suffered in the removal of Dr. *Sterne* will never be made up by me, upon a great many accounts: however, I shall not yield to him in respect and veneration for your grace's character and person; and I return you my most grateful acknowledgments for the offer you make me of your favour and protection. I think to set out for *Ireland* on *Monday* seven-night, to be there before the term endeth; for so they advise me, because the long vocation follows, in which I cannot take the oaths, unless at a quarter sessions; and I had better have two chances than one. This will hinder me from paying my respects to your grace at the *Bath*; and indeed my own health would be better, I believe, if I could pass a few weeks there: but my remedy shall be riding, and a sea voyage. I have been enquiring, and am told your grace's cause will hardly come on this session; but indeed I have been so much out of order for these ten days past, that I have been able to do nothing.

As to the spire [*e*] to be erected on St. *Patrick's* steeple, I am apt to think it will cost more than is imagined; and I am confident that no bricks made in that part of *Ireland* will bear being ex-

[*e*] Dr. *Sterne* (predecessor to Dr. *Swift*, as dean of St. *Patrick's* Cathedral, *Dublin*, afterwards bishop of *Dromore*, from whence he was translated to the see of *Clogher*) left a sum of money to erect a spire on the top of that steeple, which was built a few years after his lordship's death. It is an octagon of many feet high, built of white hard mountain stone, with a gilt ball at the top of it, which may be seen at the distance of many miles.

poſed ſo much to the air: however, I ſhall enquire among ſome architects here.

I hope your grace will find a return of your health in the place where you are. I humbly beg your bleſſing; and remain, with great reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXII.

Trim, July 16, 1713.

My Lord,

I HAVE been about five weeks in this kingdom, but ſo extremely ill with the return of an old diſorder in my head, that I was not able to write to your grace. I have been the greateſt part of that time at my country pariſh, riding every day for my health. I can tell your grace nothing from *Dublin*, having ſpent the days I was there between buſineſs and phyſick, and paid no viſits nor received any but one day; and I reckon it no great

great loſs, for I hear they are all party mad; and it is one felicity of being among willows, that one is not troubled with faction. I hope you have as little of it at the *Bath*; for I cannot fancy it doth well with the waters. If your grace goeth to *London* from the *Bath*, I believe I may have the honour of waiting on you; although I ſhall do all in my power to ſave the trouble of ſuch a journey, which neither my fortune nor my health will very well bear. I hope you feel the good effects of the place you are in; and I pray God continue your life, for the good of his church.

The other day, Mr. *Thacker*, prebendary of *Sagard* and vicar of *Rathcool*, died; and it would be a great mark of goodneſs in your grace, as well as a perſonal favour to me, if you would pleaſe to diſpoſe of his livings in favour of Mr. *Thomas Warburton*, who hath been many years my aſſiſtant in the cure of *Laracor*, hath behaved himſelf altogether unblameably, and is a gentleman of very good learning and ſenſe. If I knew any one more deſerving, I would not recommend him; neither would I do it however, becauſe I know your grace hath a great many dependants, but that it will be a great uſe to me to have a vicar in one of my rectories, and upon my deanry, in whom I can confide. I am told, the livings amount to an hundred and twenty pounds a year at moſt; and it may probably happen in my way to be able to oblige ſome friend of yours in a greater matter, which

I ſhall very readily do. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXIII.

London, October 20, 1713.

My Lord,

THE opportunity I had of a ſhip was ſo ſudden, that I had not time to receive your grace's laſt commands, or pay my reſpects, which it was my duty and inclination to do; and as for writing, I have always told your grace, that I could not ſet about it with a good conſcience, until I were provided with matter enough for your trouble of reading. We are outwardly pretty quiet during this interval of parliament; but I will not anſwer what ſeeds are ſowing to make the next ſpring produce better fruit. There are ſeveral reaſons, impoſſible for me to tell at this diſtance, why I ſhall not be ſo good a correſpondent as I

have formerly been, but may probably ſerve to entertain you a year or two hence: for the faſhion of this world paſſeth away; and there is nothing of ſo little conſequence as the greateſt court ſecrets when once the ſcene is changed. I ſaid to ſomebody, when I was laſt in *Ireland*, who talked to me of the advantage and felicity I had in the familiarity of great miniſters, that it was well enough while it continued a vanity; but as ſoon as it ceaſed to be a vanity, it began to be a vexation of ſpirit. I have ſome thoughts of paſſing this winter at the *Bath*, becauſe my health requireth it, and becauſe I ſhall then be at a pretty equal diſtance from the factions on both ſides the water; for it is not impoſſible your grace may have a warm winter.

I have had ſome letters, particularly from Dr. *Synge* and Mr. Archdeacon *Walls*, about my being prolocutor. I have this poſt writ my thoughts upon that ſubject to Mr. *Walls*; and, to ſave you the trouble, have deſired him to communicate them to your grace. Our elections for the city ſtill continue: I was this afternoon at *Guild-hall*. I find three of the old members; and *Withers*, who is the loweſt, telleth me, he doth not deſpair of carrying it for himſelf. There is abundance of artifice (to give it the ſofteſt word) uſed on both ſides.

I came yeſterday from *Windſor*, where I ſaw the queen in very good health, which ſhe findeth there

more than any where elſe, and I believe will hardly remove until *December*. I believe my lord lieutenant [*g*] will be landed before this letter cometh to your hands: he is the fineſt gentleman we have, and of an excellent underſtanding and capacity for buſineſs: if I were with your grace, I would ſay more; but leave it to your own ſagacity.

I will only venture to ſay one thing relating to *Ireland*, becauſe I believe it will be of uſe that your grace ſhould know it. If your houſe of commons ſhould run into any violences diſagreeable to us here, it will be of the worſt conſequences imaginable to that kingdom: for I know no maxim more ſtrongly maintained at preſent in our court, than that her majeſty ought to exert her power to the utmoſt upon any uneaſineſſes given on your ſide to herſelf or her ſervants: neither can I anſwer, that even the legiſlative power here may not take cognizance of any thing that may paſs among you in oppoſition to the perſons and principles that are now favoured by the queen. Perhaps I am gone too far; and therefore ſhall end, without any ceremony,

Your Grace's *&c*

Direct to me under cover to *Eraſmus Lewis*, Eſq; at Mr. Secretary *Bromley's* office at *Whitehall*.

[*g*] *Charles Talbot*, duke of *Shrewſbury*, earl of *Waterford* and *Wexford*.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

London, Oct. [or *Dec.*] 31, 1713.

My Lord,

YOUR grace's letter, which I received but laſt poſt, is of an earlier date than what have ſince arrived. We have received the addreſs for removing the chancellor [*b*], and the counter addreſſes from the lords and convocation; and you will know, before this reacheth you, our ſentiments of them here. I am at a loſs what to ſay in this whole affair. When I writ to you before, I dropt a word on purpoſe for you to take notice of; that our court ſeemed reſolved to be very firm in their reſolutions about *Ireland*. I think it impoſſible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different ſcheme of politicks. The controverſy with the city I am not maſter of: it took its riſe before I ever concerned myſelf in the affairs of *Ireland*, further than to be an inſtrument of doing ſome ſervices to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my lord, the queſtion with us here is, whether there was a neceſſity that the other party ſhould be a majority? There was put into my hands a liſt of your houſe of commons by ſome who know the kingdom well:

[*b*] Sir *Conſtantine Phipps*, lord high chancellor of *Ireland*.

I deſired

I desired they would (as they often do here) set a mark on the names of those who would be for the ministry, who I found amounted to one hundred and forty-three, which I think comes within an equality: twenty names besides they could not determine upon; so that, suppose eight to be of the same side, there would be a majority by one: but besides, we reckon that the first number, one hundred and forty-three, would easily rise to a great majority, by the influence of the government, if that had been thought fit. This is demonstration to us; for the government there hath more influence than the court here; and yet our court carried it for many years against a natural majority, and a much greater one. I shall not examine the reasons among you for proceeding otherwise; but your grace will find that we are determined upon the conclusion, which is, that *Ireland* must proceed on the same foot with *England*. I am of opinion, my lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the whig party in both kingdoms, than their manner of proceeding in your house of commons. It will confirm the crown and ministry that there can be no safety, while those people are able to give disturbance; and indeed the effects it hath already produced here are hardly to be believed: neither do we here think it worth our while to be opposed and encourage our enemies only for 70,000*l.* a year; to supply which it may not be hard to find other expedients; and, when there shall be occasion for a parliament, we are confident

a new

a new one may be called, with a majority of men in the intereſt of the queen and church; for, when the preſent majority pretends to regard either, we look upon ſuch profeſſions to ſignify no more than if they were penned by my lord *Wharton*, or Mr. *Moleſworth* [*i*]. I have ſuffered very much for my tenderneſs to ſome perſons of that party, which I ſtill preſerve; but I believe it will not be long in my power to ſerve thoſe who may want it. It would be endleſs to recount to your grace the reproaches that have been made me, on account of your neighbour.

It is but true, my lord, we do not care to be troubled with the affairs of *Ireland*; but, there being no war, nor meeting of parliament, we have leiſure at preſent: beſides, we look on ourſelves as touched in the tendereſt part. We know the whig party are preparing to attack us next ſeſſions, and their prevailing in *Ireland* would, we think, be a great ſtrength and encouragement to them here: beſides, our remiſſneſs would diſhearten our friends, and make them think we acted a trimming game. There are ſome things which we much wonder at, as they are repreſented: the addreſs for removing the chancellor is grounded upon two facts; in the former of which he was only concerned with ſeveral others. The criminal was poor and penitent; and a *nolli proſequi* was no illegal thing. As to *Moore's* buſineſs, the chancellor's

[*i*] Created lord viſcount *Moleſworth*, by king *George* I.

ſpeech

ſpeech on that occaſion hath been tranſmitted hither, and ſeemeth to clear him from the imputation of pre-judging. Another thing we wonder at is, to find the commons in their votes approve the ſending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they ſay, look monſtrous in *England*.

Your grace ſeemeth to think they would not break on money matters; but we are taught another opinion, that they will not paſs the great bill until they have ſatisfaction about the chancellor; and what the conſequence of that will be I ſuppoſe you may gueſs from what you know by this time.

My lord, we can judge no otherwiſe here than by the repreſentations made to us. I ſincerely look upon your grace to be maſter of as much wiſdom and ſagacity as any perſon I have known; and, from my particular reſpect to you and your abilities, ſhall never preſume to cenſure your proceedings, until I am fully apprized of the matter. Your grace is looked upon here as altogether in the other party, which I do not allow when it is ſaid to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reaſon and conſcience; and whoever does that will, in public management, often differ as well from one ſide as another.

As to myſelf, I take *Ireland* to be the worſt place to be in while the parliament ſits; and probably I may think the ſame of *England* in a month or two. I have few obligations (further than perſonal

ſonal friendſhip and civilities) to any party: I have nothing to aſk for but a little money to pay my debts, which I doubt they never will give me; and, wanting wiſdom to judge better, I follow thoſe who, I think, are moſt for preſerving the church and ſtate, without examining whether they do ſo from a principle of virtue or of intereſt.

LETTER XXXV.

Dublin, Nov. 13, 1716.

My Lord,

THE reaſon I never gave your grace the trouble of a letter was, becauſe it could only be a trouble without either entertainment or uſe; for I am ſo much out even of this little world, that I know not the commoneſt occurrences in it; neither do I now write to your grace upon any ſort of buſineſs, for I have nothing to aſk but your bleſſing and favourable thoughts; only I conceived it ought not to be ſaid, that your grace was ſeveral months abſent in *England*, without one letter from the dean to pay his reſpects. My ſchemes are all circumſcribed by the cathedral, and the liberties about it; where nothing of moment happened ſince your grace left it, except the election of Mr. *Chamberlain* to St. *Nicholas*,

which paſſed quietly while I was abſent in the country. I am purchaſing a glebe, by the help of the truſtees, for the vicarage of *Laracor*; and I had vanity enough to deſire it might be expreſſed by a clauſe in the deeds, as one conſideration, that I had been inſtrumental in procuring the firſt fruits; which was accordingly inſerted; but hints were given it would not paſs. The then biſhops of *Oſſory* and *Killaloe* had, as I am told, a ſum of money for their labour in that affair; who, upon my arrival at *London* to negotiate it, were one of them gone to *Bath*, and the other to *Ireland:* but it ſeemeth more reaſonable to give biſhops money for doing nothing, than a private gentleman thanks for ſucceeding where biſhops have failed. I am only ſorry I was not a biſhop, that I might at leaſt have got money. The tory clergy here ſeem ready for converſion, provoked by a parcel of obſcure zealots in *London*, who, as we hear, are ſetting up a new church of *England* by themſelves. By our intelligence, it ſeemeth to be a complication of as much folly, madneſs, hypocriſy, and miſtake, as ever was offered to the world. If it be underſtood ſo on your ſide, I cannot but think there would be a great opportunity of regaining the body of the clergy to the intereſt of the court: who, if they were perſuaded by a few good words to throw off their fears, could never think of the pretender without horror, under whom it is obvious that thoſe refiners would have the greateſt credit, and conſequently every thing be null ſince the time of the Revolution, and

and more havock made in a few months, than the moſt deſponding among the tories can juſtly apprehend from the preſent management in as many years. Theſe at leaſt are, as I am told, the thoughts and reaſonings of the high-church people among us: but whether a court, in the midſt of ſtrength and ſecurity, will conceive it worth their while to cultivate the diſpoſitions of people in the duſt, is out of my reach.

The biſhop of *Dromore* hath never been in town ſince he went to his dioceſe, nor doth he ſay any thing of coming up. He is in good health.

I was told a week or two ago a confuſed ſtory of the anatomy lecturer at the college turned out by the provoſt [*k*], and another put in his place. I know not the particulars; but am aſſured he is blamed for it both by the prince and your grace. I take the provoſt to be a very honeſt gentleman, perfectly good-natured, and the leaſt inclined to ſpeak ill of others of almoſt any perſon I have known. He hath very good intentions; but the defect ſeemeth to be, that his views are ſhort, various, and ſudden; and I have reaſon to think, he hardly ever maketh uſe of any other counſellor than himſelf. I talked to him of this matter ſince it was done, and I think his anſwers ſatisfied me; but I am an ill retainer of facts wherein I have no concern: my humble opinion is, that it would be much to his own eaſe, and of theirs who diſ-

[[*k*] Rev. Dr. *Pratt*, afterwards dean of *Down*.

like

like him, if he were put into another ſtation; and if you will not afford him a biſhoprick, that you will let him ſucceed ſome rich country dean. I dare be confident that the provoſt had no other end in changing that lecturer than a deſign of improving anatomy as far as he could; for he would never have made ſuch a ſtep as chuſing the prince [*l*] chancellor, but from a reſolution of keeping as fair as he poſſibly could with the preſent powers, in regard both to his eaſe and his intereſt; and in hopes of changing a poſt, wherein, to ſay the truth, he hath been uſed by judges and governors like any dog, and hath ſuffered more by it in his health and honour than I, with his patrimonial eſtate, would think it were worth. Here hath been one *Whittingham*, in an ordination ſermon, calling the clergy a thouſand dumb dogs, and treating epiſcopacy as bad as *Boyſe* [*m*]; yet no notice at all ſhall be taken of this, unleſs to his advantage upon the next vacant biſhoprick; and wagers are laid already, whether he or one *Monk* will be the man. But I forget myſelf; and therefore ſhall only add, that I am, with the greateſt reſpect and truth,

My Lord,
Your Grace's moſt dutiful
and moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

[*l*] *George* prince of *Wales*, afterwards king *George* II.

[*m*] An eminent diſſenting teacher, miniſter of *Wood-ſtreet* meeting-houſe in *Dublin*, who wrote ſeveral tracts in favour of diſſenters.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

Trim, Dec. 22, 1716.

My Lord,

I HAVE been here some days, to finish the purchase of a glebe for my country parish. I prevailed on a gentleman to alienate twenty acres for 200 *l.* to be had from the trustees of the first fruits. He then sets me twenty-three acres more for 999 years. Upon these last twenty acres, I am, by agreement, to lay out the said 200 *l.* in building, and to give the gentleman immediately 55 *l.* out of my pocket, and to pay him 14 *l. per ann.* for ever; which is near the value of the whole forty acres; these last twenty acres, after I have built and improved, I design to leave my successors [*n*]; who will then have forty acres of good glebe, with house, gardens, *&c.* for 14 *l. per ann.* I reckon to lay out of my own money about 250 *l.* and so to be an humble imitator of your grace, *longo intervallo*. This expedient was a project of Dr. *Raymond*, minister of this town, to deal with a *Jew*, who would not lessen his rent-roll to save all the churches in Christendom. Dr. *Coghill*, and every body else, approves the thing; since it is a good bargain to the church, a better to the

[*n*] See the author's will, Vol. XII. p. 275.

gentleman, and only a bad one to myſelf; and I hope your grace will have the ſame thoughts.

Since I came down here, I received the honour of a large, and therefore an agreeable letter, from your grace, of *November* 22. I have reaſon to think myſelf hardly dealt with by thoſe of the ſide in power, who will not think I deſerve any place in your good thoughts; when they cannot but know, that, while I was near the late miniſtry, I was a common advocate for thoſe they call the whigs, to a degree, that a certain great miniſter told me, I had always a whig in my ſleeve; neither did I ever fail to interpoſe in any caſe of merit or compaſſion, by which means ſeveral perſons in *England*, and ſome in this kingdom, kept their employments, for I cannot remember my lord *Oxford* ever refuſed me a requeſt of that kind. And for the reſt, your grace may very well remember, that I had the honour of correſponding with you, during the whole period, with ſome degree of confidence: becauſe I know your grace had wiſhed the ſame things, but differed only in opinion about the hands that ſhould effect them. It was on account of this conduct, that certain warm creatures of this kingdom, then in *London*, and not unknown to your grace, had the aſſurance to give me broad hints that I was providing againſt a change; and I obſerve thoſe very men are now the moſt careful of all others to creep as far as they can out of harm's way.

The

The ſyſtem of new zealots, which your grace extracted, muſt be very ſuitable to my principles, who was always a whig in politicks. I have been told, that, upon the death of the laſt non-juring biſhop, *Dodwell* and his followers thought the ſchiſm at an end. My notion was, that theſe people began to ſet up again, upon deſpair of their cauſe by the rebellion [o] being brought to an end; elſe their politicks are, if poſſible, worſe than their divinity. Upon the whole, it is clear, that the game is entirely in the hands of the king and his miniſters; and I am extremely glad of your grace's opinion, that it will be played as it ought: or, if we muſt ſuffer for a name, however, I had rather be devoured by a lion than a rat.

That maxim of the injuring perſon never forgiving the perſon injured, is, I believe, true in particulars, but not of communities. I cannot but ſuppoſe that the clergy thought there were ſome hardſhips and grounds for fears, otherwiſe they muſt be very wicked, or very mad; to ſay more, would be to enter into diſpute upon a party ſubject: a dog or a horſe knoweth when he is kindly treated: and beſides, a wiſe adminiſtration will endeavour to remove the vain, as well as the real, fears of thoſe they govern.

I ſaw the provoſt yeſterday in this neighbourhood, and had ſome little talk with him upon the

[o] The rebellion in *Scotland*, in the year 1715, in favour of the pretender.

occaſion of the biſhop of *Killaloe's* death; I believe he would accept of the deanry of *Derry*, if Dr. *Bolton* the dean ſhould be promoted; but I ſaid nothing of it to him; I beleive he hath wrote to Mr. *Molyneaux* [*p*]. I find, ſince he cannot be truſted with a biſhoprick, that he deſires to leave his ſtation with as good a grace as he can; and that it may not be thought that what he ſhall get is only to get rid of him. I ſaid in general, that ſuch a circumſtance, as things ſtood, was hardly worth the quiet of a man's whole life; and ſo we parted, only with telling him I intended to write to your grace, in anſwer to a letter I had from you.

LETTER XXXVII.

London, March 9, 1716-17.

My Lord,

I HAD yeſterday the honour of a letter from your grace, wherein you firſt mention Mr. *Duncan's* accident, who, as it falls out, is quite recovered, and they ſay is ſince better of his *aſthma*: I believe, whenever he dieth, I ſhall be in ſome difficulties, although I am wholly indifferent who may ſucceed him, provided he may be a deſerving

[*p*] *Samuel Molyneaux*, Eſq; a gentleman of great abilities and large property in *Ireland*, ſecretary to the prince of *Wales*, chancellor of the univerſity of *Dublin*.

perſon;

perſon; unleſs I might ſay, that my inclinations are a litttle turned to oblige Mr. *Dopping* [*q*], on account of his brother, for whom I have always had a very great eſteem. It will be impoſſible for me to carry any point againſt that great majority of the chapter, who are ſure to oppoſe me whenever party interferes: and in thoſe caſes I ſhall be very ready to change my nomination, only chuſing thoſe I leaſt diſlike among ſuch as they will conſent to: wherein, I hope, I ſhall have your grace's approbation.

About a week ago, I wrote to your grace in relation to the provoſt [*r*]. My lord biſhop of *Dromore*, Dr *Coghill*, and I, were yeſterday uſing our rhetorick to no purpoſe.—The topick he perpetually adheres to is, that the court offers him a deanry, becauſe they look upon him as a man they cannot truſt; which, he ſays, affecteth his reputation: that he profeſſeth to be as true to the preſent king, as any perſon in employment: that he hath always ſhewn himſelf ſo: that he was ſacrifiſed by the tories in the late reign, on account of the diſpute in the *College* and other matters: that he publicly argues and appears againſt the ſame party now, upon all occaſions; and expecteth as little favour from them, if ever they ſhould come into power, as any man now in employment. As to any hints dropped to him of any danger or

[*q*] Dr. *Anthony Dopping*, afterwards biſhop of *Oſſory*.
[*r*] Dr. *Pratt*.

uneaſineſs from parliament or viſitation, he declareth himſelf perfectly ſafe and eaſy; and if it might not affect the ſociety, he ſhould be glad of ſuch enquiries, in order to vindicate himſelf: that he ſhould like the deanry of *Down* full as well, and perhaps better, than the biſhoprick of *Dromore*, provided the deanry was given him in ſuch a manner, and with ſome mark of favour and approbation, that the world would not think he was driven into it as a man whom the king could not truſt; and if any ſuch method could be thought on, he would readily accept it: that he is very ſenſible he ſhould be much happier in the other ſtation, and much richer, and, which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the preſent intereſt of the *College* to be under another head: but that the ſenſe of his own loſs of credit prevails with him above all conſiderations; and that he hopeth in ſome time to convince the world, and the court too, that he hath been altogether miſrepreſented.

This is the ſum of his reaſoning, by all I could gather after ſeveral converſations with him, both alone and with ſome of his beſt friends, who all differ from him, as he allows moſt of his acquaintance do. I am no judge of what conſequence his removal may be to the ſervice of the *College*, or of any favours to be ſhewn it. But, I believe, it would be no difficult matter to find a temper in this affair: for inſtance (I ſpeak purely my own thoughts) if the prince would graciouſly pleaſe to

ſend

fend a favourable meſſage by his ſecretary, to offer him the deanry, in ſuch a manner as might anſwer the *Provoſt's* difficulty. I cannot but think your grace might bring ſuch a thing about: but that I humbly leave to your grace.

My lord biſhop of *Dromore* received letters yeſterday from your grace, and the biſhop of *Derry*, with an account of his ſucceeding to *Clogher*, of which I am ſure all parties will be exceeding glad.

I wiſh your grace a good journey to the *Bath*, and a firm eſtabliſhment of your health there. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Not knowing but your grace might be gone to the *Bath*, I have mentioned ſomething of the *Provoſt's* affairs, in a letter this poſt, to my lord biſhop of *Derry*.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dublin, March 22, 1717.

My Lord,

YOUR grace's letter was a long time before it reached me; for I was several weeks in the country, dispatching the affair of the glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finished. Your grace doth rightly conceive the nature of my purchase, and that I am likely to be 200 *l.* poorer for it; only I shall endeavour to lose by degrees, which is all I have for it. I shall endeavour, as much as I can, to prevent the evil you foresee of my successors neglecting my improvements, and letting them all go to ruin. I shall take the best advice I can, and leave them to be fools as well as knaves if they do so; for I shall make so many plantations and hedges, that the land will let for double the value; and, after all, I must leave something to fortune.

As to what your grace mentions of a practice in the late reign, of engaging people to come into the queen's measures, I have a great deal to say on that subject, not worth troubling you with at present, further than that I am confident those who pretend to say most it, are conscious their accusation is wrong: but I never love myself so little as when I differ

I differ from your grace; nor do I believe I ever shall do it, but where I am master of the fact, and your grace hath it only by report.

I have been speaking much to the provost about the deanry of *Derry*, or whatever other employment, under a bishoprick, may be designed him upon these promotions. I find Dr. *Coghill* [s] hath been upon the subject with him, but he is absolutely positive to take nothing less at present; and his argument is, that whatever shall be given him now, beneath the station his predecessors were called to, will be a mark of his lying under the displeasure of the court, and that he is not to be trusted; whereas he looketh upon himself to have acted with principles as loyal to the present government, as any the king employs. He doth not seem to dislike either the deanries of *Derry* or *Down*, but is persuaded it will reflect upon his reputation; and, unless it could be contrived that he might have some mark of favour and approbation along with such a preferment, I believe your grace may be assured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he says to me, and what I believe he will adhere to.

For my own part, who am not so refined, I gave my opinion that he should take what was given him; but his other friends differ from me, and,

[s] *Marmaduke Coghill*, LL. D. judge of the prerogative court, afterwards a privy counsellor, a commissioner of the exchequer and of the revenue.

for

for aught I kknow, they may be in the right; and if the court thinketh it of conſequence that the preſent provoſt ſhould be removed, I am not ſure but a way may be found out of ſaving his credit, which is all he ſeemeth to require; although I am confident, that, if he were a biſhop, the government might be very ſecure of him, ſince he ſeemeth wholly fallen out with the *tories*, and the *tories* with him; and I do not know any man, who, in common converſation, talketh with more zeal for the preſent eſtabliſhment, and againſt all oppoſers of it, than he. The only thing he deſireth at preſent in his diſcourſing with me is, That no propoſal of a deanry ſhould be made at all to him, but that he may go on as he is until further judgment ſhall be made of him by his future conduct.

I thought it proper to ſay thus much to your grace, becauſe I did not know whether you and he perfectly underſtood each other.

I hear your grace intends this ſpring for the *Bath*. I ſhall pray, for the good of the church, that you may then eſtabliſh your health. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

Among

Among other things, the provoſt argued, that Dr. *Foſter* was promoted to a biſhoprick from being a fellow; and therefore he muſt conclude, that offering him a leſs preferment is a mark of diſpleaſure; with which circumſtance he is determined not to leave his preſent ſtation.

LETTER XXXIX.

Magherlyn, May 1, 1717.

My Lord,

YOUR grace's letter of *March* 23d was brought to me at *Trim*, where I went a month ago to finiſh my leaſe and purchaſe for my country pariſh. In ſome days after, I met my lord biſhop of *Clogher* at *Drogheda*, by appointment; we went together to *Clogher*, where he was enthroned, and after three days came to this place, where his lordſhip is ſettling every thing againſt the coming of the new biſhop, who is expected here next week. My great buſineſs at *Clogher* was to ſeduce his lordſhip to lay out 2000*l.* in a new houſe, and for that end we rode about to find a ſituation. I know not whether I ſhall prevail; for he hath a hankering after making additions to the old one, which I will never conſent to, and had rather he would leave all to the generoſity of a ſucceſſor. My notion is, that when a biſhop

biſhop with good diſpoſitions happens to ariſe, it ſhould be every man's buſineſs to cultivate them. It is no ill age that produceth two ſuch; and therefore, if I had credit with your grace and his lordſhip, it ſhould be all employed in puſhing you both upon works of public good, without the leaſt mercy to your pains or your purſes. An expert tradeſman makes a few of his beſt cuſtomers anſwer not only for thoſe whom he gets little or nothing by, but for all who die in his debt.

I will ſuppoſe your grace hath heard of Mr. *Duncan's* death. I am ſure I have heard enough of it, by a great increaſe of diſintereſted correſpondents ever ſince. It is well I am at free coſt for board and lodging, elſe poſtage would have undone me. I have returned no anſwer to any; and ſhall be glad to proceed with your grace's approbation, which is leſs a compliment, becauſe I believe my chapter are of opinion I can hardly proceed without it. I deſire only two things; firſt, that thoſe who call themſelves my friends may have no reaſon to reproach me; and the ſecond, that, in the courſe of this matter, I may have ſomething to diſpoſe of to ſome one I wiſh well to.

Some weeks before Mr. *Duncan's* death, his brother-in-law Mr. *Lawſon*, miniſter of *Galtrim*, went for *England*, by Mr. *Duncan's* conſent, to apply for an adjoining living, called *Kilmore*, in *Duncan's* poſſeſſion, and now in the crown by his death. I know not his ſucceſs; but hearti-

ly wiſh, if it be intended for him, that the matter might take another turn: that Mr. *Warren*, who is landlord of *Galtrim*, might have that living, and *Kilmore* adjoining, both not 150 *l.* and Mr. *Lawſon* to go down to Mr. *Warren's* living, in *Clogher* diocese, worth above 200 *l.* But this is all at random, becauſe I know not whether *Kilmore* may not be already diſpoſed of, for I heard it is in your grace's turn.

I heard lately from the provoſt, who talked of being in the *North* in a month; but our *Dublin* account is, that they know not when the deanry is to be given him. I do not find any great joy in either party, on account of the perſon [*s*] who, it is ſuppoſed, will ſucceed him. The wrong cuſtom of making that poſt the next ſtep to a biſhopriek hath been, as your grace ſays, of ill conſequence; and altho', as you add, it gives them no rank, yet they think fit to take it, and make no ſcruple of preceding, on all occaſions, the beſt private clergyman in the kingdom, which is a trifle of great conſequence when a man's head is poſſeſſed with it.

I pray God preſerve your grace, for the good of the church and the learned world; and for the happineſs of thoſe whom you are pleaſed to honour with your friendſhip, favour, or

[*s*] Dr. *Richard Baldwin*, who died in *September*, 1759.

protection.

protection. I beg your grace's bleſſing; and remain, with the greateſt truth and reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XL.

Gallſtown, near *Kinnegad*, *Sept.* 28, 1719.

My Lord,

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the firſt inſtant; and, although I thought it my duty to be the laſt writer in correſponding with your grace, yet I know you are ſo punctual, that if I ſhould write ſooner, it would only be the occaſion of giving you a new trouble before it ought in conſcience to be put upon you. Beſides, I was in pain that your letter of *Sept.* 1, was not the firſt you had writ, becauſe, about ten days after, a friend ſent me word, that your grace ſaid you had writ to me ſix weeks before, and had no anſwer; whereas I can aſſure your grace that I received but one from you; nor had I reaſon to expect it, having

ing not done myself the honour to write to you before. I will tell you the secret of dating my letter: I was in fear left the post should be gone, and so left a blank, and wisely huddled it up without thinking of the date; but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders; and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

I believe you seriously, that you will take care of your health, to prevent a successor: that is to say, I believe you tell truth in jest; for I know it is not the value of life that makes you desire to live, and am afraid the world is much of your mind; for it is out of regard to the publick or some of themselves, more than upon your own account, that they wish your continuance amongst us.

It seems you are a greater favourite of the lieutenant's [*t*] than you care to own; for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and sent you a present of one.

I hear you are like to be the sole opposer of the Bank [*u*]: and you will certainly miscarry, because it would prove a most perfidious thing. Bankrupts are always for setting up banks: how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houses?

You are very perverse, my lord, in misinterpreting the ladies favour, as if you must die to

[*t*] *Charles* duke of *Grafton*.

[*u*] At this time there was a scheme for a national Bank, which was rejected by parliament.

obtain

obtain it; I assure you it is directly contrary; and, if you die, you will lose their favour for ever: I am commanded to tell you so; and therefore, at the peril of your life and of their good graces, look to your health.

I hear the bishop of *Bangor* [x], despairing of doing any good with you, hath taken up with *Hereford*. I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to see fifty such bishops hanged, if I could thereby have saved the life of his predecessor, for whom I had a great esteem and friendship. I do not much approve the compliments made you by comparisons drawn from good and bad emperors, because the inference falls short on both sides. If *Julian* had immediately succeeded *Constantine*, it would have been more to the purpose. Sir *James* of the *Peak* said to *Bouchier*, the gamester, "Sirrah, I "shall look better than you, when I have been a "month in my grave." A great man in *England* was blaming me for despising somebody or other; I assured him I did not at all despise the man he mentioned; that I was not so liberal of my contempt; nor would bestow it where there was not some degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can see no proper ground of opposition between your grace and that wretch of *Bangor*. I have read indeed, that a dog was once made king of *Norway*, but I forget who was his predecessor;

[x] Dr. *Benjamin Hoadley*.

and

and therefore am at a loſs for the other part of the compariſon.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies tongues is no very good cure for a giddineſs in the head. When your grace (as you ſay) was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more eaſily pleaſed. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence (but my paper will not hold all [*y*]); except lady *Betty Rochfort*, your old acquaintance.

I own, my head and your grace's feet would be ill joined; but give me your head and take my feet, and match us in the kingdom if you can.

My lord, I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a poſt-boy, and find ſome little ſucceſs; but *ſubeunt morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus.* I have a receipt to which you are a ſtranger; my lord *Oxford* and Mr. *Prior* uſed to join with me in taking it; to whom I often ſaid, when we were two hours diverting ourſelves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle.* I am ſo deep among the workmen at Mr. *Rochfort's* canals and lakes, ſo dextrous at the oar, ſuch an alderman after the hare———

I am juſt now told from ſome news-papers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. *Prior*, is dead; I pray God deliver me from any ſuch trials. I am neither old nor philoſopher enough to be indifferent at ſo great a loſs;

[*y*]----- Quæ plurima menti
Fœmineæ natura dedit.

and therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and obedient ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XLI.

My Lord,

MR. *Chetwood* [z] intends to deliver in a petition to the government to day, and entreated me to ſpeak to your grace before he delivered it; which not having an opportunity to do, I make bold to incloſe this letter, which your grace may pleaſe to read; and is the ſubſtance of what he deſired me to ſay. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

Deanry-houſe,
Feb. 22,, 1722-3.

J SWIFT.

[z] *Knightly Chetwood,* Eſq; who had very good pretenſions to an *Engliſh* peerage; for which he preſented ſeveral memorials; but to no purpoſe.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

My Lord,

YOUR grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the primate's death [*a*], who died yesterday at twelve a'clock at noon. He had left off spitting for about ten days before; and the want of that is thought to have been the immediate cause of his death, although he eat heartily until the two last days. He had left the bishop of *Kildare* [*b*], and his steward Mr. *Morgan*, his executors, who were both out of town; but I suppose are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left 40,000*l.* others report he died poor.

The vogue is, that your grace will succeed him, if you please; but I am too great a stranger to your present situation at court to know what to judge. But, if there were virtue enough, I could wish your grace would accept the offer, if it should be made you. Because I would have your name left to posterity among the primates; and because entering into a new station is entering, after a sort, on a new lease of life; and because it might be be hoped, that your grace would be advised with

[*a*] Dr. *Lindsay*, who was succeeded by Dr. *Boulter*, bishop of *Bristol*.

[*b*] Dr. *Ellis*,

about a ſucceſſor; and becauſe that dioceſe would require your grace's ability and ſpirit to reform it; and becauſe——but I ſhould never be at an end if I were to number up the reaſons why I would have your grace in the higheſt ſtations the crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet relating to Dr. *Stephen's* hoſpital, and therefore I brought them home to the deanry. I opened the cabinet in the preſence of Mr. *Bouchereau* [*c*], and ſaw one paper, which proved a bank note for 500 *l.* The greatneſs of the ſum ſtartled me, but I found it belonged to the ſame hoſpital; I was in pain, becauſe workmen were in the room and about the houſe. I therefore went this morning to St. *Sepulcher's*; and, in the preſence of Mrs. *Green* [*d*], I took away the note, and have ſecured it in my cabinet, leaving her my receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a ſcrip under my hand will paſs for 500 *l.* I wiſh your grace a good journey to the eſtabliſhment of your health; and am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

Dublin,
July 14, 1724. JON. SWIFT.

[*c*] A *French* clergyman.
[*d*] The archbiſhop's houſe-keeper.

THE

DIFFICULTY

OF

KNOWING ONE'S SELF.

2 KINGS viii. Part of the 13th Verse.

And Hazael said, But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?

WE have a very signal instance of the deceitfulness of the heart, represented to us in the person of *Hazael*; who was sent to the prophet *Elisha*, to enquire of the Lord, concerning his master the king of *Syria's* recovery. For the man of God, having told him that the king might recover from the disorder he was then labouring under, began to set and fasten his countenance upon him of a sudden, and to break out into the most violent expressions of sorrow, and a deep concern for it; whereupon, when *Hazael*, full of shame and confusion, asked, *Why weepeth my Lord?* he answered, *Because I know all the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel; their strong holds*

wilt thou ſet on fire, and their young men wilt thou ſlay with the ſword, and wilt daſh their children, and rip up their women with child. Thus much did the man of God ſay and know of him, by a light darted into his mind from heaven. But *Hazael*, not knowing himſelf ſo well as the other did, was ſtartled and amazed at the relation, and would not believe it poſſible, that a man of his temper could ever run out into ſuch enormous inſtances of cruelty and inhumanity. *What*, ſays he, *is thy ſervant a dog, that he ſhould do this great thing?*

And yet, for all this, it is highly probable, that he was then that man, he could not imagine himſelf to be; for we find him, on the very next day after his return, in a very treacherous and diſloyal manner, murdering his own maſter, and uſurping his kingdom; which was but a prologue to the ſad tragedy which he afterwards acted upon the people of *Iſrael*.

And now the caſe is but very little better with moſt men, than it was with *Hazael*; however it cometh to paſs, they are wonderfully unacquainted with their own temper and diſpoſition, and know very little of what paſſeth within them: for, of ſo many proud, ambitious, revengeful, envying, and ill-natured perſons that are in the world, where there is one of them, who, although he hath all the ſymptoms of the vice appearing upon every occaſion, can look with ſuch an impartial eye upon himſelf, as to believe that the imputation thrown upon him is not altogether groundleſs

and

and unfair? who, if he were told, by men of a discerning spirit and a strong conjecture, of all the evil and absurd things which that false heart of his would at one time or other betray him into, would not believe as little, and wonder as much, as *Hazael* did before him? Thus for instance; tell an angry person, that he is weak and impotent, and of no consistency of mind; tell him, that such or such a little accident, which he may then despise and think much below a passion, shall hereafter make him say and do several absurd, indiscreet, and misbecoming things: he may perhaps own that he hath a spirit of resentment within him, that will not let him be imposed on; but he fondly imagines, that he can lay a becoming restraint upon it when he pleaseth, although it is ever running away with him into some indecency or other.

Therefore, to bring the words of my text to our present occasion, I shall endeavour, in a further prosecution of them, to evince the great necessity of a nice and curious inspection into the several recesses of the heart, being the surest and the shortest method that a wicked man can take to reform himself: for let us but stop the fountain, and the streams will spend and waste themselves away in a very little time; but, if we go about, like children, to raise a bank, and to stop the current, not taking notice all the while of the spring which continually feedeth it, when the next flood of temptation riseth and breaketh in upon it, then we shall find that we have begun at the wrong end of

our duty; and that we are very little more the better for it, than if we had ſat ſtill, and made no advances at all.

But, in order to a clearer explanation of the point, I ſhall ſpeak to theſe following particulars,

Firſt, By endeavouring to prove, *from particular inſtances*, that man is generally the moſt ignorant creature in the world of himſelf.

Secondly, By enquiring into the grounds and reaſons of his ignorance.

Thirdly, and Laſtly, By propoſing ſeveral advantages, that *do moſt aſſuredly* attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourſelves.

Firſt, then, To prove that man is generally the moſt ignorant creature in the world of himſelf.

To purſue the heart of man through all the inſtances of life, in all its ſeveral windings and turnings, and under that infinite variety of ſhapes and appearances which it putteth on, would be a difficult and almoſt impoſſible undertaking; ſo that I ſhall confine myſelf to ſuch as have a nearer reference to the preſent occaſion, and do, upon a cloſer view, ſhew themſelves through the whole buſineſs of repentance. For we all know what it is to repent; but whether he repenteth him truly of his ſins or not, who can know it?

Now

Now the great duty of repentance is chiefly made up of these two parts, a hearty sorrow for the follies and miscarriages of the time past, and a full purpose and resolution of amendment for the time to come. And now, to shew the falseness of the heart in both these parts of repentance: And,

First, As to a hearty sorrow for the sins and miscarriages of the time past. Is there a more usual thing than for a man to impose upon himself, by putting on a grave and demure countenance, by casting a severe look into his past conduct, and making some few pious and devout reflexions upon it; and then to believe that he hath repented to an excellent purpose, without ever letting it step forth into practice, and shew itself in a holy conversation? Nay, some persons do carry the deceit a little higher; who, if they can but bring themselves to weep for their sins, are then full of an ill-grounded confidence and security; never considering, that all this may prove to be no more than the very garb and outward dress of a contrite heart, which another heart, as hard as the nether mill-stone, may as well put on. For tears and sighs, however in some persons they may be decent and commendable expressions of a godly sorrow, are neither necessary nor infallible signs of a true and unfeigned repentance. Not necessary, because sometimes, and in some persons, the inward grief and anguish of the mind may be too big to be expressed by so little a thing as a tear, and then it turneth its edge inwards upon the mind; and, like those

thoſe wounds of the body which bleed inwardly, generally proves the moſt fatal and dangerous to the whole body of ſin: Not infallible, becauſe a very ſmall portion of ſorrow may make ſome tender diſpoſitions melt, and break out into tears; or a man may perhaps weep at parting with his ſins, as he would bid the laſt farewell to an old friend.

But there is ſtill a more pleaſant cheat in this affair, that when we find a deadneſs, and a ſtrange kind of unaptneſs and indiſpoſition to all impreſſions of religion, and that we cannot be as truly ſorry for our ſins as we ſhould be, we then pretend to be ſorry that we are not more ſorry for them; which is not more abſurd and irrational, than that a man ſhould pretend to be very angry at a thing, becauſe he did not know how to be angry at all.

But, after all, what is wanting in this part of repentance, we expect to make up in the next; and to that purpoſe we put on a reſolution of amendment, which we take to be as firm as a houſe built upon a rock; ſo that, let the floods ariſe, and the winds blow, and the ſtreams beat vehemently upon it, nothing ſhall ſhake it into ruin or diſorder. We doubt not, upon the ſtrength of this reſolve, to ſtand faſt and unmoved amidſt the ſtorm of a temptation; and do firmly believe, at the time we make it, that nothing in the world will ever be able to make us commit thoſe ſins over again, which we have ſo firmly reſolved againſt.

Thus

Thus many a time have we come to the ſacrament of the Lord's Supper, with a full purpoſe of amendment, and with as full a perſuaſion of putting that ſame purpoſe into practice; and yet have we not all as often broke that purpoſe, and falſified that ſame perſuaſion, by ſtarting aſide, like a broken bow, into thoſe very ſins, which we then ſo ſolemnly and ſo confidently declared againſt?

Whereas had but any other perſon entered with us into a vow ſo ſolemn, that he had taken the Holy Sacrament upon it; I believe, had he but once deceived us by breaking in upon the vow, we ſhould hardly ever after be prevailed upon to truſt that man again, although we ſtill continue to truſt our own fears, againſt reaſon and againſt experience.

This indeed is a dangerous deceit enough, and will of courſe betray all thoſe well-meaning perſons into ſin and folly, who are apt to take religion for a much eaſier thing than it is: but this is not the only miſtake we are apt to run into; we do not only think ſometimes that we can do more than we can do, but ſometimes that we are incapable of doing leſs; an error of another kind indeed, but not leſs dangerous, ariſing from a diffidence and falſe humility. For how much a wicked man can do in the buſineſs of religion, if he would but do his beſt, is very often more than he can tell.

Thus nothing is more common than to ſee a wicked man running headlong into ſin and folly, againſt his reaſon, againſt his religion, and againſt his

his God. Tell him, that what he is going to do will be an infinite diſparagement to his underſtanding, which, at another time, he ſetteth no ſmall value upon; tell him, that it will blacken his reputation, which he had rather die for than loſe; tell him, that the pleaſure of ſin is ſhort and tranſient, and leaveth a vexatious kind of ſting behind it, which will very hardly be drawn forth; tell him, that this is one of thoſe things for which God will moſt ſurely bring him to judgement, which he pretendeth to believe with a full aſſurance and perſuaſion: and yet, for all this, he ſhutteth his eyes againſt all conviction, and ruſheth into the ſin, like a horſe into battle; as if he had nothing left to do, but, like a ſilly child, to wink hard, and to think to eſcape a certain and infinite miſchief, only by endeavouring not to ſee it.

And now, to ſhew that the heart hath given in a falſe report of the temptation, we may learn from this, that the ſame weak man would reſiſt and maſter the ſame powerful temptation, upon conſiderations of infinitely leſs value than thoſe which religion offereth; nay, ſuch vile conſiderations, that the grace of God cannot without blaſphemy be ſuppoſed to add any manner of force and efficacy to them. Thus, for inſtance, it would be an hard matter to dreſs up a ſin in ſuch ſoft and tempting circumſtances, that a truly covetous man would not reſiſt for a conſiderable ſum of money; when neither the hopes of heaven, nor the fears of hell, could make an impreſſion

upon

upon him before. But can any thing be a surer indication of the deceitfulness of the heart, than thus to shew more courage, resolution, and activity, in an ill cause, than it doth in a good one? and to exert itself to better purpose, when it is to serve its own pride, or lust, or revenge, or any other passion, than when it is to serve God upon motives of the gospel, and upon all the arguments that have ever been made use of to bring men over to religion and a good life? And thus, having shewn that man is wonderfully apt to deceive and impose upon himself, in passing through the several stages of that great duty, repentance; I proceed now, in the

Second place, To enquire into the grounds and reasons of this ignorance, *and to shew whence it cometh to pass that man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himself, should know so little of what passeth within him, and be so very much unacquainted even with the standing dispositions and complexion of his own heart.* The prime reason of it is, because we so very seldom converse with ourselves, and take so little notice of what passeth within us: for a man can no more know his own heart than he can know his own face, any other way than by reflexion: he may as well tell over every feature of the smaller portions of his face without the help of a looking-glass, as he can tell all the inward bents and tendencies of the soul, those standing features and lineaments of the inward man, and know all the various changes that

that this is liable to from cuſtom, from paſſion, and from opinion, without a very frequent uſe of looking within himſelf.

For our paſſions and inclinations are not always upon the wing, and always moving towards their reſpective objects; but retire now and then into the more dark and hidden receſſes of the heart, where they lay concealed for a while, until a freſh occaſion calls them forth again: ſo that not every tranſient, oblique, glance upon the mind can bring a man into a thorough knowledge of all its ſtrengths and weakneſſes; for a man may ſometimes turn the eye of the mind inward upon itſelf, as he may behold his natural face in a glaſs, and go away, *and ſtraight forget what manner of man he was.* But a man muſt rather ſit down and unravel every action of the paſt day into all its circumſtances and particularities, and obſerve how every little thing moved and affected him, and what manner of impreſſion it made upon his heart: this, done with that frequency and carefulneſs which the importance of the duty doth require, would, in a ſhort time, bring him into a nearer and intimate acquaintance with himſelf.

But when men, inſtead of this, do paſs away months and years in a perfect ſlumber of the mind, without once awaking it, it is no wonder they ſhould be ſo very ignorant of themſelves, and know very little more of what paſſeth within them, than the very beaſts which periſh. But here it may

not be amiss to enquire into the reasons why most men have so little conversation with themselves.

And *first*, Because this reflexion is a work and labour of the mind, and cannot be performed without some pain and difficulty: for, before a man can reflect upon himself, and look into his heart with a steady eye, he must contract his sight, and collect all his scattering and roving thoughts into some order and compass, that he may be able to take a clear and distinct view of them; he must retire from the world for a while, and be unattentive to all impressions of sense; and how hard and painful a thing must it needs be to a man of passion and infirmity, amidst such a crowd of objects that are continually striking upon the sense and soliciting the affections, not to be moved and interrupted by one or other of them! But,

Secondly, Another reason why we so seldom converse with ourselves is, because the business of the world taketh up all our time, and leaveth us no portion of it to spend upon this great work and labour of the mind. Thus twelve or fourteen years pass away before we can well discern good from evil; and of the rest so much goeth away in sleep, so much in the proper business of our callings, that we have none to lay out upon the more serious and religious employments. Every man's life is an imperfect sort of a circle, which he repeateth and runneth over every day; he hath a sett of thoughts, desires, and inclinations, which return upon him in their proper time and order, and will

will very hardly be laid aſide to make room for any thing new and uncommon: ſo that call upon him when you pleaſe to ſet about the ſtudy of his own heart, and you are ſure to find him pre-engaged; either he hath ſome buſineſs to do, or ſome diverſion to take, ſome acquaintance that he muſt viſit, or ſome company that he muſt entertain, or ſome croſs accident hath put him out of humour, and unfitted him for ſuch a grave employment. And thus it cometh to paſs, that a man can never find leiſure to look into himſelf, becauſe he doth not ſet apart ſome portion of the day for that very purpoſe, but fooliſhly deferreth from one day to another, until his glaſs is almoſt run out, and he is called upon to give a miſerable account of himſelf in the other world. But,

Thirdly, Another reaſon why a man doth not more frequently converſe with himſelf is, becauſe ſuch converſation with his own heart may diſcover ſome vice or ſome infirmity lurking within him, which he is very unwilling to believe himſelf guilty of. For can there be a more ungrateful thing to a man, than to find that, upon a nearer view, he is not that perſon he took himſelf to be? that he hath neither the courage, nor the honeſty, nor the piety, nor the humility, that he dreamed he had? that a very little pain, for inſtance, putteth him out of patience, and as little pleaſure ſofteneth and diſarmeth him into eaſe and wantonneſs? that he hath been at more pains, and labour, and coſt,

to

to be revenged of an enemy, than to oblige the beſt friend he hath in the world? that he cannot bring himſelf to ſay his prayers without a great deal of reluctancy; and, when he doth ſay them, the ſpirit and fervour of devotion evaporate in a very ſhort time; and he can ſcarcely hold out a prayer of ten lines, without a number of idle and impertinent, if not vain and wicked, thoughts coming into his head? Theſe are very unwelcome diſcoveries that a man may make of himſelf; ſo that it is no wonder that every one, who is already flushed with a good opinion of himſelf, ſhould rather ſtudy how to run away from it, than how to converſe with his own heart.

But further. If a man were both able and willing to retire into his own heart, and to ſet apart ſome portion of the day for that very purpoſe; yet he is ſtill diſabled from paſſing a fair and impartial judgment upon himſelf, by ſeveral difficulties, ariſing partly from prejudice and prepoſſeſſion, partly from the lower appetites and inclinations. And,

Firſt, That the buſineſs of prepoſſeſſion may lead and betray a man into a falſe judgment of his own heart. For we may obſerve, that the firſt opinion we take up of any thing, or any perſon, doth generally ſtick cloſe to us; the nature of the mind being ſuch, that it cannot but deſire, and conſequently endeavour, to have ſome certain principles to go upon, ſomething fixed and unmoveable, whereon it may reſt and ſupport itſelf. And hence it cometh to paſs, that ſome perſons are

with ſo much difficulty brought to think well of a man they have once entertained an ill opinion of; and, perhaps, that too for a very abſurd and unwarrantable reaſon. But how much more difficult then muſt it be for a man, who taketh up a fond opinion of his own heart long before he hath either years or ſenſe enough to underſtand it, either to be perſuaded out of it by himſelf, whom he loveth ſo well, or by another, whoſe intereſt or diverſion it may be to make him aſhamed of himſelf! Then,

Secondly, As to the difficulties ariſing from the inferior appetites and inclinations, let any man look into his own heart, and obſerve in how different a light, and under what different complexions, any two ſins of equal turpitude and malignity do appear to him, if he hath but a ſtrong inclination to the one, and none at all to the other. That which he hath an inclination to is always dreſſed up in all the falſe beauty that a fond and buſy imagination can give it; the other appeareth naked and deformed, and in all the true circumſtances of folly and diſhonour. Thus, Stealing is a vice that few gentlemen are inclined to; and they juſtly think it below the dignity of a man to ſtoop to ſo baſe and low a ſin; but no principle of honour, no workings of the mind and conſcience, not the ſtill voice of mercy, not the dreadful call of judgment, nor any conſiderations whatever, can put a ſtop to that Violence and Oppreſſion, that

that Pride and Ambition, that Revelling and Wantonneſs, which we every day meet with in the world. Nay, it is eaſy to obſerve very different thoughts in a man of the ſin that he is moſt fond of, according to the different ebbs and flows of his inclination to it. For, as ſoon as the appetite is alarmed, and ſeizeth upon the heart, a little cloud gathereth about the head, and ſpreadeth a kind of darkneſs over the face of the ſoul, whereby it is hindered from taking a clear and diſtinct view of things; but no ſooner is the appetite tired and ſatiated, but the ſame cloud *paſſeth away like a ſhadow*; and, a new light ſpringing up in the mind of a ſudden, the man ſeeth much more, both of the folly and of the danger of the ſin, than he did before.

And thus, having done with the ſeveral reaſons why man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himſelf, is ſo very ignorant of what paſſeth within him, and ſo much unacquainted with the ſtanding diſpoſitions and complexions of his own heart: I proceed now, in the

Third and *laſt* place, to lay down ſeveral advantages, that do, *moſt aſſuredly*, attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourſelves. And,

Firſt, One great advantage is, that it tendeth very much to mortify and humble a man into a modeſt and low opinion of himſelf. For, let a

man take a nice and curious inſpection into all the ſeveral regions of the heart, and obſerve every thing irregular and amiſs within him: for inſtance; how narrow and ſhort-ſighted a thing is the underſtanding! upon how little reaſon do we take up an opinion, and upon how much leſs ſometimes do we lay it down again! how weak and falſe ground do we often walk upon with the biggeſt confidence and aſſurance! and how tremulous and doubtful are we very often, where no doubt is to be made! Again: how wild and impertinent, how buſy and incoherent a thing is the imagination, even in the beſt and wiſeſt men; inſomuch, that every man may be ſaid to be mad, but every man doth not ſhew it! Then as to the paſſions; how noiſy, how turbulent, and how tumultuous are they! how eaſily are they ſtirred and ſet a going, how eager and hot in the purſuit, and what ſtrange diſorder and confuſion do they throw a man into; ſo that he can neither think, nor ſpeak, nor act, as he ſhould do, while he is under the dominion of any one of them!

Thus, let every man look with a ſevere and impartial eye into all the diſtinct regions of the heart, and, no doubt, ſeveral deformities and irregularities, that he never thought of, will open and diſcloſe themſelves upon ſo near a view; and rather make the man aſhamed of himſelf, than proud.

Secondly,

Secondly, A due improvement in the knowledge of ourſelves doth certainly ſecure us from the ſly and inſinuating aſſaults of flattery. There is not in the world a baſer and more hateful thing than flattery; it proceedeth from ſo much falſeneſs and inſincerity in the man that giveth it, and often diſcovereth ſo much weakneſs and folly in the man that taketh it, that it is hard to tell which of the two is moſt to be blamed. Every man of common ſenſe can demonſtrate in ſpeculation, and may be fully convinced, that all the praiſes and commendations of the whole world can add no more to the real and intrinſic value of a man, than they can add to his ſtature. And yet, for all this, men of the beſt ſenſe and piety, when they come down to the practice, cannot forbear thinking much better of themſelves, when they have the good fortune to be ſpoken well of by other perſons.

But the meaning of this abſurd proceeding ſeemeth to be no other than this; there are few men that have ſo intimate an acquaintance with their own hearts, as to know their own real worth, and how to ſet a juſt rate upon themſelves; and therefore they do not know but that he who praiſes them moſt may be moſt in the right of it. For, no doubt, if a man were ignorant of the true value of a thing he loved as well as himſelf, he would meaſure the worth of it according to the eſteem of him who biddeth moſt for it, rather than of him that biddeth leſs.

Therefore, the moſt infallible way to diſentangle a man from the ſnares of flattery is, to conſult and ſtudy his own heart; for whoever does that well will hardly be ſo abſurd, as to take another man's word before his own ſenſe and experience.

Thirdly, Another advantage from this kind of ſtudy is this, that it teacheth a man how to behave himſelf patiently, when he has the ill fortune to be cenſured and abuſed by other people. For a man, who is thoroughly acquainted with his own heart, doth already know more evil of himſelf, than any body elſe can tell him; and when any one ſpeaketh ill of him, he rather thanketh God, that he can ſay no worſe: for, could his enemy but look into the dark and hidden receſſes of the heart, he conſidereth what a number of impure thoughts he might there ſee brooding and hovering, like a dark cloud, upon the face of the ſoul; that there he might take a proſpect of the fancy, and view it acting over the ſeveral ſcenes of pride, of ambition, of envy, of luſt, and revenge; that there he might tell how often a vicious inclination hath been reſtrained, for no other reaſon, but juſt to ſave the man's credit or intereſt in the world; and how many unbecoming ingredients have entered into the compoſition of his beſt actions. And now, what man in the whole world would be able to bear ſo ſevere a teſt? to have every thought and inward motion of the heart,

heart, laid open and expoſed to the views of his enemies? But,

Fourthly, and *laſtly*; Another advantage of this kind is, that it maketh men leſs ſevere upon other people's faults, and leſs buſy and induſtrious in ſpreading them. For a man, employed at home, inſpecting into his own failings, hath not leiſure to take notice of every little ſpot and blemiſh that lieth ſcattered upon others: or, if he cannot eſcape the ſight of them, he always paſſes the moſt eaſy and favourable conſtruction upon them. Thus, for inſtance; does the ill he knoweth of a man proceed from an unhappy temper and conſtitution of body? he then conſidereth with himſelf, how hard a thing it is, not to be borne down with the current of the blood and ſpirits; and accordingly layeth ſome part of the blame upon the weakneſs of human nature, for he hath felt the force and rapidity of it within his own breaſt; although perhaps, in another inſtance, he remembereth how it rageth and ſwelleth by oppoſition; and, although it may be reſtrained, or diverted, for a while, yet it can hardly ever be totally ſubdued.

Or, has the man ſinned out of cuſtom? he then, from his own experience, traceth an habit into the very firſt riſe and imperfect beginnings of it; and can tell by how ſlow and inſenſible advances it creepeth upon the heart; how it worketh itſelf by degrees into the very frame and texture of it, and ſo paſſeth into a ſecond nature; and conſequently

he hath a juſt ſenſe of the great difficulty for him to learn to do good, who hath been long accuſtomed to do evil.

Or, *Laſtly*, Hath a falſe opinion betrayed him into a ſin? he then calleth to mind what wrong apprehenſions he hath made of ſome things himſelf; how many opinions, that he once made no doubt of, he hath, upon a ſtricter examination, found to be doubtful, and uncertain; how many more to be unreaſonable and abſurd. He knoweth further, that there are a great many more opinions that he hath never yet examined into at all, and which, however, he ſtill believeth, for no other reaſon but becauſe he hath believed them ſo long already without a reaſon.

Thus, upon every occaſion, a man intimately acquainted with himſelf conſulteth his own heart, and maketh every man's caſe to be his own (and ſo puts the moſt favourable interpretation upon it). Let every man therefore look into his own heart, before he beginneth to abuſe the reputation of another; and then he will hardly be ſo abſurd, as to throw a dart that will ſo certainly rebound and wound himſelf. And thus, through the whole courſe of his converſation, let him keep an eye upon that one great comprehenſive rule of Chriſtian duty, on which hangeth not only the law and the prophets, but the very life and ſpirit of the goſpel too; *Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do*

unto you, do ye even ſo unto them. Which rule that we may all duly obſerve, by throwing aſide all ſcandal and detraction, all ſpite and rancour, all rudeneſs and contempt, all rage and violence, and whatever tendeth to make converſation and commerce either uneaſy or troubleſome, may the God of peace grant, for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake, *&c.*

Conſider what hath been ſaid; and the Lord give you a right underſtanding in all things. To whom, with the Son and the Holy Ghoſt, be all honour and glory, now and for ever.

To

IN or about the year 1731, *Mr.* Wogan, *a gentleman of an antient and good family in* Ireland, *sent a present of a cask of* Spanish Cassala *wine to the dean, also a crimson velvet bag, with gold and silk strings, in which were inclosed, a paraphrase on the Seven Penitential Psalms of* David, *and several original pieces in verse and prose, dedicated to the Rev. Dr.* Swift, *D. S. P. D. whom he never saw* §. *This Mr.* Wogan *was a gentleman of great bravery and courage, and distinguished himself in several battles and sieges. He was appointed, by the Chevalier* de St. George, *in the year* 1718, *to take the princess* Sobieski *(grand-daughter of the famous* James Sobieski, *king of* Poland, *who raised the siege of* Vienna), *to whom he was married by proxy in* Poland, *who, in her journey to* Rome, *was, by order of the Imperial court, made a prisoner in* Tyroll, *and closely confined in the castle of* Inspruck *for some time, when Mr.* Wogan *undertook to set her at liberty, and bring her safe to* Rome, *which he effectually performed, by carrying her through all the guards: for which dangerous and gallant service, he was made a* Roman *knight, which was an honour that was not conferred on a foreigner for many centuries before. This gentleman soon after went into the service of* Spain, *where he got a government and other military commands, and distinguished himself in many engagements, being well known all over* Europe *by the name of Chevalier, or Sir* Charles Wogan.

§ These writings are now in the possession of *Deane Swift*, Esq. See Vol. XVII. p. 237.

Dr.

Dr. Swift's Letter to Sir Charles Wogan†.

SIR,

I Received your packet at leaſt two months ago, and took all this time not only to conſider it maturely myſelf, but to ſhew it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a ſcholar, a man of genius, and of honour. We gueſſed him to have been born in this country, from ſome paſſages; but not from the ſtyle, which we were ſurprized to find ſo correct in an exile, a ſoldier, and a native of *Ireland*. The hiſtory of yourſelf, although part of it be employed in your praiſe and importance, we did not diſlike, becauſe your intention was to be wholly unknown, which circumſtance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of preſent perſons and things, I have made a ſhift, by talking in general with ſome perſons, to find out your name, your employments, and ſome of your actions, with the addition of ſuch a character, as would give full credit to more than you have ſaid (I mean of yourſelf) in the Dedicatory Epiſtle.

You will pardon a natural curioſity on this occaſion, eſpecially when I began with ſo little, that I did not ſo much as untie the ſtrings of the bag for

† Another Letter of the Dean to Sir *Charles* is printed in Vol. XVII. p. 236.

five

five days after I received it, concluding it must come from some *Irish* friar in *Spain*, filled with monastic speculations, of which I have seen some in my life; little expecting a History, a Dedication, a Poetical Translation of the Penitential Psalms, Latin Poems, and the like, and all from a soldier. In these kingdoms, you would be a most unfashionable military man, among troops where the least pretension to learning, or piety, or common morals, would endanger the owner to be cashiered. Although I have no great regard for your trade, from the judgement I make of those who profess it in these kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of *Ireland*, who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valour and conduct in so many parts of *Europe*, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the *English* ashamed of the reproaches they cast on the ignorance, the dulness, and the want of courage, in the *Irish* natives; those defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the poverty and slavery they suffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the base corrupt spirits of too many of the chief gentry, *&c.* By such events as these, the very *Grecians* are grown slavish, ignorant, and superstitious. I do assert that, from several experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who could speak our language, to have a much better natural taste

for

for good ſenſe, humour, and raillery, than ever I obſerved among people of the like ſort in *England*. But the millions of oppreſſions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their prieſts, and the general miſery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the beſt ſpirits under the ſun. I return to your packet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree ſome corrections may be wanting, and at the ſame time we are at a loſs how to venture on ſuch a work. One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it beſt, is a little too lazy; but, however, ſomething ſhall be done and ſubmitted to you. I have been only a man of rhimes, and that upon trifles, never having written ſerious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of *Milton*, I will read yours as a critick, and make objections, where I find any thing that ſhould be changed. Your directions about publiſhing the epiſtle and the poetry will be a point of ſome difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the leaſt profit to the author's friend in diſtreſs. *Dublin* bookſellers have not the leaſt notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by ſubſcription; but they go on ſo heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In *London*, it is otherwiſe; but even there the authors muſt be in vogue, or, if not known, be diſcovered by the ſtyle; or the work muſt be ſomething

that

that hits the taſte of the publick, or what is recommended by the preſiding men of genius.

When *Milton* firſt publiſhed his famous poem, the firſt edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or underſtood it; and it gained ground merely by it smerit. Nothing but an uncertain ſtate of my health (cauſed by a diſpoſition to giddineſs, which, although leſs violent, is more conſtant) could have prevented my paſſing this ſummer into *England* to ſee my friends, who hourly have expected me: in that caſe, I could have managed this affair myſelf, and would have readily conſented that my name ſhould have ſtood at length before your epiſtle; and, by the caprice of the world, that circumſtance might have been of uſe to make the thing known; and conſequently better anſwer the charitable part of your deſign, by inciting people's curioſity. And, in ſuch a caſe, I would have writ a ſhort acknowledgment of your letter, and publiſhed it in the next page after your epiſtle; but giving you no name, nor confeſſing my conjecture of it. This ſcheme I am ſtill upon, as ſoon as my health permits me to return to *England* [o].

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and ſatyr, both in proſe and verſe, if that conjecture be right, although ſuch an opinion hath been an abſolute bar to my riſing in the world;

[o] The laſt time the Dean was in *England* was in the year 1727.

yet

yet that very world muſt ſuppoſe that I followed what I thought to be my talent; and charitable people will ſuppoſe I had a deſign to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to laſh the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have ſome partiality for ſuch kind of writing, and favour it in others. I think you acknowledge, that, in ſome time of your life, you turned to the raillying part; but I find at preſent your genius runs wholly into the grave and ſublime; and therefore I find you you leſs indulgent to my way by your diſlike of the *Beggar's Opera*, in the perſons particularly of *Polly Peachum* and *Macheath*; whereas we think it a very ſevere ſatyr upon the moſt pernicious villainies of mankind. And ſo you are in danger of quarrelling with the ſentiments of Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Gay* the author, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, myſelf, Dr. *Young*, and all the brethren whom we own. Dr. *Young* is the graveſt among us, and yet his ſatires have many mixtures of ſharp raillery. At the ſame time you judge very truly, that the taſte of *England* is infamouſly corrupted by ſholes of wretches who write for their bread; and therefore I had reaſon to put Mr. *Pope* on writing the poem, called the DUNCIAD; and to hale thoſe ſcoundrels out of their obſcurity, by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, ſometimes their lodgings, and their lineage; not with *A*—'s and *B*—'s according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As

As to your blank-verſe, it hath too often fallen into the ſame vile hands of late. One *Thompſon*, a *Scotſman*, hath ſucceeded the beſt in that way, in four poems he hath writ on the four ſeaſons: yet I am not overfond of them, becauſe they are all deſcription, and nothing is doing; whereas *Milton* engageth me in actions of the higheſt importance,

Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis:

and yours on the Seven Pſalms, *&c.* have ſome advantages that way.

You ſee *Pope*, *Gay*, and I, uſe all our endeavours to make folks merry and wiſe, and profeſs to have no enemies, except knaves and fools. I confeſs myſelf to be exempted from them in one article, which was engaging with a miniſtry to prevent, if poſſible, the evils that have over-run the nation; and my fooliſh zeal in endeavouring to ſave this wretched iſland. Wherein, though I ſucceeded abſolutely in one important article [*p*]; yet even there I loſt all hope of favour from thoſe in power here, and diſobliged the court of *England*, and have in twenty years drawn above one thouſand ſcurrilous libels on myſelf, without any other recompence than the love of the *Iriſh* vulgar, and two or three dozen ſign-poſts of the *drapier* in this city, beſides thoſe that are ſcattered in country towns; and even theſe are half worn out. So that, whatever little genius God hath given me, I may juſtly pretend to have been the worſt manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

[*p*] Againſt *Wood's* copper half-pence. See *Drapier's Letters.*

Aug.

Aug. 2.] What I have above written hath long lain by me, that I might conſider further: but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a law-ſuit of ten years ſtanding, and I doubt very ill cloſed up, although it concerns two thirds of my little fortune. Think whether ſuch periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philoſophical ſpeculations.

I ſhall not therefore tire you any longer; but, with great acknowledgement for the diſtinction you pleaſe to ſhew me, deſire to be always thought, with great truth and a moſt particular eſteem, Sir,

Your moſt obedient

and obliged ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

We have ſome editions printed here of books from *England*, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name ſome below, and if you approve of any, I ſhall willingly increaſe your library; they are ſmall, conſequently more portable in your marches, and, which is more important, the preſent will be cheaper for me.

Dr. YOUNG's Satires	GAY's Fables
Mr. GAY's Works	Art of Politicks, and
Mr. POPE's Works	ſome other Trifles in
POPE's DUNCIAD	Verſe, *&c.*

A

TREATISE

ON

GOOD MANNERS

AND

GOOD BREEDING.

GOOD-MANNERS is the art of making thoſe people eaſy with whom we converſe.

Whoever makes the feweſt perſons uneaſy is the beſt bred in the company.

As the beſt law is founded upon reaſon, ſo are the beſt manners. And as ſome lawyers have introduced unreaſonable things into common law; ſo likewiſe many teachers have introduced abſurd things into common good manners.

One principal point of this art is, to ſuit our behaviour to the three ſeveral degrees of men; our ſuperiors, our equals, and thoſe below us.

For inſtance, to preſs either of the two former to eat or drink is a breach of manners; but a tradeſman or a farmer muſt be thus treated, or elſe it

will be difficult to perſuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill-nature, and want of ſenſe, are the three great ſources of ill-manners; without ſome one of theſe defects, no man will behave himſelf ill for want of experience; or of what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

I defy any one to aſſign an incident wherein reaſon will not direct us what we are to ſay or do in company, if we we are not miſled by pride or ill-nature.

Therefore I inſiſt that good ſenſe is the principal foundation of good-manners; but, becauſe the former is a gift which very few among mankind are poſſeſſed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing ſome rules for common behaviour, beſt ſuited to their general cuſtoms or fancies; as a kind of artificial good ſenſe, to ſupply the defects of reaſon. Without which the *gentlemenly* part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they ſeldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in ſquabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happeneth a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of theſe three motives. Upon which account, I ſhould be exceedingly ſorry to find the legiſlature make any new laws againſt the practice of duelling; becauſe the methods are eaſy, and many, for a wiſe man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can diſcover no political evil in ſuffering

bullies, ſharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law hath not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good-manners were intended for regulating the conduct of thoſe who have weak underſtandings; ſo they have been corrupted by the perſons for whoſe uſe they were contrived. For theſe people have fallen into a needleſs and endleſs way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troubleſome to thoſe who practiſe them, and inſupportable to every body elſe: inſomuch that wiſe men are often more uneaſy at the over-civility of theſe refiners, than they could poſſibly be in the converſations of peaſants or mechanicks.

The impertinences of this ceremonial behaviour are no where better ſeen than at thoſe tables where the ladies preſide, who value themſelves upon account of their good-breeding; where a man muſt reckon upon paſſing an hour without doing any one thing he hath a mind to; unleſs he will be ſo hardy as to break through all the ſettled decorum of the family. She determineth what he loveth beſt, and how much he ſhall eat; and if the maſter of the houſe happeneth to be of the ſame diſpoſition, he proceedeth, in the ſame tyrannical manner, to preſcribe in the drinking part: at the ſame time you are under the neceſſity of anſwering a thouſand apologies for your entertainment. And, although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of

of the beſt faſhion, yet too much of it ſtill remaineth, eſpecially in the country; where an honeſt gentleman aſſured me, that, having been kept four days againſt his will at a friend's houſe, with all the circumſtances of hiding his boots, locking up the ſtable, and other contrivances of the like nature, he could not remember, from the moment he came into the houſe to the moment he left it, any one thing, wherein his inclination was not directly contradicted; as if the whole family had entered into a combination to torment him.

But, beſides all this, it would be endleſs to recount the many fooliſh and ridiculous accidents I have obſerved among theſe unfortunate proſelytes to ceremony. I have ſeen a dutcheſs fairly knocked down by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb running to ſave her the trouble of opening a door. I remember upon a birth-day at court, a great lady was utterly diſconſolate by a diſh of ſauce let fall by a page directly upon her head-dreſs and brocade; while ſhe gave a ſudden turn to her elbow upon ſome point of ceremony with the perſon who ſat next to her. Monſieur *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, whoſe politicks and manners were much of a ſize, brought a ſon with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates, they firſt offered round in order, to every perſon in company; ſo that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At laſt their two plates happened to encounter, and with

ſo much violence, that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces; and ſtained half the company with wet ſweet-meats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and ſciences; and ſometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the over-rating of any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itſelf, the pedantry is the greater. For which reaſon I look upon fidlers, dancing-maſters, heralds, maſters of the ceremony, *&c.* to be greater pedants than *Lipſius* or the elder *Scaliger*. With this kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully ſtocked; I mean from the gentleman-uſher (at leaſt) incluſive, downward to the gentleman-porter: who are, generally ſpeaking, the moſt inſignificant race of people that this iſland can afford, and with the ſmalleſt tincture of good-manners; which is the only trade they profeſs. For, being wholly illiterate, and converſing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole ſyſtem of breeding within the forms and circles of their ſeveral offices: and, as they are below the notice of miniſters, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obſequiouſneſs to thoſe who are in any degree of credit or favour, and with rudeneſs and inſolence to every body elſe. From whence I have long concluded, that good manners are not a plant of the court growth: for if they were, thoſe people, who have underſtandings directly of a level for ſuch acquirements,

ments, who have ſerved ſuch long apprenticeſhips to nothing elſe, would certainly have picked them up. For as to the great officers, who attend the prince's perſon or councils, or preſide in his family, they are a tranſient body, who have no better a title to good-manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourſe to gentlemen-uſhers for inſtruction. So that I know little to be learned at court upon this head, except in the material circumſtance of dreſs; wherein the authority of the maids of honour muſt indeed be allowed to be almoſt equal to that of a favourite actreſs.

I remember a paſſage my lord *Bolingbroke* told me; that, going to receive prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the queen, the prince ſaid, he was much concerned that he could not ſee her majeſty that night; for Monſieur *Hoffman* (who was then by) had aſſured his highneſs that he could not be admitted into her preſence with a tied-up perriwig; that his equipage was not arrived; and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter into a jeſt, and brought the prince to her majeſty; for which he was highly cenſured by the whole tribe of gentlemen-uſhers; among whom Monſieur *Hoffman*, an old dull reſident of the emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony; and which, I believe, was the beſt leſſon he had learned in five and twenty years reſidence.

I make a difference between good-manners and good-breeding; although, in order to vary my expreſſion, I am ſometimes forced to confound them. By the firſt, I only underſtand the art of remembering and applying certain ſettled forms of general behaviour. But good-breeding is of a much larger extent; for, beſides an uncommon degree of literature ſufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, it taketh in a great compaſs of knowledge; no leſs than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of *Italy*, riding the great horſe, and ſpeaking *French*; not to mention ſome other ſecondary or ſubaltern accompliſhments, which are more eaſily acquired. So that the difference between good-breeding and good-manners lieth in this; that the former cannot be attained to by the beſt underſtandings without ſtudy and labour: whereas a tolerable degree of reaſon will inſtruct us in every part of good-manners without other aſſiſtance.

I can think of nothing more uſeful upon this ſubject, than to point out ſome particulars, wherein the very eſſentials of good-manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting of which doth very much diſturb the good commerce of the world by introducing a traffick of mutual uneaſineſs in moſt companies.

Firſt, a neceſſary part of good-manners is a punctual obſervance of time at our own dwellings, or thoſe of others, or at third places; whether

upon matter of civility, buſineſs, or diverſion; which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reaſon, yet the greateſt [q] miniſter I ever knew was the greateſt treſpaſſer againſt it; by which all his buſineſs doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often uſed to rally him, as deficient in point of good-manners. I have known more than one ambaſſador, and ſecretary of ſtate, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good ſucceſs and applauſe by the mere force of exactneſs and regularity. If you duly obſerve time for the ſervice of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifeſt folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it; if both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you to his own diſadvantage is pride and injuſtice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be ſtyled ill-manners; becauſe forms are ſubject to frequent changes; and conſequently, being not founded upon reaſon, are beneath a wiſe man's regard. Beſides, they vary in every country; and, after a ſhort period of time, very frequently in the ſame: ſo that a man, who travelleth, muſt needs be at firſt a ſtranger to them in every court through which he paſſeth; and, perhaps, at his return, as much a ſtranger in his own; and, after all, they

[q] *Robert Harley*, earl of *Oxford*, lord high treaſurer to queen *Anne*.

are

are eaſier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinencies that ſuperficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal and more predominant than the reſt; who look upon them not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance; and are therefore zealous upon all occaſions to introduce and propagate the new forms and faſhions they have brought back with them: So that, uſually ſpeaking, the worſt-bred perſon in company is a young traveller juſt returned from abroad.

N. B. The GUARDIAN, N°. 96. written by this author, we omit, being already in every one's hands.

A LET-

A LETTER *of Dr.* SWIFT, *to the Rev. Mr.* JOHN KENDAL [*r*].

Feb. 11, 1691.

SIR,

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was almoſt inviting me to do ſo in the beginning, which indeed grew leſs upon knowing the occaſion; ſince it is what I have heard from more than one in and about *Leiceſter*. And for the friendſhip between us, as I ſuppoſe your's to be real; ſo I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cauſe to believe it, pretended; though I might have ſome quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill beſtowed in complementing me. And as to that of my great proſpects of making my fortune, on which as your kindneſs only looks on the beſt ſide, ſo my own cold temper, and unconfined humour, is a much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the ſubject of your letter. I ſhall ſpeak plainly to you, that the very ordinary obſervations I made with going half a mile beyond the univerſity, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage, till I ſettle my fortune in the world, which I am ſure will not be in ſome years;

[*r*] Vicar of *Thornton*, in *Leiceſterſhire*. This letter was directed to be left at Mr. *Birkhead's*, over againſt the Free-ſchool in *Leiceſter*.

and

and even then itſelf, I am ſo hard to pleaſe, that I ſuppoſe I ſhall put it off to the other world.—— How all that ſuits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may eaſily imagine, when you know that there is ſomething in me which muſt be employed, and when I am alone turns all, for want of practice, into ſpeculation and thought; inſomuch that theſe ſeven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again upon all manner of ſubjects, more than perhaps any man in *England*. And this is it which a perſon of great honour in *Ireland* (who was pleaſed to ſtoop ſo low as to look into my mind) uſed to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured ſpirit, that would do miſchief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me ſo buſy, when I am in company, to turn all that way; and ſince it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common converſation, it is all alike. This is ſo common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myſelf juſt the ſame way; and, I profeſs, without any other deſign than that of entertaining myſelf when I am very idle, or when ſomething goes amiſs in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no deſign for any thing grave in it, and what I thought at worſt a harmleſs impertinence; but, whenever I begin to take ſober reſolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the

the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Beſides, perhaps, in ſo general a converſation among that ſex, I might pretend a little to underſtand where I am when I am going to chooſe for a wife; and, though the cunning ſharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it muſt be cleanlier carried than this which you think I am going to *top* upon myſelf. And truly, if you knew how metaphyſical I am that way, you would little fear I ſhould venture on one who has given ſo much occaſion to tongues: For though the people is a lying ſort of beaſt (and I think in *Leiceſter* above all parts that I ever was in) yet they ſeldom talk without ſome glimpſe of a reaſon, which I declare (ſo unpardonably jealous I am) to be a ſufficient cauſe for me to hate any woman any farther than a bare acquaintance.——Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themſelves by marrying (which I aſſure you is a great number) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant ſcholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every ſilk petticoat includes an angel; or elſe theſe have been a ſort of honeſt young men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a miſery on themſelves and poſterity, by an over-acting modeſty. I think, I am very far excluded from lifting under either of theſe heads. I confeſs, I have known one or two men of ſenſe enough,

enough, who, inclined to frolicks, have married and ruined themſelves out of a maggot; but a thouſand houſhold thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am ſure, fright me from that; beſides that, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which uſually produces thoſe effects. Your hints at particular ſtories I do not underſtand; and having never heard them but ſo hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to ſhew you how I thank you for your regard of me; and I hope my carriage will be ſo as my friends need not be aſhamed of the name. I ſhould not have behaved myſelf after that manner I did in *Leiceſter*, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I ſolemnly pronounce the inhabitants of *Leiceſter* to be; and ſo I content myſelf with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and ſo, with my ſervice to your good wife,

I am, good couſin,

Your very affectionate

friend and ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

POEMS

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BALLYSPELLIN [a].

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd *Llewellyn*,
By waters clear, come ev'ry year,
To drink at *Ballyſpellin*.

Tho' pox or itch your ſkins enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin before you've been
A month at *Ballyſpellin*.

If ladies cheek be green as leek
When ſhe comes from her dwelling,
The kindling roſe within it glows
When ſhe's at *Ballyſpellin*.

The ſooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as *Helen*;
Then back ſhe goes to kill the beaux
By dint of *Ballyſpellin*.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As *Roſs*, or bright *Dunkelling*:
And *Mars* might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at *Ballyſpellin*.

[a] A famous ſpaw in the county of *Kilkenny*, where Dr. *Sheridan* had been to drink the waters, with a favourite lady. See Vol. XVII. p. 17.

We men ſubmit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling;
The reaſon's plain, the ladies reign,
They're queens at *Ballyſpellin.*

By matchleſs charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the power of quelling
Such deſperate foes as dare oppoſe
Their power at *Ballyſpellin.*

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, becauſe I fell in
A ſtream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at *Ballyſpellin.*

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their *Anne* or *Nell* in
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vie with *Ballyſpellin.*

No politicks, no ſubtle tricks,
No man his country ſelling;
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of theſe at *Ballyſpellin.*

The troubled mind, the puſt with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are ſure to work their cure
By drinking *Ballyſpellin.*

If dropſy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe tho' ſwelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at *Ballyſpellin.*

Death throws no darts thro' all theſe parts,
No ſextons here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you'll never *die*,
But *live* at *Ballyſpellin:*

Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are ev'ry belle in;
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
We die at *Ballyſpellin.*

Good chear, ſweet air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, your ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at *Ballyſpellin.*

Within this ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs a yelling;
Except you wake, for *Cælia's* ſake,
All night at *Ballyſpellin.*

Here all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make
Who drink at *Ballyſpellin.*

My rhimes are gone; I think I've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;
But ſince I'm here to heav'n ſo near,
I can't at *Ballyſpellin!*

THE ANSWER.

By Dr. SWIFT [*b*].

DARE you diſpute, you ſaucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your ſcurvy lays, and ſenſeleſs praiſe
You give to *Ballyſpellin?*

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your med'cine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and ſcours the blood,
When drank at *Ballyſpellin.*

Thoſe pocky drabs, to cure their ſcabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be ſent, worſe than they went,
From naſty *Ballyſpellin.*

[*b*] This anſwer was reſented by Dr. *Sheridan*, as an affront on himſelf and the lady he attended to the ſpaw.

Llewellyn

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honeſt doctor *Pellin*;
So hard ſometimes you tug for rhimes,
To bring in *Ballyſpellin*.

No ſubject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
That met at *Ballyſpellin*.

Our laſſes fair, ſay what you dare,
Who ſowing make with ſhelling,
At *Market-Hill* more beaux can kill,
Than yours at *Ballyſpellin*.

Would I was whipt, when *Sheelah* ſtript,
To waſh herſelf our well in;
A bum ſo white ne'er came in ſight,
At paultry *Ballyſpellin*.

Your mawkins there, ſmocks *hempen* wear
Of *Holland*, not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at *Ballyſpellin*.

But *Tom* will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling:
Becauſe he gets a few *Griſets*,
At louſy *Ballyſpellin*.

There's bonny *Jane*, in yonder lane,
Juſt o'er againſt the *Bell Inn*;
Where can you meet a laſs ſo ſweet,
Round all your *Ballyſpellin*?

We have a girl deſerves an earl,
She came from *Enniſkillin*;
So fair, ſo young, no ſuch among
The belles at *Ballyſpellin*.

How would you ſtare, to ſee her there,
The foggy miſt diſpelling;
That cloud the brows of every blowſe,
Who lives at *Ballyſpellin*.

Now as I live, I would not give
A *Stiver* for a *Skellin*,
To towſe, and kiſs, the faireſt miſs
That leaks at *Ballyſpellin*.

Whoe'er will raiſe ſuch lies as theſe,
Deſerves a good cudgelling:
Who falſly boaſts of belles and toaſts,
At dirty *Ballyſpellin*.

My rhimes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling.
As proper quite, as thoſe you write,
To force in *Ballyſpellin*.

A RIDDLE

A RIDDLE.

By Dr. DELANY.

Inſcribed to the Lady CARTERET.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without ſtretching a finger, or ſtirring a foot,
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Tho' many and various, and large and aſunder.
Without joſtling or crowding they paſs ſide by ſide,
Thro' a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide,
Then I lodge them at eaſe in a very large ſtore,
Of no breadth or length, with a thouſand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Tho' ſometimes they ſay I bewitch, and do harm;
Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade,
And nothing can ſhield from my ſpell but a ſhade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you diſgrace,
In magical mirrour I'll ſhew you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have ſaid,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers, ſafe in my circle I dwell,
I love to look black too, it heightens my ſpell;
Tho' my magick is mighty in every Hue,
Who ſee all my power muſt ſee it in YOU.

The ſame anſwered by Dr. SWIFT.

WITH half an Eye
Your *Riddle* I ſpy.
I obſerve your wicket
Hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever paſſes
Is ſtrained thro' glaſſes.
You ſay it is quiet,
I flatly deny it:
It wanders about,
Without ſtirring out,
No paſſion ſo weak
But gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion
See it always in motion.
And as for the tragic
Effects of its magick
Which you ſay it can kill,
Or revive at its will,
The dead are all ſound
And revive above ground,
After all you have writ,
It cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow,
Since it flies from *Apollo*.
Its cowardice ſuch,
It cries at a touch,

'Tis

'Tis a perfect milkſop,
Grows drunk with a drop,
Another great fault,
It cannot bear ſalt:
And a hair can diſarm
It of every charm.

A RIDDLE. By Dr. SWIFT.

To my Lady CARTERET.

FROM *India's* burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales by Zephyrs fraught.
For *Iris* when ſhe paints the ſky,
Can ſhew more different hue than I;
Nor can't ſhe change her form ſo faſt,
I'm now a ſail, and now a maſt.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I ſometimes live in houſe of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair,
I pleaſe the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhime—and you're the man.

Anſwer-

Anſwered by Dr. SHERIDAN.

YOUR houſe of hair and lady's hand
At firſt did put me to a ſtand.
I have it now———'tis plain enough———
Your hairy buſineſs is a *Muff*.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once ſo like your maſt and ſails.
And for the rhime to *you're the man*,
What fits it better than a *fan*?

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human kind;
Reaſon, they ſay, belongs to man,
But let them prove it, if they can.
Wiſe *Ariſtotle* and *Smigleſius*,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione præditum;
But, for my ſoul, I cannot credit 'em.
And muſt, in ſpite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature.

That

That Inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon-boaſting mortals pride;
And, that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honeſt brute
At law his neighbour proſecute?
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politicks diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their ſport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go
To treat as deareſt friend, a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for *Bob*;
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at *Pater-Noſter-Row:*
No judges, fidlers, dancing-maſters,
No pick-pockets, or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupeds:
No ſingle brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape;
Like man, he imitates each faſhion,
And malice is his ruling paſſion:

But,

But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape ſurpaſſes:
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the miniſter of ſtate;
View him ſoon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of ſuperiors:
He promiſes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their maſters' manners ſtill contract;
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and ſmall
Behave alike, for all ape all.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH! heav'nly born! in deepeſt dells
If faireſt Science ever dwells
Beneath the moſſy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods:
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flow'ry carpets lave;

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the ſylvan ſcenes
With ſcientific light;
While *Dian*, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Tho' rapt from mortal ſight.

Yet, Goddeſs, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obſtructed and depreſs'd:
'Till Wiſdom give the ſacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
By Reaſon's power redreſs'd.

When *Solon* and *Lycurgus* taught
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cauſe
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright *Aſtrea* gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid in vain the poles;
In vain the Zodiac ſyſtem rolls:
In vain the lunar ſphere.

Come, faireſt princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſweet Philoſophy along
In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive

Drive Thraldom, with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land
By Folly led aſtray:
Iernè bear on azure wing:
Energic let her ſoar, and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.

So when *Amphion* bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound,
And petrifying ſong.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to repreſent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a *pupppet-ſhow* invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The Gods of old were logs of wood,
And worſhip was to *puppets* paid,
In antic dreſs the idol ſtood,
And prieſts and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began,
The ſimple votaries to frame,
To ſhape in *timber* fooliſh man,
And conſecrate the *block* to fame.

From

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might riſe from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches iſſue from the arms.

Thus *Dædalus* and *Ovid* too,
That man's a blockhead have confeſt,
Powel and *Stretch* [*b*] the hint purſue,
Life is a farce, the world a jeſt.

The ſame great truth *South Sea* [*c*] hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*,
Where thouſands by directors mov'd,
Are now ſad monuments of folly.

What *Momus* was of old to *Jove*,
The ſame a *Harlequin* is now;
The former was *buffoon* above
The latter is a *Punch* below.

This fleeting ſcene is but a ſtage,
Where various images appear,
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peaſant ſhare.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
Falſe pomp conceals mere wood within,
And legiſlators rang'd in ſtate
Are oft but wiſdom in machine.

[*b*] Two puppet-ſhow men.
[*c*] See the poem on the *South-Sea* project.

A flock

A ſtock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place,
A ſtatue may put on a frown
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown,
By the mere ſpring of wires they play
And ſpeak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a ſcolding wife
Uſurps a jolly fellow's throne,
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and imbitter'd by a *Joan*.

In ſhort, whatever men purſue
Of pleaſure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view,
Alike they dreſs, they talk, they move.

Go on, great *Stretch*, with artful hand,
Mortals to pleaſe and to deride;
And when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou ſhalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou ſhalt in puny wood be ſhewn,
Thy image ſhall preſerve thy fame.
Ages to come thy worth ſhall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell *Tom* he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glaſs,
Puns cannot form a witty ſcene,
Nor *Pedantry* for humour paſs.

To make men act as ſenſeleſs wood,
And chatter in a myſtic ſtrain,
Is a mere force on fleſh and blood,
And ſhews ſome error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy ſtage into a ſchool,
The jeſt of *Punch* will ever be,
And ſtand confeſt the greater fool.

On PSYCHE [*d*].

AT two afternoon for our *Pſyche* inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her ſmock at the fire:
So loitring, ſo active; ſo buſy, ſo idle;
Which hath ſhe moſt need of, a ſpur or a bridle?
Thus, a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.

[*d*] Mrs. *Sican*, a very ingenious well-bred lady, wife to Mr. *John Sican*, an eminent Grocer in *Dublin*.

She gives you ſuch plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To pleaſe you, ſhe knows how to chuſe a nice bit;
For her taſte is almoſt as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, ſhe will trace ev'ry market,
It would do your heart good, to ſee how ſhe will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears,
She ſaves half her victuals, by feeding your ears.

To Mrs HOUGHTON of *Bormount*, upon praiſing her Huſband to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU always are making a God of your ſpouſe,
But this neither reaſon nor conſcience allows;
Perhaps you will ſay, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, becauſe he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and ſo you will find,
For you, by this rule, muſt adore all mankind.

On the Collar of Mrs. DINGLEY's Lap-dog.

PRAY ſteal me not, I'm Mrs. *Dingley's*,
Whoſe heart in this four-footed thing lies.

A left-

A left-handed Letter to Dr. SHERIDAN [e].

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a ſhrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the cow-dung;
We lye cramming ourſelves, and are ready to burſt,
Yet ſtill are no wiſer, than we were at firſt.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely muſt tell ye,
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.
Tho' DELANY advis'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like HOADLEY of Bangor.
I muſt now, at one ſitting, pay off my old ſcore:
How many to anſwer? One, two, three, four.
But becauſe the three former are long ago paſt,
I ſhall, for method ſake, begin with the laſt.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the riſing blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, "Sirrah, yield:"
So the *French*, when our generals ſoundly did pay 'em,
Went triumphant to church, and ſang ſtoutly Te Deum:

[e] All the humour of this poem is loſt, by the impoſſibility of printing it left-handed, as it was wrote.

So the famous TOM LEIGH, when quite run a-ground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round.
In ev'ry vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
My offers of peace you ill underſtood,
Friend SHERIDAN, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in moderate language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye.
As a good quiet ſoul, who no miſchief intends,
To a quarrelſome fellow, cries, "Let us be friends."
But we like ANTÆUS and HERCULES fight,
The oft'ner you fall, the oft'ner you write;
And I'll uſe you as he did that over-grown clown,
I'll firſt take you up, and then take you down:
And 'tis your own caſe, for you never can wound
The worſt dunce in your ſchool, till he's heav'd from the ground.

I beg your pardon for uſing my left hand; but I was in great haſte, and the other hand was employed at the ſame time in writing ſome letters of buſineſs.

September 20, 1718.

I will

I will ſend you the reſt when I have leiſure; but pray come to dinner with the company you met here laſt.

Upon ſtealing a CROWN when the DEAN was aſleep.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, ſince you in ſleepy wiſe
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;
Like Ghoſt, I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour door:
For ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe?
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has giv'n ten thouſand pound.
Then ſleep, my friend, dear Dean, ſleep on,
And all you get ſhall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me.

The DEAN'S Anſwer.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.

Nor can I the leaſt diff'rence find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens [*f*] and ſix-pence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut—
But 'tis obſerv'd, that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye?
I thought the lady [*g*] at *St. Cath'rines*
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with *Agmondiſham* [*h*],
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh 'em.

Saturday-Night.

Probatur aliter.

A Long-ear'd beaſt, and a field-houſe for cattle,
Among the coals does often rattle.

A long-ear'd beaſt, a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms firſt gift to their mates,

[*f*] An *Engliſh* ſhilling paſſeth for thirteen pence in *Ireland*.
[*g*] Lady *Montcaſhel*.
[*h*] *Agmondiſham Veſey*, Eſq; a very worthy gentleman, for whom the author had a great eſteem.

Is by all pious Chriſtians thought,
In clergymen the greateſt fault.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a ſcold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd beaſt, and med'cine's uſe,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and ſpruce.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and holy fable,
Strengthens the ſhoes of half the rabble.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and Rheniſh wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and *Flanders* college,
Is Dr. *T*----*l*, to my knowledge.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and bird of night,
We ſinners are too apt to ſlight.

A long-ear'd beaſt, a ſhameful vermin,
A judge will eat, tho' clad in ermin.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and *Iriſh* cart,
Can leave a mark and give a ſmart.

A long-ear'd beaſt in mud to lie,
No bird in air ſo ſwift can fly.

A long-ear'd beaſt and a ſputt'ring old whig,
I wiſh he were in it and dancing a jig.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable ſmell both morning and night.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and the child of a ſheep,
At whiſt they will make a deſperate ſweep.

A beaſt long-ear'd, and 'till midnight you ſtay,
Will cover a houſe much better than clay.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and the drink you love beſt,
You call him a ſloven in earneſt or jeſt.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and the ſixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unleſs I look'd better.

A long-ear'd beaſt give me, and eggs unſound,
Or elſe I will not ride one inch of ground.

A long-ear'd beaſt, another name for jeer,
To ladies ſkins there is nothing comes ſo near.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and kind noiſe of a cat,
Is uſeful in journies; take notice of that.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and what ſeaſons your beef,
On ſuch an occaſion the law gives relief.

A long-ear'd beaſt, a thing that force muſt drive in,
Bears up his houſe, that's of his own contriving.

To a Friend, who had been much abuſed in many different Libels.

THE greateſt monarch may be ſtabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
The vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape;

And

And calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.
What's to be done? Shall wit and learning chuſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
By cenſure frighted out of honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by heav'n beſtow'd;
Or fearleſs enter in thro' virtue's gate,
And buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

ON NOISY TOM.

——*Qui promittit, cives, urbem, ſibi curæ,*
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra Deorum;
Quo patre ſit natus, num ignota matre inhoneſtus,
Omnes motales curare, et quærere cogit.
Tune Syri, Damæ, aut Dionyſi filius audes
Dejicere e ſaxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?
HOR. Lib. i. Sat. vi. ver. 34---39.

Tranſlated literally.

WHOEVER promiſeth (in the ſenate) to take the city (of *Rome*) and the citizens under his care, nay, the whole empire, *Italy*, and the temples of the gods; ſuch a man compelleth all mortals curiouſly to enquire from what father he ſprung, and whether his mother were ſome obſcure diſhonourable female. (The people would cry out) What, thou, the ſon of

Cyrus *, or *Damas* *, or *Dionyſius* *, dareſt thou caſt our citizens down the *Tarpeian* rock, or deliver them priſoners to *Cadmus* † ?

PARAPHRASED.

IF noiſy *Tom* (1) ſhould in the S-n-te prate,
That he would anſwer both for church and ſtate ;
And, further to demonſtrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection :
All mortals muſt be curious to enquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his ſire ?
What ! thou, the ſpawn of him (2) who ſham'd our iſle,
That traitor, aſſaſſin, informer vile.
Though by the female ſide (3) you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king ;
What was thy grandſire (4) but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a year ;

* Uſual names of ſlaves at *Rome*.

† *Cadmus* was a Hector, an officer who ſeized on criminals, like a conſtable, or meſſenger of the H——— of C———.

(1) Sir *Thomas P* ———.

(2) The father of Sir *Thomas* * * * *, who engaged in a plot to murder king *William* III ; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer againſt his aſſociates, for which he was rewarded with a good eſtate, and made a baronet.

(3) *C—d—g---n's* family.

(4) A poor thieving cottager under Mr. *Moore*, condemned at *Clonmell* aſſizes to be hanged for ſtealing cows.

Whoſe

Whoſe maſter, *Moore* (5), preſerv'd him from the halter,
For ſtealing cows, nor could he read the pſalter?
Durſt thou, ungrateful, from the S—n—te chace
Thy founder's grandſon (6), and uſurp his place?
Juſt heaven! to ſee the dunghill baſtard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good (7).
Then vote a worthy citizen (8) to jail,
In ſpite of juſtice, and refuſe his bail.

(5) The grandfather of *Guy Moore*, Eſq; who procured him a pardon.

(6) *Guy Moore* was fairly elected member of Parliament for *Clonmell*; but Sir *Thomas*, depending upon his intereſt with a certain party then prevailing, and ſince known by the title of *Parſon-hunters*, petitioned the houſe againſt him, out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.

(7) "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat."

(8) Mr. *George Faulkner*, a very honeſt eminent printer in *Dublin*, who was voted to *Newgate* upon a ridiculous complaint of one ſerjeant *Betteſworth*.

It is well known, that Queen Anne *had nominated Dr.* Swift *to an* Engliſh *biſhoprick, which was oppoſed by Dr.* Sharp, *archbiſhop of* York, *and the dutcheſs of* Somerſet, *who had prevailed on his grace to go with her to the queen to lay aſide the nomination, which her majeſty refuſed; but, the dutcheſs falling on her knees, and ſhewing the following prophecy to her majeſty, the biſhoprick was given to another. See the poem,* The Author on himſelf, vol. vii. p. 11.

The *Windſor* Prophecy.

About three months ago, at *Windſor*, a poor knight's widow was buried in the Cloyſters. In digging the grave, the ſexton ſtruck againſt a ſmall leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had diſcovered a treaſure, opened it with ſome difficulty; but found only a ſmall parchment, rolled up very faſt, put into a leather caſe; which caſe was tied at the top, and ſealed with a St. *George*, the impreſſion on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old *Engliſh* letter, and in the orthography of the age, which ſeems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a ſhift to obtain a copy of it; but the tranſcriber, I find, hath in many parts

parts altered the ſpelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. *W*——, F. R. S. where, I ſuppoſe, the curious will not be refuſed the ſatisfaction of ſeeing it.

The lines ſeem to be a ſort of prophecy, and written in verſe, as old prophecies uſually are, but in a very hobbling kind of meaſure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, ſeveral perſons were of opinion, that they deſerved to be publiſhed, both as they diſcover ſomewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amuſement to the preſent.

" When a holy black *Swede* [*t*], the ſon of *Bob*,
With a *ſaint* at his chin, and a *ſeal* at his fob:
Shall not ſee one [*u*] New-years-day in that year,
Then let old *Engl*ond make good chear:
Windſor and *Briſtow* then ſhall be
Joined together in the *Low-Countree*.
Then ſhall the tall black [*x*] *Deventry Bird*
Speak againſt peace right many a word;

[*t*] Dr. *Robinſon*, biſhop of *Briſtol*, was one of the plenipotentiaries at the peace of *Utrecht*.

[*u*] There was eleven days difference between the Old and New ſtyle, the latter received at *Utrecht* before this Biſhop went thither, but which did not take place in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, until *Sept.* 2, 1752, when eleven days were omitted, and the next day was called *Sept.* 13. The Biſhop therefore ſet out from *England* before *Jan.* 1. O. S.

[*x*] Earl of *Nottingham*.

And

And ſome ſhall admire his conying wit,
For many good *groats* his tongue ſhall ſlit.
But, ſpight of the *Harpy* [*y*] that *crawls on all four*,
There ſhall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But *Englond* muſt cry alack and well-a-day,
If the *Stick* be taken from the *dead Sea*.
And, dear *Englond*, if aught I underſtand,
Beware of *Carrots* from *Northumberland* [*z*].
Carrots ſown *Thynne* [*a*] a deep root may get,
If ſo be they are in *Sommer ſet*:
Their [*b*] *Conyngs mark* thou, for I have been told,
They *aſſaſſine* when young, and *poiſon* when old.
Root out theſe *Carrots*, O thou [*c*], whoſe name
Is backwards and forwards always the ſame;

[*y*] Duke of *Marlborough*.

[*z*] Lady *Elizabeth Percy*, ſole daughter and heir of *Joceline Percy*, earl of *Northumberland*, was married to *Charles Seymour*, duke of *Somerſet*.

[*a*] *Thomas Thynne*, Eſq; a gentleman of very great eſtate, who was courting the above lady, after the death of her firſt huſband *Henry Cavendiſh*, earl of *Ogle*, only ſon to *Henry* duke of *Newcaſtle*, who died before he was of age to cohabit with her, being ſet upon in the *Hay-Market*, *London*, was murdered by Count *Coningſmark*, a *Poliſh* nobleman (who paid his addreſſes to this lady, but was refuſed) and two ruffians, who ſhot Mr. *Thynne* in his coach. The count made his eſcape, but the others were hanged. There is a monument in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, erected to the memory of Mr. *Thynne*, upon an entablature of which this tranſaction of his murder is repreſented.

[*b*] Count *Coningſmark*.

[*c*] *Anna* Regina.

And

And keep close to thee always that *name*,
Which [*d*] backwards and forwards is almost the
same.
And, *England*, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a [*e*] *Hill*.

VERSES occasioned by the sudden drying up of St. PATRICK's WELL near Trinity-College, *Dublin*, in 1726.

BY holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame [*f*],
To thee, once fav'rite isle, with joy I came;
What time the *Goth*, the *Vandal*, and the *Hun*,
Had my own native *Italy* [*g*] o'er-run.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour [*h*], policy, and arts.

[*d*] Lady *Masham*.

[*e*] Lady *Masham's* maiden name was *Hill*.

[*f*] *Festus Avienus* flourished in 370. See his poem *De ora Maritima*, where he uses this expression concerning *Ireland*, "Insulæ "sacra et sic Insulam dixere prisci; eamque late Gens Hibernorum "colit."

[*g*] *Italy* was not properly the native place of St. *Patrick*, but the place of his education, and whence he received his mission; and because he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by scripture-figure, our author calls that country his native *Italy*.

[*h*] *Julius Solinus*, who lived about the time of *Tacitus*, in the year 80, Chap. 21. speaking of the *Irish* as a warlike nation, says, that the wives in *Ireland*, when delivered of a son, give the child its first food off the point of their husband's sword. "Puerpera, si quando marem "edidit, primos Cibos Gladio imponit mariti, inque os Parvuli sum-"mo mucrone auspicium alimentorum leviter infert et gentilibus votis "optat, non aliter quam in bello et inter arma mortem oppetat." Again, "Præcipua viris gloria est in armorum tutela."

Hither

Hither from *Colchos* [*h*], with thy fleecy ore,
Jaſon arrived two thouſand years before.
Thee [*i*], happy iſland, *Pallas* call'd her own,
When haughty *Britain* was a land unknown:
From thee, with pride, the *Caledonians* [*k*] trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:

Polydore Vergil ſays, they were diſtinguiſhed for their ſkill in muſick. "Hiberni ſunt muſicæ peritiſſimi." So *Giraldus Cambrenſis*, who was preceptor to king *John*, in his *Topographia Hiberniæ*, chap. II. "In muſicis ſolum, præ omni natione quam vidimus, incomparabiliter "eſt inſtructa gens hæc."

[*h*] *Orpheus*, or the antient author of the *Greek* poem on the *Argonautic* expedition, whoever he be, ſays that *Jaſon*, who manned the ſhip *Argos* at *Theſſaly*, ſailed to *Ireland*. And *Adrianus Junius* ſays the ſame thing in theſe lines,

Illa ego ſum Graiis, olim glacialis Ierne
Dicta, et Jaſoniæ puppis bene cognita nautis.

[*i*] *Tacitus*, in the life of *Julius Agricola*, ſays, that the harbours of *Ireland*, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world, than thoſe of *Britain*. "Solum, cœlumque, et ingenia cultuſ-"que hominum, haud multum a Britannia differunt; melius aditus, "portuſque per commercia et negotiatores cogniti."

[*k*] *Fordun*, in his *Scoti Chronicon*, *Hector Boethius*, *Buchanan*, and all the *Scotch* hiſtorians agree, that *Fergus*, ſon of *Ferquard* king of *Ireland*, was the firſt king of *Scotland*, which country he ſubdued: that he began to reign 330 years before the Chriſtian æra; and in returning to viſit his native country, was ſhipwrecked on thoſe rocks in the county of *Antrim*, which from that accident have been ſince named *Carrickfergus*. His deſcendants reigned after him in *Scotland*; for the crown was ſettled on him and his lineal ſucceſſors. See the liſt of the kings of *Scotland* in *Hector Boethius* and *George Buchanan*, which begins thus: "1. Fergusius primus Scotorum rex, filius Fer-"quardi regis Hiberniæ, regnare incepit anno ante Chriſti Servatoris "in carnem adventum trecenteſimo trigeſimo. Regnavit annis xxv, "et naufragio periit ad Scopulum Fergusis (Cragfergus vernacule) in "mari Hiberniæ."

The *Iriſh* language and habit are ſtill retained in the northern parts of *Scotland*, where the *Highlanders* ſpeak the *Iriſh* tongue, and uſe

Thy

Thy martial ſons, whom now they dare deſpiſe,
Did once their land ſubdue and civilize:
Their dreſs, their language, and the *Scottiſh name*,
Confeſs the ſoil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boaſt that antient blood, which runs,
Within their veins, who are thy younger ſons,
A conqueſt and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of ſlavery they felt,
Not ſo with thee thy baſe invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful *Morrough's* aid [*g*],
Thoſe whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful iſle!
Not by thy valour, but ſuperior guile:

their antient dreſs. As to the name *Scotland*, *Camden* & *Hibernia* mentions it from the authority of *Iſidore* and *Beda*, that they called *Ireland Scotia*, and that *Scotland* was termed *Scotia a Scotis Incolis, et inde Scotiæ nomen cum Scotis in Britanniam noſtram commigraſſe*. Bede, Lib. i. cap. 1. ſays, *Hibernia propria Scotorum patria*.

[*g*] In the reign of king *Henry* II. *Dermot M^cMorrough*, king of *Leinſter*, being deprived of his kingdom by *Roderick O^cConnor*, king of *Connaught*, he invited the *Engliſh* over as auxiliaries, and promiſed *Richard Strangbow*, earl of *Pembroke*, his daughter, and all his dominions as a portion. By this aſſiſtance *M^cMorrough* recovered his crown, and *Strangbow* became poſſeſſed of all *Leinſter*. After this, more forces being ſent into *Ireland*, the *Engliſh* became powerful here; and when *Henry* II. arrived, the *Iriſh* princes ſubmitted to his government, and began to uſe the *Engliſh* laws.

Britain, with ſhame confeſs this land of mine [*b*]
Firſt taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my ſtudents, ſent from hence,
Made your ſons converts both to God and ſenſe:
Not like the paſtors of thy rav'nous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched *Ierne!* with what grief I ſee
The fatal changes time hath made in thee!

[*b*] St. *Patrick* arrived in *Ireland* in the year 431, and completed the converſion of the natives, which had been begun by *Palladius* and others. And as biſhop *Nicholſon* obſerves, (who was better acquainted with the contents of all the antient hiſtories of both kingdoms than any man of the age) *Ireland* ſoon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Weſtern Chriſtans, as well as the *Engliſh*, had recourſe, not only for inſtructions in the principles of religion, but in all ſorts of literature; *viz. Legendi et Scholaſticæ Eruditionis gratia.* For within a century after the death of St. *Patrick*, the *Iriſh* ſeminaries of learning increaſed to ſuch a degree, that moſt parts of *Europe* ſent hither their children to be educated, and had from hence both their Biſhops and Doctors. See the venerable *Bede*, an *Engliſh* hiſtorian of undoubted credit, Hiſt. Eccleſ. Lib. iii. cap. 4, 7, 10, 11, 27. Among other *Iriſh* apoſtles, he ſays, Saint *Columb* converted all the *Picts*, and many other *Britons*; and that Saint *Aidan* was the Inſtructor of king *Oſwald's Saxon* ſubjects in Chriſtianity. *Camden in Hibernia* writes; "ſubſequente ætate Sco-"ticis monarchis nihil ſanctius, nihil eruditius fuerit, et in univer-"ſam Europam ſanctiſſimorum virorum examina emiſerint." He ſays farther, that they not only repaired to *Ireland*, as to the mart of learning, but alſo brought from thence even the form of their letters: "Angloſaxones etiam noſtri illa ætate in Hiberniam tanquam "ad bonarum literarum mercaturam undique confluxerunt; unde de "viris ſanctis ſæpiſſime in noſtris ſcriptoribus legitur; amandatus "eſt ad diſciplinam in Hiberniam. Indeque noſtrates Saxones ratio-"nem formandi literas acceperſſe videantur, quum eodem plane cha-"ractere uſi fuerint, qui hodie Hibernicis eſt in uſu."

The

The Chriſtian rites I introduc'd in vain :.
Lo ! Infidelity return'd again.
Freedom and virtue in thy ſons I found,
Who now in vice and ſlavery are drown'd.

By faith and prayer, this croſier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd ſerpent from thy land ;
The ſhepherd in his bower might ſleep or ſing [*i*],
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor ſcorpion's ſting.

With omens oft I ſtrove to warn thy ſwains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I ſent the magpye from the *Britiſh* ſoil,
With reſtleſs beak thy blooming fruit to ſpoil ;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What elſe are thoſe thou ſeeſt in biſhop's geer,
Who crop the nurſeries of learning here ?
Aſpiring, greedy, full of ſenſeleſs prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the ſtate.

As you grew more degenerate and baſe,
I ſent you millions of the croaking race ;
Emblems of inſects vile, who ſpread their ſpawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn ;

[*i*] There are no ſnakes, vipers, or toads in *Ireland* ; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. See Vol. xvi. p. 271. The magpyes came a ſhort time before, and the *Norway* rats ſince.

A nauſeous brood, that fills your ſenate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls.

See, where the new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of *Huns*;
With harpy claws it undermines the ground,
And ſudden ſpreads a numerous offſpring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his rav'nous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fiſh, of fruits thy land.

Where is the holy well, that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which ſmoothly flows,
And bleſſings equally on all beſtows.
Here from the neighbouring [*k*] nurſery of arts,
The ſtudents drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their *Phœbus* I, my ſpring their *Hippocrene*.
Diſcourag'd youths, now all their hopes muſt fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a ſlaviſh court,
And by their ſweat procure a mean ſupport;
Or, for the claſſicks read th' attorney's guide;
Collect exciſe, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! had I been apoſtle to the *Swiſs*,
Or hardy *Scot*, or any land but this;

[*k*] The univerſity of *Dublin*, called *Trinity College*, was founded by queen *Elizabeth* in 1591.

Com-

Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defy'd,
And kept their liberty, or bravely dy'd.
Thou ſtill with tyrants in ſucceſſion curſt,
The laſt invaders trampling on the firſt:
Nor fondly hope for ſome reverſe of fate,
Virtue herſelf would now return too late.
Not half thy courſe of miſery is run,
Thy greateſt evils yet are ſcarce begun.
Soon ſhall thy ſons, the time is juſt at hand,
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the uſe of no *Hibernian* born,
Shall riſe one blade of graſs, one ear of corn;
When ſhells and leather ſhall for money paſs,
Nor thy oppreſſing lords [*l*] afford thee braſs.
But all turn leaſers to that [*m*] mongril breed,
Who from thee ſprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon rav'nous iſle thy treaſures bear,
And waſte in luxury thy harveſts there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jeſt of wits, and to the court unknown.

I ſcorn thy ſpurious and degen'rate line,
And from this hour my patronage reſign.

[*l*] *Wood's* ruinous project againſt the people of *Ireland* was ſupported by Sir *Robert Walpole* in 1724.

[*m*] The abſentees, who ſpend the income of their *Iriſh* eſtates, places, and penſions, in *England*.

To the Rev. Mr. DANIEL JACKSON, to be humbly preſented by Mr. SHERIDAN in Perſon, with Reſpect, Care, and Speed.

To be delivered by and with Mr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my truſt, nor aſk
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my taſk,
Pray ſend me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As *Hercules* the ſky;
Now take him you, *Dan Atlas*, back.
Let me be ſtander-by.

Not all the witty things you ſpeak,
In compaſs of a day;
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer ſtay.

With me you left him out at nurſe,
Yet are you not my debtor,
For, as he hardly can be worſe,
I ne'er could make him better.

He

He rhimes and puns, and puns and rhimes,
Juſt as he did before;
And when he's laſh'd a hundred times,
He rhimes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on ſchool-boys bums,
The more they friſk and ſkip:
The ſchool-boy's top but louder hums,
The more they uſe the whip.

Thus, a lean beaſt beneath a load,
(A beaſt of *Iriſh* breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
Outgo the prancing ſteed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye;
For, ſoon as he gets up again,
He'll ſtrut and cry, *Victoria!*

At ev'ry ſtroke of mine, he fell,
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable ſhell
Could feel no harm beſide.

The tortoiſe thus, with motion ſlow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, ſenſeleſs to the hardeſt blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear *Dan*, then, why ſhould you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And ſince it is in vain to try,
We'll ſend him to *Delany*.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean *Tom*, when I ſaw him, laſt week, on his horſe awry,
Threat'n'd loudly to turn me to ſtone with his ſorcery.
But, I think, little *Dan*, that in ſpite of what our foe ſays,
He will find I read *Ovid*, and his metamorphoſis.
For omitting the firſt (where I make a compariſon,
With a ſort of alluſion to *Putland* or *Harriſon*)
Yet, by my deſcription, you'll find he in ſhort is,
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoiſe.
So I hope from hence forward, you ne'er will aſk, can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, inſolent animal?
And if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I ſhould then be glad of it.

A Copy

A Copy of a Copy of Verſes from THOMAS SHERIDAN, Clerk, to GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, Eſq;

Written *July* 15th, 1721, at Night [5].

I'D have you t' know *George*, *Dan*, *Dean*, and *Nim*,
That I've learned how verſe t' compoſe trim,
Much better b'half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him
And th't I'd rid'cule their, 'nd our flam flim,
Ay' b't then, p'rhaps ſays you, t's a m'rry whim
With 'bundance of mark't notes i'th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be moroſe 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'ſtle put m' in a meagrim;
Though, 'nrept't t'on day, I'appear ver' ſlim,
Th' laſt bowl't *Helſham's* did m' head t' ſwim,
So th't I h'd man' aches n' 'v'ry ſcrubb'd limb,
Cauſe th' top of th' bowl I'h'd oft us'd t' ſkim;
And b'des [6] *D'lan'* ſwears th't I'h'd ſwall'w'd
ſ'v'rl brim-

1 *George Rochfort*, Eſq;

2 His brother *John Rochfort*, called *Nim*, becauſe he was a great hunter, from *Nimrod*.

3 The Rev. Mr. *Daniel Jackſon*.

4 Dr. *Swift*, dean of St. *Patrick's*.

5 See an anſwer to theſe verſes in Vol. VII. p. 348. And ſome other flights of fancy, in conſequence of them, Vol. XVIII. p. 101---109.

6 Dr. *Delany*.

mers,

mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pim-
ples: m'r'o'er though m' ſcull were (s'tis n't) 's ſtrong tim-
ber, 't muſt have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'lledge Sanh'drim,
pres'nt th'r humbl' and 'fect'nate reſpects; that's t'ſay, *D'lan*, *'chlin*, *P. Ludl'*, *Dic St'wart*, *H'lſham*, capt'n *P'rr' Walmſl'nd*, longſh'nks [*n*] *Timm*.

A Dialogue between an eminent Lawyer [*o*], and Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D. Being an Alluſion to the Firſt Satyr of the Second Book of *Horace*.—*Sunt quibus in Satyra*, &c.

Written *February*, 1728.

SINCE there are perſons who complain
There's too much ſatyr in my vein,
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding,
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not ſparing even men of letters:

[*n*] Mr. *Stopford* of *Finglas*, miniſter of that pariſh, afterwards biſhop of *Cloyne*.

[*o*] Mr. *Lindſay*, who was afterwards a judge of the *Common-Pleas*.

You,

You, who are ſkill'd in lawyers lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er.
Nor ever fools or knaves expoſe
Either in verſe or hum'rous proſe,
And to avoid all future ill,
In my ſcrutoire lock up my quill?

Since you are pleas'd to condeſcend
To aſk the judgment of a friend,
Your caſe conſider'd, I muſt think
You ſhould withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Chriſtian folks;
Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit,
Than thoſe on which you lately writ,
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;
Aſſert that *Hyde* [*p*], in writing ſtory,
Shews all the malice of a tory:
While *Burnet* [*q*], in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage.
To *Woolſton* [*r*] recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;

[*p*] Earl of *Clarendon*, who wrote of the civil wars, begun in the year 1641.

[*q*] Biſhop of *Saliſbury*, who wrote the hiſtory of his own times, *&c.*

[*r*] A degraded clergyman of the church of *England*, who wrote againſt the miracles of our Saviour.

That

That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years;
He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.

Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?
To ſuch a ſubject tune my lyre,
And ſing like one of *Milton's* choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wiſdom fate,
Lament upon their hapleſs fall,
That force free virtue ſhould enthral?
Or, ſhall the charms of wealth and power
Make me pollute the Muſe's bower?

As from the tripod of *Apollo*,
Hear from my deſk the words that follow:
Some, by philoſophers miſled,
Muſt honour you alive and dead;
And ſuch as know what *Greece* hath writ,
Muſt taſte your irony and wit;
Whilſt moſt that are, or would be great,
Muſt dread your pen, your perſon hate,
And you on *Drapier's* [*s*] *hill* muſt lye,
And there without a mitre dye.

[*s*] In the county of *Armagh*.

PAULUS.

PAULUS. By Mr. LYNDSAY.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

A SLAVE to crowds, ſcorch'd with the ſummer's heats,
In courts the wretched lawyer toils and ſweats;
While ſmiling nature, in her beſt attire,
Regales each ſenſe, and vernal joys inſpire.
Can he, who knows that real good ſhould pleaſe,
Barter for gold his liberty and eaſe?
Thus *Paulus* preach'd:—When entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He graſps the ſhining gift, pores o'er the cauſe,
Forgets the ſun, and dozeth on the laws.

The ANSWER. By Dr. SWIFT.

LYNDSAY miſtakes the matter quite,
And honeſt *Paulus* judges right.
Then, why theſe quarrels to the ſun,
Without whoſe aid you're all undone?
Did *Paulus* e'er complain of ſweat?
Did *Paulus* e'er the ſun forget;
The influence of whoſe golden beams,
Soon licks up all unſav'ry ſteams?.
The ſun, you ſay, his face hath kiſt:
It has: but then it greas'd his fiſt.

True

True lawyers, for the wiſeſt ends,
Have always been *Apollo's* friends.
Not for his ſuperficial powers
Of ripening fruits, or gilding flowers;
Nor for inſpiring poets brains,
With pennyleſs and ſtarv'ling ſtrains;
Not for his boaſted healing art;
Not for his ſkill to ſhoot the dart;
Nor yet becauſe he ſweetly fiddles;
Not for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more ſubſtantial cauſe,
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom *Paulus* ever muſt adore,
As parent of the golden ore.

By *Phœbus*, an inceſtuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth.
By *Phœbus* firſt produc'd to light,
By *Vulcan* form'd ſo round and bright;
Then offer'd at the ſhrine of juſtice,
By clients to her prieſts and truſtees;
Nor, when we ſee *Aſtræa* ſtand
With even balance in her hand,
Muſt we ſuppoſe ſhe hath in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her ſcales, you ſee her only hold,
To weigh her prieſts', the lawyers' gold.
Now, ſhould I own your caſe was grievous,
Poor ſweaty *Paulus*, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At leaſt, that ſuch complaints are wiſe:

'Tis

'Tis wiſe, no doubt, as clients ſat ye more,
To cry, like ſtateſmen, *Quanta patimur?*

But, ſince the truth muſt needs be ſtretched,
To prove that lawyers are ſo wretched:
This paradox I'll undertake,
For *Paulus* and for *Lyndſay's* ſake.
By topicks, which tho' I abomine 'em,
May ſerve as arguments *ad hominem*;
Yet, I diſdain to offer thoſe
Made uſe of by detracting foes:
I own the curſes of mankind,
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind;
The clamours of ten thouſand tongues
Break not his reſt, nor hurt his lungs.
I own, his conſcience always free,
Provided he has got his fee.
Secure of conſtant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no ſin.
Yet, well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted.
And though the goſpel ſeems to ſay,
What heavy burthens lawyers lay
Upon the ſhoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,
Always for ſaving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here miſtaken.
The copy's falſe, and ſenſe is rack'd,
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonſtration ſhew,
What burthens lawyers undergo.

With

With early clients at his door,
Tho' he was drunk the night before:
And, crop-sick with unclub'd for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine.
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then from the bar harangues the bench,
In *English* vile, and viler *French*,
And *Latin*, vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee.
Of paper, how is he profuse?
With periods long, in terms abstruse,
What pains he takes to be prolix?
A thousand lines to stand for six;
Of common sense without a word in,
And is not this a grievous burden?

The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge;
And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse,
While he, at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night.
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country-mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despiseth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the *Newry* mountains sides.
Lyndsay, 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*.

My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.

I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet, link them close, in this they jump,
To be but sharpers in the lump.
Imagine *Lyndsay* at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are.
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's just defence,
Must deviate oft from common sense;
And make his ignorance discern'd,
To get the name of council learn'd,
(As *Lucus* comes a *non Lucendo*,)
And wisely do as other men do;
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain,
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard where dulness over-rules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue at discretion,
To villains of his own profession.
Lyndsay, you know what pains you take,
In both, yet barely save your stake;

And will you venture both anew,
To ſit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legiſlators,
Abandon'd, ſtupid, ſlaviſh praters?
For, as the rabble dawb and rifle
The fool who ſcrambles for a trifle,
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You muſt expect the like diſgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place,
Muſt loſe the honour you have gain'd,
Your num'rous virtues foully ſtain'd:
Diſclaim for ever all pretence
To common honeſty and ſenſe,
And join in friendſhip with a ſtrict tye,
To ———, ———, and ——— ———.

On Dr. RUNDLE, biſhop of DERRY.

MAKE *Rundle* biſhop! fye for ſhame!
An *Arian* to uſurp the name!
A biſhop in the iſle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred hoſt
Confer on him the HOLY GHOST;
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling *Orthodox* with *Arians?*

Yet, were he *Heathen*, *Turk*, or *Jew*,
What is there in it ſtrange or new?

For,

For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at moſt,
Who know there is an HOLY GHOST:
The reſt, who boaſt they have conferr'd it,
Like *Paul's Epheſians*, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.

RUNDLE a biſhop! well he may;
He's ſtill a *Chriſtian* more than they.

We know the ſubject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, ſenſe, and morals.

There is a reaſon ſtill more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a deity.
Has ev'ry circumſtance to pleaſe us,
'Though fools may doubt his faith in J——.
But why ſhould he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And, is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a GOD?
For liberty a champion ſtout,
'Tho' not ſo goſpel-ward devout.
While others, hither ſent to ſave us,
Came but to plunder and enſlave us;
Nor ever own'd a pow'r divine,
But *Mammon* and the *German* line.

Say, how did *Rundle* undermine 'em:
Who ſhew'd a better *Jus divinum?*

From antient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *Epiſcopari.*

Our biſhop's predeceſſor, *Magus*,
Would offer all the ſands of *Tagus*;
Or ſell his children, houſe, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the *Spirit* ſet to ſale.
Said ſurly *Peter*, "*Magus*, prithee,
"Be gone: thy money periſh with thee."
Were *Peter* now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a ſcore of chaps:
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thouſand pounds a year.

Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handy-work of GOD;
Though ev'n the biſhops diſappointed
Muſt own it made by GOD's *Anointed*,
And, well we know, the *Congée Regal*
Is more ſecure as well as legal.
Becauſe our lawyers all agree,
That biſhopricks are held in fee.

Dear *Baldwin* chaſte, and witty *Croſſe*,
How ſorely I lament your loſs!
That ſuch a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should ſlip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the k— your debtor,
Your title had been ſo much better.

The

The FABLE of the BITCHES.

Written in the year 1715, on an Attempt to repeal the Teſt Act.

A BITCH, that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town;
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and ev'ry where,
To find an eaſy place to lay her.

At length to *Muſick's* [*s*] houſe ſhe came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
" My only friend, my dear," ſaid ſhe,
" You ſee 'tis mere neceſſity,
" Hath ſent me to your houſe to whelp;
" I'll dye, if you deny your help."

With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful ſigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth *Bawty* [*t*] did ſo far prevail;
That *Muſick* gave her leave to litter,
But mark what followed—Faith, ſhe bit her.

Whole baſkets full of bits and ſcraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;

[*s*] *Muſick's* houſe, the Church of *England*.
[*t*] *Bawty* (the name of a bitch in *Scotch*) alludes to the kirk.

For, well ſhe knew, her num'rous brood,
For want of milk, would ſuck her blood.

But when ſhe thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms—" My friend," ſays ſhe,
" My houſe you've had on courteſy;
" And now I earneſtly deſire,
" That you would with your cubs retire:
" For, ſhould you ſtay but one week longer,
" I ſhall be ſtarv'd with cold and hunger."

The gueſt reply'd—" My friend, your leave
" I muſt a little longer crave;
" Stay till my tender cubs can find
" Their way—for now, you ſee, they're blind;
" But, when we've gather'd ſtrength, I ſwear,
" We'll to our barn again repair."

The time paſs'd on, and *Muſick* came,
Her kennel once again to claim;
But *Bawty*, loſt to ſhame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd—" A bite, a bite!"

The MORAL.

Thus did the *Grecian* wooden horſe
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No ſooner brought within the walls,
But *Ilium*'s loſt, and *Priam* falls.

Copy

Copy of the BIRTH-DAY Verſes on Mr. FORD.

COME, be content, ſince out it muſt,
For *Stella* has betray'd her truſt;
And, whiſp'ring, charg'd me not to ſay,
That Mr. *Ford* was born to-day:
Or, if at laſt I needs muſt blab it,
According to my uſual habit,
She bid me, with a ſerious face,
Be ſure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to ſpoil
By calling this your native ſoil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But, if theſe topicks ſhall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners muſt give place to profit.

The nymphs, with whom you firſt began,
Are each become a *Harridan*;
And *Montague* ſo far decay'd,
Her lovers now muſt all be paid,
And ev'ry belle that ſince aroſe
Has her cotemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once ſo bright,
With whom you toaſted half the night,

Of rheumatiſm and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign,
Your great protectors, once in pow'r,
Are now in exile or the tow'r.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your perſon and your cauſe,
If once they get you on the ſpot,
You muſt be guilty of the plot.
For, true or falſe, they'll ne'er enquire,
But uſe you ten times worſe than *Prior* [*u*].

In *London*, what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear;
Nay, would it not your paſſion raiſe
Worſe than a pun, or *Iriſh* phraſe;
To ſee a ſcoundrel ſtrut and hector
A foot-boy to ſome rogue director;
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Obſerve where bloody ——— ſtands
With torturing engines in his hands,
Hear him blaſpheme, and ſwear and rail,
Threat'ning the pillory and jail.
If this you think a pleaſing ſcene,
To *London* ſtrait return again,
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are ſwarms of bugs and preſbyterians.

[*u*] *Matt. Prior*, Eſq; with whom the Dean was intimately connected. See above, p. 177.

I thought

I thought my very ſpleen would burſt,
When fortune hither drove me firſt;
Was full as hard to pleaſe as you,
Nor perſons, names, nor places knew:
But now I act as other fo'ke,
Like priſoners when their jail is broke.

If you have *London* ſtill at heart,
We'll make a ſmall one here, by art;
The diff'rence is not much between
St. *James's-Park*, and *Stephen's-Green*;
And *Dawſon-ſtreet* will ſerve as well
To lead you thither, as *Pall-Mall*,
Nor want a paſſage through the palace,
To choque your ſight, and raiſe your malice.
The deanry houſe may well be match'd,
Under correction; with the *Thacht* [*x*];
Nor ſhall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for ſtumm.
Then, for a middle-aged chamber,
Stella may vye with your main charmer,
She's now as handſome every bit,
And has a thouſand times her wit.
The dean and *Sheridan*, I hope,
Will half ſupply a *Gay* and *Pope*,
Corbet [*y*], though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt, will prove a good *Arbuthnot*;

[*x*] A famous tavern in St. *James's-Street*, near the palace.

[*y*] Dr. *Corbet*, afterwards dean of St. *Patrick's* cathedral, *Dublin*, on the death of Dr. *Maturine*, who ſucceeded Dr. *Swift*.

I throw

I throw into the bargain *Tim*,
In *London* can you equal him?
What think you of my fav'rite clan,
Robin [z] and *Jack*, and *Jack* and *Dan*?
Fellows of modeſt worth and parts,
With chearful looks and honeſt hearts.

Can you on *Dublin* look with ſcorn?
Yet here were you and *Ormond* [a] born.

Oh! were but you and I ſo wiſe,
To ſee with *Robert Grattan's* eyes,
Robin adores that ſpot of of earth,
That lit'ral ſpot which gave him birth.
And ſwears *Belcamp* [b] is, to his taſte,
As fine as *Hampton-Court*, at leaſt.
When to your friends you would enhance
The praiſe of *Italy*, or *France*,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you and ſubmit:
But then to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that ſide of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other iſle,
We cannot think it worth your while;

[z] Rev. *Robert* and *John Grattan*, brothers; *John* and *Daniel Jackſon*.

[a] *James Butler*, the late duke of *Ormond*.

[b] In *Fingall*, about five miles from *Dublin*.

For,

For, take it kindly or amiſs,
The diff'rence but amounts to this,
We bury on our ſide the channel
In linen [c]; and on yours in flannel.
You for the news are ne'er to ſeek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are ſure to meet
An hundred whores in ev'ry ſtreet;
While we may trace all *Dublin* o'er
Before we find out half a ſcore.

You ſee my arguments are ſtrong,
I wonder you held out ſo long;
But, ſince you are convinc'd at laſt,
We'll pardon you for what is paſt.
So let us now for whiſt prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

[c] In the year 1733, there was an act of parliament made in *Ireland* to bury in woollen.

A PETITION to his Grace the Duke of GRAFTON.

Non Domus aut Fundus—— HOR.

By Dean SMEDLEY.

IT was, my lord, the dextrous ſhift
Of t'other *Jonathan*, viz. *Swift*,
But now St. *Patrick's* ſaucy dean,
With ſilver verge and ſurplice clean,
Of *Oxford*, or of *Ormond's* grace,
In looſer rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclep'd a ſtall,
And eke a thouſand pounds withal;
And, were he leſs a witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.

Thus I, the *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verſe devoid of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoicing that, in better times,
Grafton [*d*] requires my loyal lines.

[*d*] *Charles Fitzroy*, duke of *Grafton*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

Proud! that at once I can commend
King *George's* and the Muſe's friend,
Endear'd to *Britain* and to thee,
Diſjoin'd *Hibernia*, by the ſea,
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wiſdom, and by ſkill,
For he has ſav'd thee 'gainſt thy will.

But where ſhall *Smedley* make his neſt,
And lay his wand'ring head to reſt?
Where ſhall he find a decent houſe
To treat his friends, and chear his ſpouſe?
Oh! lack, my lord, ſome pretty cure,
In wholeſome ſoil, and æther pure;
The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
In either angle ſhady bowers.
No gay *parterre*, with coſtly green,
Within the ambient hedge be ſeen:
Let nature freely take her courſe,
Nor fear from one ungrateful force;
No ſheers ſhall check her ſprouting vigour,
Nor ſhape the yews to antic figure:
A limpid brook ſhall trouts ſupply,
In *May* to take the mimic fly;
Round a ſmall orchard may it run,
Whoſe apples redden to the ſun.
Let all be ſnug, and warm, and neat,
For fifty turn'd a ſafe retreat.

A little

A little *Euſton* may it be,
Euſton I'll carve on ev'ry tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—*twice fifty pounds* a year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them *hundreds*—charming place!
Thou then would'ſt ſhew another face.

Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
Midſt ſnowy hills, inclement ſkies;
One ſhivers with the *Artic* wind,
One hears the *polar axis* grind.
Good *John* [*e*] indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
He has a purſe to keep a table,
And eke a ſoul as hoſpitable,
My heart is good; but aſſets fail,
To fight with ſtorms of ſnow and hail;
Beſides, the country's thin of people,
Who ſeldom meet but at the ſteeple:
The ſtrapping dean, that's gone to *Down*,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigu'd with ſermon-ſtudy,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found
To puſh the lazy bottle round;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, *his clerk* was *orthodox*.

[*e*] Dr. *John Sterne*, biſhop of *Clogher*, predeceſſor to Dr. *Swift*, as dean of St. *Patrick's*.

Ah!

Ah! how unlike to *Gerard-Street*,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And joſtle as they trowl along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-ſeed does in plenty grow!
And *Griz* (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at ſeven, *Hot mutton pies.*
There lady *Luna* in her ſphere
Once ſhone, when *Paunchforth* was not near;
But now ſhe wanes, and, as 'tis ſaid,
Keeps ſober hours, and goes to bed.
There——but 'tis endleſs to write down
All the amuſements of the town;
And ſpouſe will think herſelf quite undone,
To trudge to *Connor* [*f*] from ſweet *London*.
And care we muſt our wives to pleaſe,
Or elſe we ſhall be ill at eaſe.

You ſee, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only ſome convenient tack,
Some parſonage-houſe, with garden ſweet,
To be my late, my laſt retreat;
A decent church cloſe by its ſide,
There, preaching, praying, to reſide;
And, as my time ſecurely rolls,
To ſave my own and others ſouls.

[*f*] *Connor* is united to the biſhoprick of *Down*; but here are two deans.

His

His GRACE's Anſwer.

By Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR *Smed*, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory ſhines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignify'd:
I hope, to make you yet as clean,
As that ſame, *viz.* St. *Patrick's* dean.
I'll give thee *ſurplice*, *verge*, and *ſtall*,
And may be ſomething elſe withal;
And, were you not ſo good a writer,
I ſhould preſent you with a mitre.
Write worſe then, *if you can*—Be wiſe—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to riſe.*
Talk not of *making of thy neſt*,
Ah! never lay thy head to reſt!
That head ſo well with wiſdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their buſy brains,
You are not in the leaſt at pains.
Down to your deanry now repair,
And build *a caſtle in the air.*
I'm ſure a man of your fine ſenſe,
Can do it with a ſmall expence.
There your *dear ſpouſe*, and you together,
May breathe your bellies full of *æther.*

When

When *lady Luna* is your neighbour,
She'll help your *wife* when she's in labour.
Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
For she herself oft' *falls in pieces.*
There you shall see a *rary-shew*,
Will make you scorn this *world below*,
When you behold the milky way,
As white as snow, as bright as day,
The glitt'ring constellations roll
About the grinding *Artic* pole.
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the musick of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is *undone*
For quitting her beloved *London.*
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanc'd above *dean*, viz.
You'll never think of goody *Griz.*
But ever, ever live at ease,
And strive, and strive *your wife to please*;
In her you'll center all your joys,
And get ten thousand *girls* and *boys*:
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they, like stars, shall *rise* and *set.*
While *you and spouse*, transform'd, shall soon
Be a *new sun* and a *new moon*:
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

Dean SWIFT at Sir ARTHUR ACHESON's, in the North of IRELAND.

THE dean would viſit *Market-Hill*,
Our invitation was but ſlight;
I ſaid—Why let him, if he will,
And ſo I bid Sir *A——r* write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Leſt we ſhould think ourſelves neglected;
And ſo we ſaw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day ſucceeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a ſoul would have him ſtay.

I've ſaid enough to make him bluſh,
Methinks, or elſe the devil's in't;
But, he cares not for it a ruſh,
Nor, for my life, will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he ſtays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaiſe.

Or

Or you may ſay——My wife intends,
Though I ſhould be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite ſome friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean—I ſhould with joy
Beg you would here continue ſtill,
But we muſt go to *Aghnacloy* [*g*],
Or Mr. *Moore* will take it ill.

The houſe accounts are daily riſing.
So much his ſtay doth ſwell the bills;
My deareſt life, it is ſurpriſing,
How much he eats, how much he ſwills.

His brace of puppies how they ſtuff,
And they muſt have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horſes too eat all our hay.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face, and wainſcot paws,
His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him ſoon give up the cauſe.

Muſt I be every moment chid
With [*b*] ſkinny bonia, ſnip and lean?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this inſulting tyrant dean!

[*g*] The ſeat of *Aſheſon Moore*, Eſq;
[*b*] The dean uſed to call lady *Aſheſon* by thoſe names.

THE STORM:

MINERVA's PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddeſs chaſte and wiſe,
Deſcending lately from the ſkies,
To *Neptune* went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a ſtorm;
A ſtorm, to drown that raſcal *H—te* [*i*],
And ſhe would kindly thank him for't.
A wretch! whom *E—gl—h* rogues, to ſpite her,
Had lately honour'd with a M—tre.

The God, who favour'd her requeſt,
Aſſur'd her he would do his beſt:
But *Venus* had been there before,
Pleaded the B—— lov'd a w——,
And had enlarg'd her empire wide,
He own'd no deity beſide.
At ſea, or land, if e'er you found him,
Without a miſtreſs, hang or drown him.
Since *B—rn—t's* death, the B——'s bench,
'Till *H——te* arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench;
If *H——te* muſt ſink, ſhe grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one ſingle prelate:
For, to ſay truth, ſhe did intend him,
Elect of *Cyprus* in *commendam*.
And ſince her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.

[*i*] See Vol. XVII. p. 240.

Then

Then *Proteus* urg'd the ſame requeſt,
But half in earneſt, half in jeſt;
Said he—" Great ſovereign of the main,
" To drown him all attempts are vain,
" *H——te* can aſſume more forms than I,
" A rake, a bully, pimp, or ſpy.
Can creep, or run, can fly or ſwim,
" All motions are alike to him:
" Turn him adrift, and you ſhall find
" He knows to ſail with ev'ry wind;
" Or, throw him overboard, he'll ride
" As well againſt, as with the tide.
" But, *Pallas*, you've apply'd too late;
" For 'tis decreed, by *Jove* and fate,
" That *Ireland* muſt be ſoon deſtroy'd,
" And who but *H——te* can be employ'd?
" You need not then have been ſo pert,
" In ſending *Bolton* [*i*] to *Clonfert*.
" I found you did it by your grinning;
" Your buſineſs is to mind your ſpinning.
" But how you came to interpoſe,
" In making B——s, no one knows.
" And if you muſt have your petition,
" There's *Berkeley* [*k*] in the ſame condition;
" Look, there he ſtands, and 'tis but juſt
" If one muſt drown, the other muſt;

[*i*] Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*, afterwards archbiſhop of *Caſhell*.

[*k*] Dr. *George Berkeley*, a ſenior fellow of *Trinity-College, Dublin*, from whence he was made dean of *Derry*, and afterwards biſhop of *Cloyne*.

" But, if you'll leave us B——p *Judas*,
" We'll give you *Berkeley* for *Bermudas* [*l*],
" Now, if 'twill gratify your ſpight,
" To put him in a plaguy fright,
" Although 'tis hardly worth the coſt,
" You ſoon ſhall ſee him ſoundly toſt.
" You'll find him ſwear, blaſpheme, and damn,
" And ev'ry moment take a dram;
" His ghoſtly viſage with an air
" Of reprobation and deſpair:
" Or elſe ſome hiding hole he ſeeks,
" For fear the reſt ſhou'd ſay he ſqueeks;
" Or, as *Fitzpatrick* [*m*] did before,
" Reſolve to periſh with his W———;
" Or elſe he raves, and roars, and ſwears,
" And, but for ſhame, would ſay his pray'rs.
" Or, would you ſee his ſpirits ſink,
" Relaxing downwards in a ſt——k?
" If ſuch a ſight as this can pleaſe ye,
" Good madam *Pallas*, pray be eaſy,
" To *Neptune* ſpeak, and he'll conſent;
" But he'll come back the knave he went."

The goddeſs, who conceiv'd an hope,
That *H——te* was deſtin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it beſt to condeſcend
To ſpare a foe, to ſave a friend:
But, fearing *Berkeley* might be ſcar'd,
She left him virtue for a guard.

[*l*] See his ſcheme in his miſcellanies for erecting an univerſity at *Bermudas*.

[*m*] Brigadier *Fitzpatrick* was drowned in one of the packet boats in the bay of *Dublin*, in a great ſtorm.

An Inſcription intended for a Compartment in Dr. SWIFT's *Monument, deſigned by* CUNNINGHAM, *on* College-Green, Dublin.

SAY, to the DRAPIER's vaſt unbounded fame,
What added honours can the Sculptor give?
None.----'Tis a ſanction from the DRAPIER's name
Muſt bid the Sculptor and his Marble live.

June 4, 1765.

AN EPIGRAM.

Occaſioned by the above Inſcription.

WHICH gave the DRAPIER *Birth* two Realms contend;
And each aſſerts her Poet, Patriot, Friend:
Her Mitre jealous BRITAIN may deny;
That Loſs IERNIA's Laurel ſhall ſupply:
Thro' Life's low Vale, ſhe, grateful, gave him Bread;
Her vocal Stones ſhall vindicate him dead.

B. N.

A Portrait of Dr SWIFT, *presented to the University of* Oxford *by the late* JOHN BARBER, *Esq; is placed in the Picture-gallery there, with this Inscription.*

IONATHAN SWIFT,
DECAN. S. PATRIC. DVBL.
EFFIGIEM VIRI MVSIS AMICISSIMI
INGENIO PRORSVS SIBI PROPRIO CELEBERRIMI,
VT IPSVM SVIS OXONIENSIBVS ALIQVATENVS
REDONARET,
PARIETEM HABERE VOLVIT BODLEIANVM,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
IOHANNES BARBER, ARMIGER,
ALDERMANNVS,
NEC ITA PRIDEM PRAETOR LONDINENSIS.

In Englifh:

JONATHAN SWIFT,
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DUBLIN.
This portrait of the Muſes' friend,
Of a happy turn of wit, peculiar to himſelf,
That he might in ſome ſort be reſtored to his Oxford Friends,
Was placed in the wall of the Bodleian gallery,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
At the deſire of JOHN BARBER, Eſq; Alderman, and ſome time Lord Mayor of London.

AFTER

AFTER this general *Oxford* teſtimony of the Dean, in which that Univerſity affectionately aſſerts her right to him as *no degenerate ſon*, we ſhall ſubjoin that of another writer, whom, it is ſaid, ſhe refuſed to accept as an *adopted* one.

" The *religious Author of the Tale of a Tub* will " tell you, *Religion* is but a Reſervoir of Fools " and Madmen; and *the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver* " will anſwer for the *State*, that it is a Den of " Savages and Cut-throats. What think you, " Reader? is not the Syſtem round and great? " And now the Fig-leaf is ſo clearly plucked off, " what remains, but bravely to ſtrike away the " rotten Staff, that yet keeps our old doting Pa- " rents on their laſt Legs?

" Seriouſly let it be as they ſay, that Ridicule " and Satire are the Supplement of public Laws; " ſhould not then, the Ends of both be the ſame; " the Benefit of Mankind? But where is the " Senſe of a *general* Satire, if the whole Species " be *degenerated?* And where is the Juſtice of it, " if it be not? The Puniſhment of Lunaticks is " as wiſe as the one? and a general Execution as " honeſt as the other. In ſhort, a general Satire, " the Work only of ill Men or little Genius's, " was preſcribed of Old both by the *Critic* and the " *Magiſtrate*, as an Offence equally, againſt Juſ- " tice and Common Senſe.—*A Critical and Philo-* " *ſophical Enquiry into the Cauſes of Prodigies and Miracles*,

Miracles, &c. *Lond.* 1727. pag. 33. ſuppoſed to have been written by the *Right Reverend Author of the Divine Legation of Moſes*; which is the more probable, becauſe we find, in the Dedication to the latter, p. xv. a ſimilar Cenſure on another part of this Collection, in theſe words:

" However, once on a time a great Wit ſet upon " this taſk [*ridiculing a love of public Liberty*;] he " undertook to laugh at this very virtue, and that " too ſo ſucceſsfully, that he ſet the whole nation " a laughing with him. What mighty engine, you " will aſk, was employed to put in motion ſo " large a body, and for ſo extraordinary a cauſe? " In truth, a very ſimple one: a *diſcourſe*, of " which ALL the WIT conſiſts in the TITLE; and " that too ſkulking, as you will ſee, under one " unlucky word. Mrs. *Bull's vindication of the* " *indiſpenſable duty of* CUCKOLDOM, *incumbent upon* " *wives, in caſe of the tyranny, infidelity, or inſuf-* " *ficiency of huſbands* [*a*]. Now had the merry " reader been but ſo wiſe as to reflect, that reaſon " was the teſt of ridicule, and not *ridicule the teſt* " *of truth*, he would have ſeen to rectify the pro- " poſition, and to ſtate it fairly thus: *The indiſ-* " *penſable duty of* DIVORCE, *&c.* And then the " joke had been over, before the laugh could " have begun."

Another Author however, who is allowed by the Bp. to be no ill judge of the province of Ri-

[*a*] Hiſtory of *John Bull*, part 1. chap. 13.

dicule,

dicule, ſpeaks of the former work in ſomewhat more moderate terms:

"There is not perhaps in any language a bolder "or ſtronger Ridicule, than the well-known apo- "logue of *The Tale of a Tub*. Its manifeſt deſign "is to recommend the *Engliſh* church, and to diſ- "grace the two extremes of Popery and Puritaniſm "[*b*]. Now if we conſider this exquiſite piece of "raillery as a teſt of Truth, we ſhall find it im- "potent and vain. For the queſtion ſtill recurs, "whether MARTIN be a juſt emblem of the *Eng- "liſh*, JACK of the *Scotch*, or PETER of the "*Roman* Church. All the points in debate be- "tween the ſeveral parties are taken for granted "in the repreſentation: And we muſt have re- "courſe to *argument*, and that alone, ere we can "determine the merits of the queſtion.

"If we next conſider this Maſter-piece of wit "as a mode of *eloquence*; we ſhall find it indeed "of great efficacy in confirming every member of "the *Church of England* in his own Communion, "and in giving him a thorough diſtaſte of thoſe "of *Scotland* and *Rome*. And ſo far as this may "be regarded as a matter of *public utility*, ſo far "the ridicule may be laudable.

"[*b*] Some indeed have pretended otherwiſe. —— The pious au- "thor of the Independent Whig affirms [with the above A. of *the* "*Critical Enquiry*] that it was an open attack upon Chriſtianity, &c. "where, by the way, the contraſt is remarkable enough, that he "ſhould pronounce the *Tale of a Tub* to be a Libel on Chriſtianity, "while it is in Fact, *A Vindication of our Eccleſiaſtical Eſtabliſhment*; "and at the ſame time entitle his own Book, *A Vindication of our* "*Eccleſiaſtical Eſtabliſhment*, while it is in fact a *libel on Chriſtianity*."

"But

" But if we extend our views so as to compre-
" hend a larger plan of *moral use*; we shall find
" this method of persuasion is such as charity can
" hardly approve of: For by representing the one
" of these Churches under the character of *craft*
and knavery, the other under that of *incurable mad-*
ness, it must needs tend to inspire every member
" of the *English* Church, who believes the repre-
" sentation, with such *hatred* of the one, and
" *contempt* of the other, as to prevent all *friendly*
" *debate*, and *rational remonstrance*.

" Its effect on those who hold the doctrines of
" *Calvin*, or of *Rome*, must be yet worse: Unless
" it can be proved, that the way to attract the
" love, and convince the reason, of mankind, is to
" shew that we hate or despise them. While they
" revere what we deride, 'tis plain, we cannot
" both view the subject in the same light: And
" though we deride what appears to us *contemptible*,
" we deride what to them appears *sacred*. They
" will therefore accuse us of misrepresenting their
" opinions, and abhor us as *unjust* and *impious*.

" Thus, although this noted apologue be indeed
" a vindication of our *English* Church, yet it is
" such as had been better spared: Because its na-
" tural effect is to create prejudice, and inspire the
" contending parties with mutual distaste, con-
" tempt, and hatred [*c*]."

[*c*] Dr. Brown's *Essays on the Characteristics*, Essay I. § xi. p. 100.

According to one of these Writers, the *Tale of a Tub* is a ridicule of all religion; according to the other, it is a defence of our constitution in church and state, but with an unlawful weapon. And yet how few controversialists do not make use of this weapon when they can lay hold of it! which of them keep themselves within the strict rules of pleadings in the *Areopagus!*

Another ingenious Writer [*d*] is much offended with our Author's satire on the depravity of mankind, in *Gulliver's Travels*. One would think that he who could have us *The true Estimate of Human Life*, in which Providence is concerned, might pass the account of *The Estimate of Human Virtues*, which reflect chiefly on their possessors. The truth is, both of them had their *gloomy Thoughts*, and bore the weight of them on a reflexion, that though *Sorrow endured* through the *Night* of their existence, yet *Joy would come in the Morning* of a better state. The charge against *Swift* is thus drawn up:

"*Lucian* was, at first, an apprentice to a sta-
"tuary; and when he was reflected on as such,
"by being called *Prometheus*, he replied, *I am in-*
"*deed the inventor of new work; the model of which*
"*I owe to none; and, if I do not execute it well, I*
"*deserve to be torn by twelve vulturs, instead of one.*"

"If so, O *Gulliver!* dost thou not shudder at
"thy brother *Lucian's* vulturs hovering over thee?

[*d*] Conjectures on Original Composition, p. 62, &c.

"Shudder

" Shudder on! they cannot ſhock thee more, than " decency has been ſhock'd by thee. How have " thy *Houyhnhnms* thrown thy judgment from its " ſeat, and laid thy imagination in the mire? In " what ordure haſt thou dipt thy pencil? What " a monſter haſt thou made of the

" — *Human face divine?*

" This writer has ſo ſatirized human nature, " as to give a demonſtration in himſelf, that it de- " ſerves to be ſatiriſed. But, ſay his wholeſale " admirers, " Few could *ſo* have written." True; " and Fewer would. If it required great abili- " ties to commit the fault, greater ſtill would " have ſaved him from it. But whence ariſe ſuch " warm advocates for ſuch a performance? From " hence, *viz.* before a character is eſtabliſhed, " merit makes fame; afterwards fame makes me- " rit. *Swift* is not commended for this piece, but " this piece for *Swift*. He has given us ſome " beauties which deſerve all our praiſe; and our " comfort is, that his faults will not become com- " mon; for none can be guilty of them, but who " have wit as well as reputation to ſpare. His wit " had been leſs wild, if his temper had not joſtled " his judgment. If his favourite *Houyhnhnms* " could write, and *Swift* had been one of them, " every horſe with him would have been an aſs; " and he would have written a panegyrick on " mankind, ſaddling with much reproach the pre- " ſent heroes of his pen: On the contrary, being " born amongſt men, and, of conſequence, piqued

" by

" by many, and peeviſh at more, he has blaſ-
" phemed a nature little lower than that of an-
" gels, and aſſumed by far higher than they: But
" ſurely the contempt of the world is not a greater
" virtue, than the contempt of mankind is a vice.
" Therefore I wonder that, though forborn by
" others, the laughter-loving *Swift* was not re-
" proved by the venerable Dean, who could ſome-
" times be very grave.

" For I remember, as I and others were taking
" with him an evening's walk, about a mile out of
" *Dublin*, he ſtopped ſhort; we paſſed on; but
" perceiving that he did not follow us, I went
" back, and found him fixed as a ſtatue, and ear-
" neſtly gazing upward at a noble elm, which
" in its uppermoſt branches was much withered
" and decayed. Pointing at it, he ſaid, *I ſhall*
" *be like that tree*; *I ſhall die at top*. As in this
" he ſeemed to propheſy like one of the Sibyls;
" if, like one of them, he had burnt part of his
" works, eſpecially *this* blaſted branch of a noble
" genius, like her too, he might have riſen in his
" demand for the reſt."

But, whatever may be thought of the Dean as a a DIVINE, all agree in their elogium of him as a WRITER.

" It is now about fifty years (ſaies Bp. *Lowth*,
" *Gramm.* p. iv.) ſince Dr. *Swift* made a public
" remonſtrance, addreſſed to the Earl of *Oxford*,
" then

" then Lord Treaſurer, of the imperfect ſtate of " our language [*d*]; alledging in particular, that " in many inſtances it offended againſt every part " of Grammar.—*Swift* muſt be allowed to have " been a good judge of this matter; to which he " was himſelf very attentive, both in his own " writings, and his remarks upon thoſe of his " friends: he is one of the moſt *correct*, and per- " haps the beſt of our Proſe Writers."

" The writer, who gives us the beſt idea of " what may be called the *genteel* in ſtyle and man- " ner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord " *Shafteſbury*. Then Mr. *Addiſon* and Dr. *Swift*." *Shenſtone's Eſſays on Men, Manners, and Things*, p. 175.

" *Swift* in poetry deſerves a place, ſomewhere " betwixt *Butler* and *Horace*. He has the *Wit* of " the former, and the *Graceful Negligence* which " we find in the latter's epiſtles and ſatyrs." Ibid. p. 205.

[*d*] See *Swift's* Letter to Lord *Oxford*, in vol. iii.

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